F O R U M

VOL. LXXXI—No. 2

HENRY GODDARD LEACH
Editor

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THE FORUM is published monthly by The Forum Publishing Company. 40 cents a copy; 4.00 a year; foreign subscription, $4.50. Publication office, 10 Ferry Street, Concord, N. H. Editorial and general offices, 441 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

All manuscripts should be typewritten, accompanied by return postage, and addressed to the Editor at the New York office. No responsibility is assumed for the return of unsolicited manuscripts.

Printed in the United States of America. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., under Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1929, in the United States and Great Britain.

Editorial FOREWORD

THIS FOREWORD is being written in Chicago, the greatest all-American city. A seaport is one-fourth foreign, and New York is conditioned by a sophistication that is sometimes provincial. A New York editor conducting a national publication needs to buffet the gales off Lake Michigan at least once a year and be invigorated by the vital forces that are gathered in Chicago and surging up into the making of America. Even in the roar of its multiple activities one feels that his two feet are planted firmly on the ground. Every twelve months Chicago takes on a new skyline, and in general the change is not only in the direction of altitude but of beauty — beauty of line and design. Clearly the alleged city of slaughter houses and machine guns is also a city of dreams.

GROWTH IN beautiful forms in America is now running parallel to progress in utilities. The other night a group of artists and critics met in the Editor's home to discuss the question, "Is the American environment favorable to art?" Mr. Lewis Mumford claimed that it is not as favorable as was life in ancient Athens or in some European countries to-day. Mr. Harvey Corbett, one of the eight American architects planning the new World's Fair in Chicago in 1933, was one of those present who declared that our American environment is distinctly favorable to art. He believes that America will create new forms of beauty in harmony with the needs of a new civilization. Witness his skyscraper at One Fifth Avenue, New York. Devoid of Greek and Gothic suggestions, it rises free as America. This conversation will be reported in a future issue of THE FORUM as one of our series of Socratic Dialogues.

LOOKING STILL further into the future in the March FORUM, Mr. Roger Babson will answer the question, "After the automobile, what next?" It is an optimistic prophecy of a better America — surprisingly enough a less nervous nation

F O R U M

Next Month

FULL GARAGES, EMPTY PURSES
Roger W. Babson

The master statistician of business believes that American prosperity has been largely created by the expansion of the automobile industry. When will that expansion end? When the saturation point for the automobile has been reached, will business depression set in? Will full garages bring empty purses? In answering these questions Mr. Babson charts the future course of our national prosperity.

THE SCHOOL OF WOMEN
André Gide

The third and concluding installment of a novel by the author of *The Counterfeiters.*

DRY ROT IN HOLY PLACES
Frederick K. Stamm

A Protestant minister protests against the spiritual bankruptcy of The Protestant churches, and concludes that nothing short of a new Reformation can save them from the fate of the dodo.

ARE WE VICTIMS OF PROPAGANDA?
Everett Dean Martin vs. Edward L. Bernays

By newspaper, radio, and airplane an army of special pleaders for new tooth pastes, cigarettes, and what-have-you besiege the citizen with appeals to buy, subscribe, obey that impulse, and sign on the dotted line. Is this new phenomenon in American life an open war on common sense, a concerted raid on the public's pocketbook, or is it a helpful campaign of enlightenment and public instruction?

WOMEN AND FICTION
Virginia Woolf

A leading woman essayist and novelist explains why women have attained such startling success in recent literature.

SPAIN AND AMERICA
Salvador de Madariaga

A Spaniard makes a fiery charge against our "idealistic imperialism" in Latin America.

THE HOUND OF HEAVEN
Sarah Addington

A fantastic and humorous story recounting the post-mortem adventures of a hound pup in a hound's heaven.

WHY EDUCATE WOMEN?
Dr. W. Béran Wolfe

A psychologist urges that all women's colleges be abolished on the ground that their best graduates, in the academic sense, tend to become neurotic and maladjusted women in later life. He replies to President Neilson's article in this issue and calls for a new set of purposes in female education with the object of making women the partners and not the thwarted competitors of men.

STOICISM AND MENTAL HEALTH
Bertrand Russell

How to prepare children to accept the fact of death, so that their lives will not be shattered when death strikes their friends and family.

FOREWORD
Continued

— that Mr. Babson makes of the coming age of the aërial flivver. This brave prediction comes from the same Mr. Babson whose bulletins during the past years have warned American investors against the wild bull of speculation which Mr. John Flynn seeks to tame in the present issue of THE FORUM.

IN THIS NUMBER Mr. G. K. Chesterton again holds the leading position. With a Catholic bias tempered by his own kindly humor, he reviews THE FORUM essays scrutinizing current American literature that began in our January issue a year ago, and he pays his respects to Mr. H. L. Mencken and the *American Mercury*. This British critic and American writers in THE FORUM do not deny the ability of Mr. Mencken, Mr. Dreiser, Mr. Lewis, and their friends; nor do they belittle their usefulness in ridding the American scene of the ridiculous. They do fail to find in these inconoclasts a mode of life that will serve America. In THE FORUM last year Irving Babbitt offered humanism as a constructive formula, and Professor Gass deplored its failure even in our better artists like Willa Cather. Mr. T. S. Eliot criticized Professor Babbitt's humanism as something for the few rather than the many who must, he believes, cling to religion to give their lives consistency and purpose. With Mr. Mencken demolishing Puritan romanticism, Mr. More and Mr. Babbitt demolishing Mencken, and Mr Eliot challenging Mr. Babbitt's humanism and at the same time showing the weakness of Protestantism, the field was opened for the essay by Mr. Michael Williams on American literature and the Catholic spirit, a paper which Mr. Chesterton naturally endorses.

IN THE DECEMBER *Bookman*, Mr Gorham B. Munson, reviewing the same series of articles, says, "THE FORUM virtually declared war on 'the facile penmen of the *American Mercury*.'. . . Fortune was with the editors of THE FORUM and thei readers . . . for unfolding of ideas in thi series has assumed a dramatic form and worked up to a crisis that is exciting." Act One, according to Mr. Munson, wa an issue between Humanism and Romanticism, which he declares actually settled Act Two is the issue between Humanism and Religion. Mr. Munson predicates Third Act in which the skeptic will b driven to psychology. But, Mr. Munson psychology still seems too uncertain an incoherent to FORUM writers, and yo will have to wait at present for othe scenes in your Act Two. Religion will b heard from again, and Humanism require more definition. In an early issue you wil read a programme for the American humanist by Professor Gass of the Unive sity of Nebraska.

By the author
of
"ADVENTURES in ARABIA"

ECSTASY in the
spontaneous manifestations of
SEX and RELIGION

THE MAGIC ISLAND

by William B. Seabrook

AUTHENTICITY

While Dr. Robert Parsons, Commander U. S. Navy, stationed for seven years on Haiti, says of "The Magic Island": "*I am glad that at last we have what amounts to a reference book on these native religions. It is refreshing to have something that is honest, authentic, and full of accurate information.*"

This book — the Literary Guild choice for January — is the outstanding success of the new year. William Seabrook discovered on Haiti a depth of emotional spontaneity unknown to white men. A living religion mingling Voodoo, dark orgies and the Cross, and, by contrast, a sophisticated French negro civilization now made color-conscious by the white occupation, — from such absorbing material Mr. Seabrook has created a distinguished literary work. *Illustrated by Alexander King.* $3.50

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TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT

February Reading

by DONALD F. ROSE

AXES TO GRIND

We have learned to be a little apprehensive, if not suspicious, of a book by H. G. Wells, which is nobody's fault but his own. Mr. Wells holds a great many opinions, but two of them have become with him articles of faith: namely, that when you die you are dead, and that it is a matter of the self-conscious responsibility of every generation to carpenter the future for better men to come. Such a philosophy impels its prophets to preach and exhort and plead at all times, with an apprehensive eye on the hourglass of life which threatens the end of the oracle. Of late years Mr. Wells has had so much on his mind that his books have been somewhat water-logged with his speculative wisdom.

H. G. Wells

Yet he is a great man, and he confounds us now with a book of much art and craftsmanship, of real entertainment and even excitement, and with no more than a dozen pages of preachment to point the moral and adorn the tale. Mr. Blettsworthy on Rampole Island (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50) is a real surprise while *Meanwhile* is still fresh in memory, and is itself full of surprises which we have no more right to anticipate than we have to spoil a detective story for the innocent reader. The book begins a little lamely; for a chapter or so we fear that Mr. Blettsworthy is going to turn out no better than a mildly Pickwickian caricature, but he survives a terrific emotional storm over an undesirable young lady and thereafter is entirely credible. So are his adventures, even though they involve undiscovered islands, prehistoric beasts, primitive peoples, and love raw and juicy. The crisis of the book is an extraordinarily difficult transition from fantasy back to fact, which Mr. Wells achieves with the nonchalance of a conjurer pulling rabbits out a high silk hat. We discover that this is not only a rattling good yarn but also a study in psychology, and above all an unmerciful satire on civilization. We wish he had let it go at that. There is anticlimax in the improving conversation of the last chapters, which insists that we shall not miss the point of the parable. It would be more fun to wrestle with it without so much help from a professional moralist.

It will clearly be a long time before the novelists get over the war. This month there are two books that contribute definitely to its comprehension and make it more real to-day than it was ten years ago. Private Suhren, by George Von Der Vring (Harper's, $2.50), is a German soldier's recollections of life behind the front, culminating in his brief participation in battle and a wound which sends him home. It is day-by-day gossip of soldier life, done with sufficient art to suggest that it is no real diary but a skillful reconstruction out of memories and observations. It might have been written of any man's army, and confirms our growing suspicion that war is a stupid business.

Tips on Books

Fiction

The Case of Sergeant Grischa, Arnold Zweig — Reviewed in this issue.

Mr. Blettsworthy on Rampole Island, H. G. Wells — Reviewed in this issue.

Point Counter Point, Aldous Huxley — Sardonic sidelights on the modern Vanity Fair. Ruthless, witty, and entertaining.

Orlando, Virginia Woolf — Fantastic biography which juggles with time and space.

The Children, Edith Wharton — The effects of easy divorce habits on the second generation.

Biography

Elizabeth and Essex, Lytton Strachey — Reviewed in this issue.

Abraham Lincoln, Albert J. Beveridge — Authoritative scholarship replaces modern iconoclasm.

Meet General Grant, W. E. Woodward — Proves, without disrespect, that a soldier has his weak moments.

In Serious Vein

The Origins of the World War, Sidney B. Fay — Reviewed in this issue.

Motives of Men, George A. Coe — Reviewed in this issue.

Hunger Fighters, Paul de Kruif — A romance of research, as lusty and stirring as *Microbe Hunters*.

The Doctor Looks at Marriage and Medicine, Dr. Joseph Collins — Common sense advice about our intimate problems.

Whither Mankind?, edited by Charles A. Beard — Verdicts by authorities on our probable destination.

Poetry

Winter Words, Thomas Hardy — Reviewed in this issue.

West Running Brook, Robert Frost — Austere and earthy poems by the interpreter of New England.

The Buck in The Snow, Edna St. Vincent Millay — More subdued, but not less exquisite, than her earlier verse.

John Brown's Body, Stephen Vincent Benét — Probably our nearest approach to the American epic.

The Case of Sergeant Grischa, by Arnold Zweig (Viking, $2.50), proves it beyond question, in a novel which for scale, proportion, and convincing humanity deserves recognition as one of the finest of recent months. It is a long book, and has every right to be. We have no business to expect to digest the war between a late dinner and bedtime. At most, we may criticize it for a slow beginning; yet this also is defensible as an overture in the Wagnerian fashion, preparing the mood and foreshadowing the motives of a legend simple enough and at the same time humanly heroic.

Arnold Zweig

Poor Sergeant Grischa is never aware of it, but his story puts the war in its place. It discounts all its glamour and grandeur, revealing them as monstrous delusions kept alive by the blood and suffering of plain humanity. This Russian peasant must be hounded and harassed, must live in fear and die in lonely tragedy for no better reason than that the God of War can only keep his courage by constant human sacrifice. The story is intensely dramatic in a deliberate, cumulative fashion, just because we grow slowly aware that the world is on the eve of a show-down between its Grischas and its Schieffenzahns — the latter being the book's name for a thinly veiled portrait of a German officer of high command. In between these two are all sorts and

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conditions of men, variously aware that the case of Sergeant Grischa is a challenge to the machine which commands their loyalties.

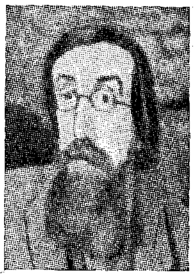
There is in this book an infinite richness of detail, most of it back of the lines of battle, though not beyond the rumble of the guns. There is much dispassionate comment on the causes and conditions of the war. There is skill and ingenuity in the story's design, whereby the affairs of a common soldier plausibly involve a whole army. Above all there is genuine humanity in this man Grischa, his friends and fellows, his officers and their ladies. There are passages where the story drags, just as the fury of war went stale at times and left men space for reflection, but there are others of deep pathos and heart-rending tragedy. In all, it is a story to be read without haste and with full relish, and its impression on a generation which is too ready to forget the war should be deep and lasting.

BELLIGERENT BOSTON

THIS IS PROPAGANDA, of course, since it is merciless with old delusions, and hopeful that men may yet win through to better sense. But it is propaganda without bitterness, enmity, or emotionalism, and thereby infinitely superior to BOSTON, by Upton Sinclair (Boni, $5.00). This, as everybody knows, is the tragic story of Sacco and Vanzetti, all dressed up in a denunciation of the American social and political scene. But it is not a good novel. Its sincerity is that of a man intent on making other people's business his own — which is frequently a laudable and sometimes a useful performance, but rarely an artistic one. The story gets a bad start when a charming old lady, typically "Boston," gets a job in a cordage factory to learn how the other half lives, and it remains unconvincing until the story of the unfortunate aliens themselves gets into full stride. Thereupon it becomes an impassioned job of journalism, which will profoundly stir you or not, depending upon whether you believe it or not. Mr. Sinclair is eloquent, fervid, and sometimes lurid, and no doubt intensely concerned and sincere. But so are soap-box orators, and the world listens and passes along and forgets them. There is surely enough wrong with the world, with America, with Boston, but it seems to be a poor season for crusades.

Another book which would be all the better for boiling down is THE MAD PROFESSOR, by Hermann Sudermann (Liveright, $5.00). This is the story of a professor of philosophy in a German university who divides his time between heavy thinking and philandering, and we are left in doubt as to which the author considers most important. Both contrive to get the professor into trouble, and his solution is to blow a hole in his head and thereby terminate the "nuisance of his existence."

The story is dated at the time when Bismarckian policy and philosophy were at the peak of prestige, and the professor's rebellion against them involves him deeply in the painful politics and jealousies of university life. This might have mattered less if the professor had behaved himself in conventional fashion outside of working hours, but his independence of code and tradition is too catholic to be tolerated. He is ostracized and bullied, and the important part of the book is devoted to his reaction to such pressure into pessimism and gloomy introspection. The rest gives interesting pictures of university life in Germany and some light on the period which gave birth to the war spirit of 1914. But on the whole the professor talks too much.



LYTTON STRACHEY

LÈSE MAJESTÉ

IT WAS KNOWN long in advance that Lytton Strachey's new book would be a notable one. He has written scarcely a line that is casual, ordinary, or unconsidered, and he has taken all the time needful to prepare his third major study. He writes with the unmistakable authority of scholarship and patience, and shames thereby those scribes who turn out biography to publishers' orders. ELIZABETH AND ESSEX (Harcourt, Brace, $3.75) fulfills all promises and goes them one better. Its temper is more even, its dignity of style more sustained than those of his former books, and to say that is to say much.

Devotees of biography must sometimes admit weariness and confusion through the counter claims and conflicting evidence of differing interpreters. But a book like this is indifferent to ordinary competition. The reader feels that the patient study of the biographer has been rewarded with a perception of the truth. Queen Elizabeth is alive again, and with her a limited company of her courtiers. Beyond this small circle lies the background of accepted history, the setting and scene of a human drama. Mr. Strachey is content to leave it flat as it is painted; his concern is with the living woman who was a Queen, and with the men whose fortunes were at the mercy of her foibles. Others have been tempted aside by the pageantry of the Elizabethan world, by the glamour of its court and the gallantry of its brave life, by the fecundity of its literature. But this book tells what went on behind

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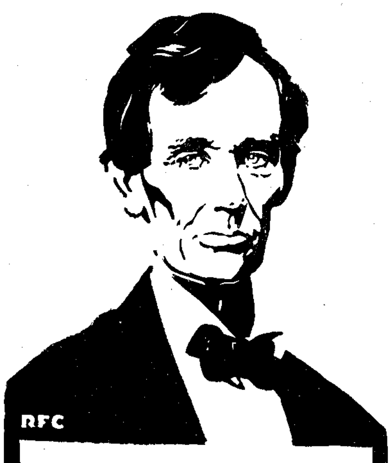

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the stiff ruff, within the "crooked carcase," and thereby discovers the clue to other mysteries and to lesser figures. Essex himself is chief of these lesser men, not because he was at all comparable in character or importance to Bacon or the Cecils, but because his brief flare of fame marks the limits of the biographer's close attention. The one we remember is the Virgin Queen, whose indecision, procrastination, and fickle temper gave ample opportunities for her extraordinary luck and the genius of her people to work out salvation, and who died with her boots on.

Another biography of imperial personality which deserves all good fortune is TIBERIUS CAESAR, by G. P. Baker (Dodd, Mead, $3.50). This is the Caesar whose image and superscription appeared on the coins that were brought to Christ when His authority was called in question. He has been badly blackguarded by the gossip of Suetonius, and beneath a cloud of disrepute his stern genius, administrative vision, and the tragic drama of his life have been lost to popular view. This book restores him to proper dignity and importance, and tells a fascinating story in scholarly but thoroughly intelligible fashion. It clarifies the most critical period in the story of imperial Rome, whose fate is full of portent for the modern world. The Romans under Augustus, says the author, "made comfort and safety their gods, and had no clue to guide them when these gods departed." History is full of such warnings, but posterity rarely takes them seriously.

While on the subject of royalty, one should also mention THE TRAGIC EMPRESS, by Maurice Paléologue (Harper's, $3.50). The Empress Eugénie promised her husband that she would refrain from memoirs, but made a mental reservation permitting her to pass on her confidences to a distinguished French diplomat and historian. There is also THE MAD KING, by Guy de Pourtalès (Holt, $3.00), the private history of Ludwig II of Bavaria. Wagner and Nietzche kept him company in his dreams and illusions, from which he waked at last to a tragic downfall and death.

PSYCHOLOGY AND PHYSIOLOGY

A LOT OF psychological rubbish is written these days, for which reason we may give thanks for the good sense of THE MOTIVES OF MEN, by George A. Coe (Scribner's, $2.25). You will find here food for thought and good entertainment, and even though it arrives nowhere in particular, you will have a lot of fun along the road. By the light of common sense the author steers skillfully among the quackeries of the mechanistic philosophies, and insists that we must determine what men want before we can make much progress in giving it to them. This is also the opinion of the Egyptian Sphinx, who attends a meeting at which the speakers are a Practising Psychologist, a Biological Psychologist, an Analytical Psychologist, a Behaviorist, a Gestalt-Psychologist, and a Psychoanalyst. Having listened to them all, the Sphinx refuses to admit that the discussion has given her a headache, and remarks: "When you find out what you want, I hope you'll one and all get what you want, provided you care to have that kind of want. As for me, the next steamer back to Egypt."

Mr. Coe concludes that man wants freedom, and that to get it he must first rid himself of his own bad habits. He whittles away all other possible solutions, and as a matter of sad fact whittles so far that it is impossible to put a real point on what is left of his thesis. He leaves a vague impression that there is a spiritual unity and harmony of free spirits to which man must look and work. This is flat contradiction to the doctrine that man is spiritually endowed with freedom and makes a mess of his birthright, and on the whole the new notion won't work as well as the old one.

There is more light entertainment in THE INFERIORITY FEELING, by William S. Walsh (Dutton, $2.50). This is the story of our common curse, variously revealed in bad manners, nervousness, that tired feeling, over-assertiveness, mob psychology, plain and fancy lying, and the wearing of red neckties. All these deplorable characteristics, and numerous others, can be traced to the sins of youth, and particularly, to the sins of those in charge of youth. Mr. Walsh thinks something should be done about it. No doubt he is right, but he dodges another terrifying prospect. Assuming that education turns over a dozen new leaves so that the inferiority complex becomes as extinct as the dodo, what sort of a world will this turn out to be? How shall we endure life without the saving vices of humility, timidity, and reticence? Who really wants a world populated with go-getters, extraverts, and big men doing big things in a big way?

BEHIND YOUR FRONT, by James Oppenheim (Harper's, $2.00), reduces the new fad of self-analysis to an absurdity — which is really no great trick. By charts and questions you may determine just what sort of an extra- or introvert you are, and whether you are spiritually related to Heywood Broun or the Queen of Roumania. Just what good this will do you, nobody knows. It may be good exercise to be honest with yourself once in a while and put yourself through the very intimate examination of the book, but when you are all through, you don't know anything. And for a parlor game, Charades or Up Jenkins or even Bridge are much keener sport.

LIGHTER READING

THE HIGH SPICING of much modern reading endangers somewhat the taste

FOR THAT FIRESIDE PARTY—*when it's cold and blustery outside, you're bound to settle down to a snug, jolly evening at home in front of a blazing fire. As you reach for a book we suggest:*

THE PATHWAY, by Henry Williamson. John Galsworthy, Arnold Bennett, and Thomas Hardy ranked him with W. H. Hudson. William Rose Benét ranks him with Thomas Hardy. While this is his first novel, he is already known to many people through *Tarka the Otter*, published last year and awarded the Hawthornden Prize. Among the six best sellers in England, we recommend it as the outstanding book of the Spring published by this firm.

Have you ever awakened in the middle of the night and had an eerie feeling that burglars or ghosts were prowling around? That's how you feel all the way through **THE HOUSE THAT WHISPERED,** a new type of ghost-mystery novel by Samuel Emery. It's the Dutton Mystery for February.

What is a woman's supreme test of love in a man? Sheila Kaye-Smith answers in **THE VILLAGE DOCTOR,** the Dutton Book of the Month for February. A new novel by Sheila Kaye-Smith is an event in the publishing world.

Insatiable demand is a guide to good books. To satisfy that demand we are issuing a new edition of Mary Webb's **PRECIOUS BANE** with an introduction by Premier Stanley Baldwin. Over 50,000 copies sold in England the last two months.

What would you say if an author whom you knew as a splendid traveller suddenly wrote a gorgeously colorful novel with a terrific climax? If you don't quite know what you would say, read **THE LIONESS** by Ferdinand Ossendowski, author of *Beasts, Men, and Gods.*

FALSEHOOD IN WARTIME, a completely different type of book, tells how the assorted governments spread assorted lies during the Great War. Arthur Ponsonby, M.P., presents the evidence.

For a fireside party: **GYPSY RICKWOOD'S FORTUNE-TELLING BOOK.** This book explains how to tell fortunes by the true gypsy method. You can get many hours of enjoyment out of it.

It might seem strange to publish a golf book in mid-winter, but **IDA BROKE,** The Humor and Philosophy of Golf, like the *Compleat Angler*, is a book for any season. Grantland Rice wrote the introduction to Chick Evans' opus.

If you like the story of those adventurous men who explored the Americas, you will like **BARTOLOME DE LAS CASAS** (Father of the Indians). Marcel Brion created this vivid biography of one man who dared take the part of the Incas against the Spanish Conquistadores.

Our colleges have received a full measure of sensational publicity, but very little comment based on fact. James Anderson Hawes, travelling secretary of D. K. E., evens the balance by writing of his **TWENTY YEARS AMONG THE TWENTY-YEAR OLDS.**

Sir Francis Younghusband's **THE COMING COUNTRY,** will fascinate you; an allegorical novel; a modern Pilgrim's Progress.

The fireside is a perfect place to find spiritual peace. For this, no book could be more fitting than **WHO IS THEN THIS MAN?** a life of Christ by Melanie Marnas, translated by Henry Longan Stuart.

And that's that. But have you read **THE SPECTACLES OF MR. CAGLIOSTRO** ($2.00), the new detective mystery by the author of *Sing Sing Nights;* **WHILE THE BRIDEGROOM TARRIED** ($2.50), which won the Dutton Book of the Month Prize for January, by the author of *Andy Brandt's Ark;* **CHRYSALIS** ($2.50), by Zephine Humphrey; **THE MEMOIRS OF J. M. DENT** ($3.00); and **THE YOUNG LOVERS** ($2.50), by H. C. Bailey?

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Miss Alice S. Fisher, Eyebrow, Sask., Canada. "Sold my first short story the other day. Last summer an old lady told me a happening of pioneer days which interested me. I wrote it up, and that's the result. You can understand that I'm delighted, even though the cheque was not large."

L. A. Emerton, Jackson St., Hanover, Pa. "My first big thrill came last month. An acceptance slip! The check that followed was not large, but I got a real kick out of it just the same, for it proved that I can write printable stuff."

Mrs. Edith J. Tilton, R. F. D. 2, Box 34. "Since sending my previous assignment (the fifth in my course) I received an acceptance of an article which I submitted to Hoard's Dairyman. So far this month I have had checks for $50.65 which includes $12.75 for my writing as correspondent for the weekly paper. I have had many compliments on the latter from people who read the paper."

✣ ✣

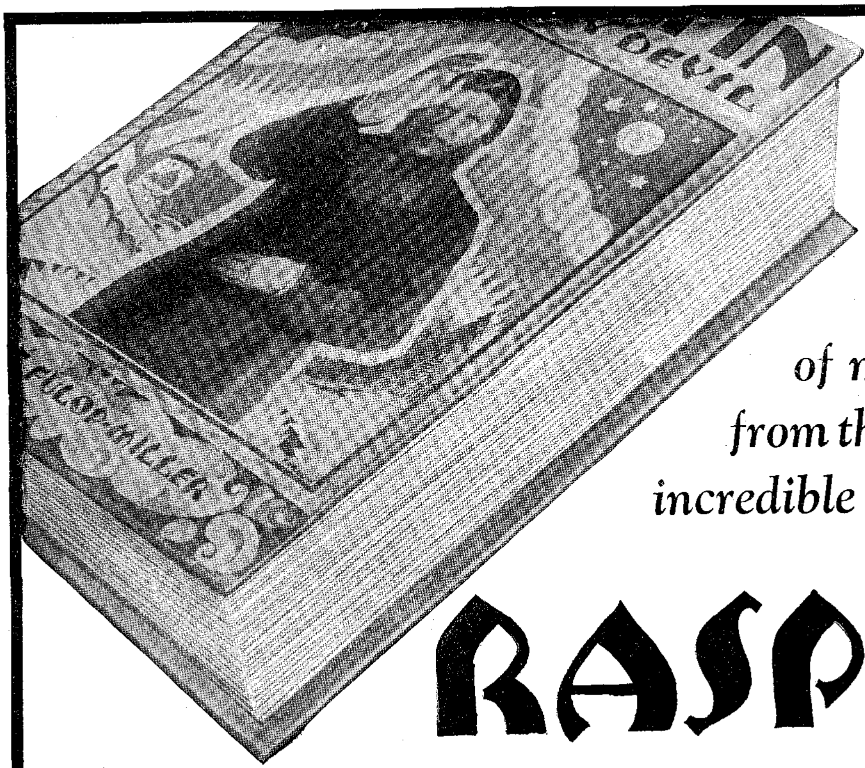
Mrs. G. W. Browning, Box 172, Demopolis, Ala. "I received a cheque yesterday from the Cook Publishing Company for a poem, so feel that I've made a start. I would not have known how to present it to an editor if I had not taken the course."

for things subtle and delicate, and it will therefore be interesting to see what happens here to THE WANDERER, by Alain Fournier (Houghton, Mifflin, $2.50). This was written fifteen years ago by a young Frenchman who was lost in the war, and now opens its American incarnation with the advantage of high praise from Havelock Ellis and others. This it fully deserves, and it will probably receive the enthusiastic recommendation of critics generally.

It is a work of art in the most exacting sense of the term; the revelation of a sensitive spirit, written in deep sincerity and presented through a story of beauty and faithful reality. Throughout there is a perfect dualism between the body of the tale and its spirit. The story is of a boy in a typical French private school who, during a vagabond excursion, stumbles on a strange manor house, the home of a girl of dreams. Thereafter he goes always unsatisfied, questing lost loveliness and happiness, and though he wins back to them at last, he has lost forever the power to make them his own. This simple tale is told quietly and surrounded with pictures of French rural life of haunting and intimate reality. But the sympathetic reader is no less aware of the legend of youth's chief tragedy. At the threshold of life come these visions of sheer loveliness, of "clouds of glory," the promise of romance and high ideals. But youth's a stuff will not endure, and when such dreams fade there are no highways of life that lead back to their true glory. This is the story of *The Wanderer*, and for every reason it deserves a place among the finest books of the decade.

JOHN ERSKINE

John Erskine has now taken the Odyssey apart and remolded it nearer to his heart's desire in PENELOPE'S MAN (Bobbs-Merrill, $2.50), which is no better nor worse than his other skeptic behavior toward the muse of history. This is a sort of comic strip version of a golden legend, and its profound spiritual message is to the effect that men will stay out late o'nights and lie about it afterward, and that there is no fool like an old fool. These mildly spicy adventures are told with wit, urbanity, and even scholarship — all of which we properly expect from the learned and irreverent professor. But there is another and less respectable savor to the book, as there was to his others. A gay story gains a faintly fearful naughtiness when grafted on to false or fabulous dignity, and the cheapest wit will please



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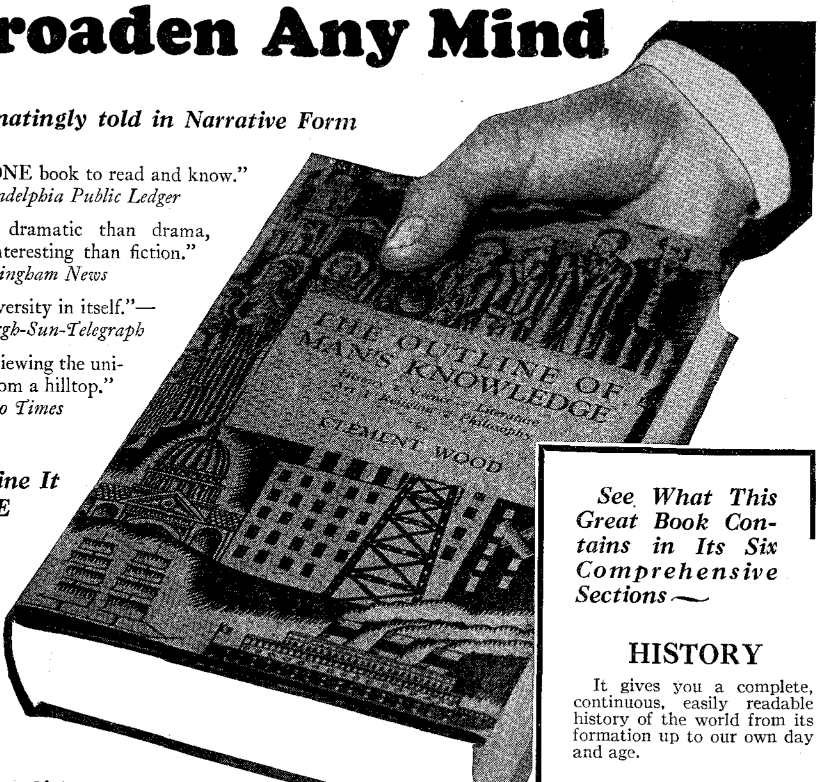
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some people if it scandalizes a thing called sacred. Professor Erskine's wit is not cheap and the Odyssey is no longer sacred, but his thin stories would be nothing in particular apart from their classical company. Some day he may get around to writing a real novel, and then we shall discover whether he is as good as he seems to be.

SHEER FRIVOLITY

JOSHUA'S VISION, by William J. Locke (Dodd, Mead, $2.50), shows what a man can do if he sticks to his trade. Mr. Locke has been telling this story ever since his first novel, and it's still as good as ever. The nice, middle-aged gentleman, British down to his boots, who makes belated acquaintance with Romance when too far gone to hold her; a pleasant circle of well-behaved people; a studio or so; a lot of afternoon tea and thin bread and butter; a faint whiff of scandal — these are the accepted ingredients of a Locke novel. It's literary hokum, if you please, but always good entertainment — the kind of story we can enjoy without working at it.

WIT'S END, by Viola Paradise (Dutton, $2.50), is high-grade flapper romance — the sort of thing that "has a certain charm and cannot do us any harm." The author does better by her girl friends — who are perfectly delightful people — than by her hero, whose exemplary moral tone and uninspired behavior hardly seem characteristic of a successful young playwright. But this is a pleasant story concerning the course of true love, which has its minor bumps and detours but arrives at last at an inevitable and soul-satisfying clinch in the seashore shadows of a Maine picnic. And though these are all modern young people, they behave — except for one temporary aberration — with uniform decency, decorum, and discretion, which is probably not far from the truth concerning the younger generation.

LILY CHRISTINE, by Michael Arlen (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), announces itself as "the story of a good woman." This may be a subtle and devilish device for discrediting good women in general, or it may simply mean that Mr. Arlen has only a vague idea what a good woman looks like. Lily Christine's principal claim to goodness seems to be her stupidity, sweet patience, and tolerance of a filthy husband who should have been kicked down all the stairs of the Washington Monument.

Mr. Arlen has laid aside his sophistication, which took the pleasing form of epigrams that might mean anything or even nothing, and undertakes to write a straight novel. He puts it together like a crossword puzzle, and it has approximately the same elements of charm and surprise.

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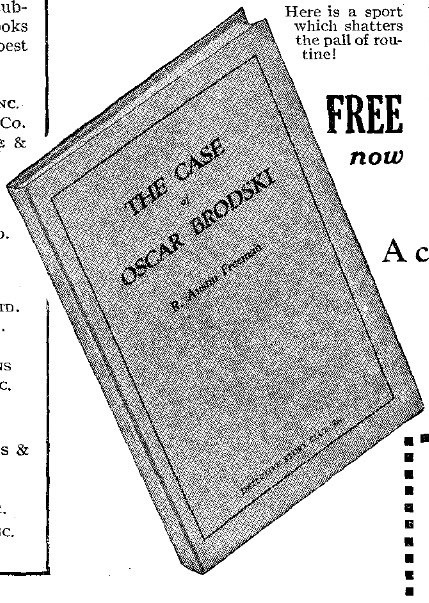

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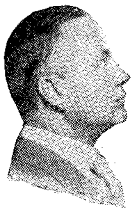
These FIVE Famous Experts, Writers, Critics, Select the Best Mystery of the Month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The Board of Selection and Review which will choose the month's best story: *Carolyn Wells*, popular novelist and author of many best-selling mysteries. *Edmund Pearson*, noted student of and expert on actual murder cases. *Francis L. Wellman*, renowned prosecutor and famous expert on cross examination. *Frederick F. Van de Water*, "F. F. V.", distinguished literary critic and author. *Robert H. (Bob) Davis*, author, editor, columnist, discoverer of many famous authors.

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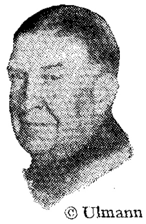
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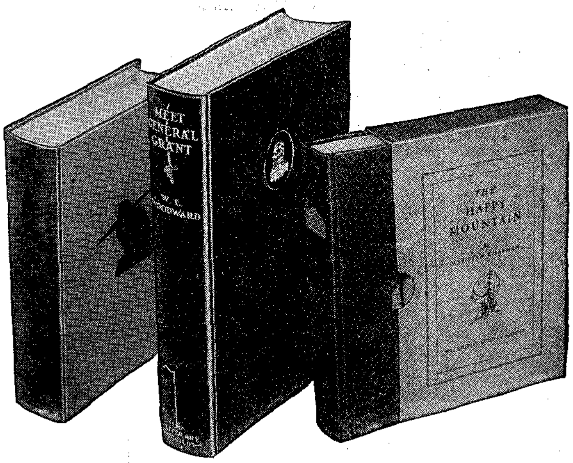

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JOHAN BULL

They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus.—KEATS

The War Guilt Myth

THE ORIGINS OF THE WORLD WAR, by Sidney Bradshaw Fay; Macmillan, 2 Vols., $8.00.

Reviewed by HARRY ELMER BARNES.

WE HAVE IN the two volumes under review the mature result of Professor Fay's researches and reflections, extending over a decade of devotion to the subject of the responsibility for the World War. In 1920–21 he published in the *American Historical Review* a series of three articles which were the first substantial and effective protest in America, within respectable historical circles, against the wartime thesis of the unique guilt of Germany in launching the World War. Since that time it has been generally and correctly understood that he was engaged upon prolonged studies of the various aspects of this question which would ultimately take form in a voluminous and definitive treatment of the subject.

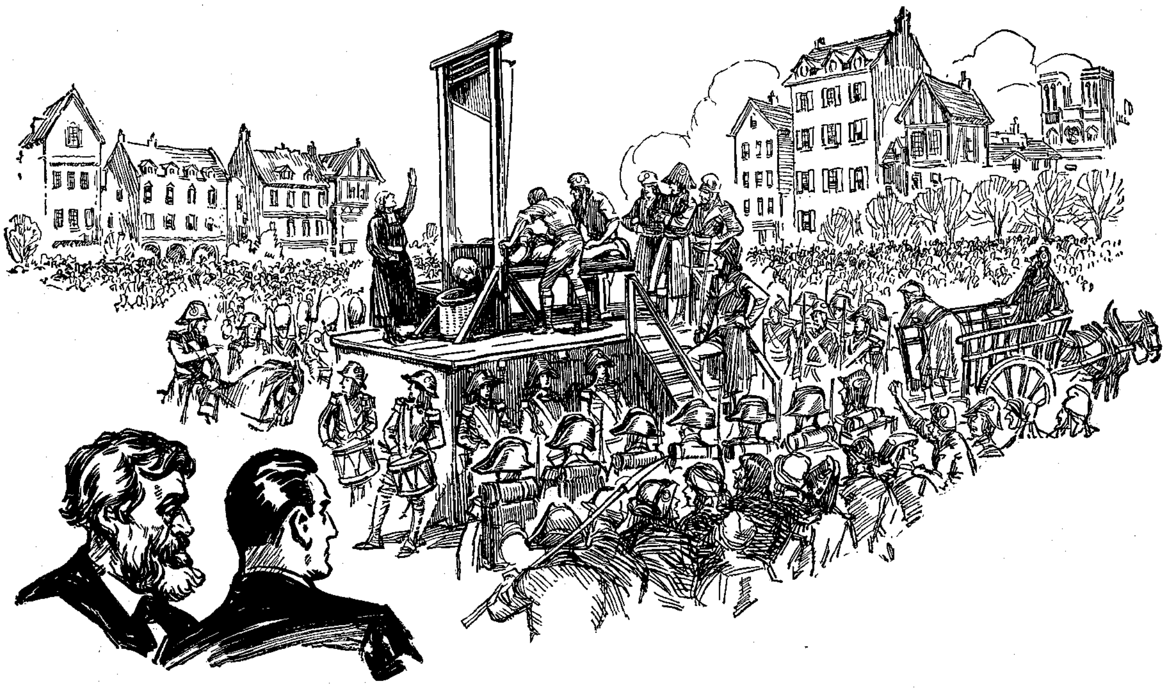
SIDNEY B. FAY

We now have placed before us, in two splendid volumes, the product of his scholarship and cogitation. The first volume is an indispensable survey of the diplomatic background of the crisis of 1914, while the second is devoted to the events which occurred between June and August, 1914. In the two volumes as a whole we may find the most complete and convincing summary of the facts about the responsibility for the World War, remote and immediate, which has been produced in any country. Professor Fay has not attempted to be a controversialist, and he often fails to make the best use of his concrete material in the way of laying low persistent myths and exposing the subterfuges of disingenuous writers on the subject; but, as the product of serious-minded, conventional, historical scholarship, his two volumes must be rated as a masterly achievement. Others are better fitted by temperament for controversy, and Professor Fay has doubtless strengthened his position as a historian by refusing to perform as a dialectician and propagandist in the service of truth and enlightenment.

In his general interpretation of responsibility for the World War, Professor Fay takes the sensible view that responsibility was divided, but he does not attempt to defend the impossible position that the responsibility was equally divided. In regard to the background of 1914 he holds that there was a general division of responsibility for such fundamental causes of war as militarism, nationalism, imperialism, secret diplomacy, and conflicting alliances. He makes it clear, however, that from 1908 to 1914 there was a diplomatic revolution in progress. Germany and Austria were at loggerheads over Serbia, and Italy was for all practical purposes a liability to the Triple Alliance. While the Triple Alliance was thus breaking up and Germany was restraining Austria, the Triple Entente was becoming more firmly knit, more aggressive, and less given to restraining Russian ambitions in the Near East.

Likewise, with respect to the crisis of 1914, Fay shows that while Germany attempted to restrain Austria from the moment that a European war seemed probable, France and England made no effort to restrain Russia from policies and acts which they knew would make a war inevitable. Professor Fay holds that no European state desired a world war in July, 1914, but it is difficult to reconcile this with his statement that Russia took steps which made war inevitable, and that France and England recognized that she was doing so but refused to act to dissuade her. If this does not mean that they wanted war under the existing circumstances, then Professor Fay's verdict resolves itself into a mere quibbling over words.

The writers on the controversy of war guilt have resolved themselves into three general groups: first, the "bitter-enders" like Hazen, Anderson, Stearns-Davis,



Last night~I saw Louis the Sixteenth beheaded in Paris

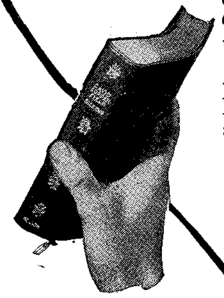
MY friend Carlyle and I watched the tragic scene, standing in the crowded Place de la Revolution. All Paris was packed in the square—hushed, expectant. It is not every day that a nation kills its King.

When, in the very shadow of the guillotine, the King was allowed to say a few words, he cried simply.

"Frenchmen, I die innocent! I pardon my enemies! I desire that France—"

Then an officer yelled "Tambours!"—the drums rolled, Samson pulled the cord, and I covered my eyes.

Carlyle had been living in Paris all through the Revolution. How vividly he made me see it all—the attack on the Tuileries, the fall of the Bastile, Charlotte Corday's murder of Citizen Marat, and the final "whiff of grapeshot" with which young Major Bonaparte ended it all.



Tonight I Shall Walk in London with Dickens

He is going to take me through the silent streets to the old Curiosity Shop. Perhaps we shall catch a glimpse of little Nell's face at the window—and see her strange old grandfather stealing home.

Then we may walk over to Folly Ditch, to the house where murderer Bill Sykes was surrounded by the mob, and fell to death from the chimney. Perhaps we shall stop at "Golden Cross Inn" for ale and a diverting hour with Mr. Pickwick. My friend Dickens knows his London. He will take me wherever I ask.

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Tomorrow Night I Shall Wander in Spain with Don Quixote

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We shall not be surprised when his doughty master mistakes a windmill for a giant, charges it with his lance and is promptly spilled from the faithful, though bony, Rozinante.

There is never a dull moment—for either Sancho or myself. The knight is much more diverting than many sane people I could name!

What nonsense, I hear someone saying, to think that you can walk and talk with people now dead, in surroundings that no longer exist.

If *you* do not know what I mean, I am sorry for you. For you are missing a great pleasure which costs next to nothing—the joy of traveling when and where you will in time and space, on the winged words of the greatest books.

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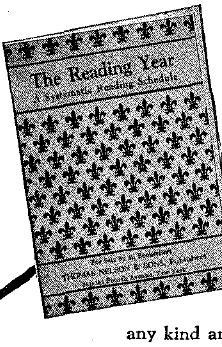
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Turner, Seton-Watson, and others who cling to the myths of the war period relative to the unique guilt of Germany; second, the salvagers, like Schmitt, Renouvin, Slosson, Florinsky, and others who combine the bibliographic stigmata of revisionist scholarship with an essential espousal of the conclusions of the "bitter-enders"; and third, the revisionists, like Dickinson, Beazley, Gooch, Fabre-Luce, Demartial, Montgelas, Stieve, Lutz, Barbagallo, Lumbroso, Pokrovsky, Aall, Ewart, Langer, Lingelbach, and others who have made an honest search for truth on the basis of the latest documentary evidence. No member of this group regards Germany as more responsible for the World War than the members of the Entente, and most of these writers would put the German guilt below that of Russia and France. There can be no doubt that Professor Fay is a member of the revisionist school. Aside from his over-severe judgment of Austria and his illogically inconclusive final chapter, his material places him in the circle of the advanced revisionists, his methods and results being closest to the Munich savant, Hermann Lutz.

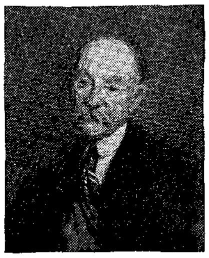
All in all, Professor Fay's book is one of the great landmarks in the development of diplomatic history and a timely contribution to the reconstruction of our views on world politics. It demolishes completely and finally the war guilt clause in the Treaty of Versailles.

Hardy's Last Poems

WINTER WORDS, by Thomas Hardy; Macmillan, $2.00.
Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

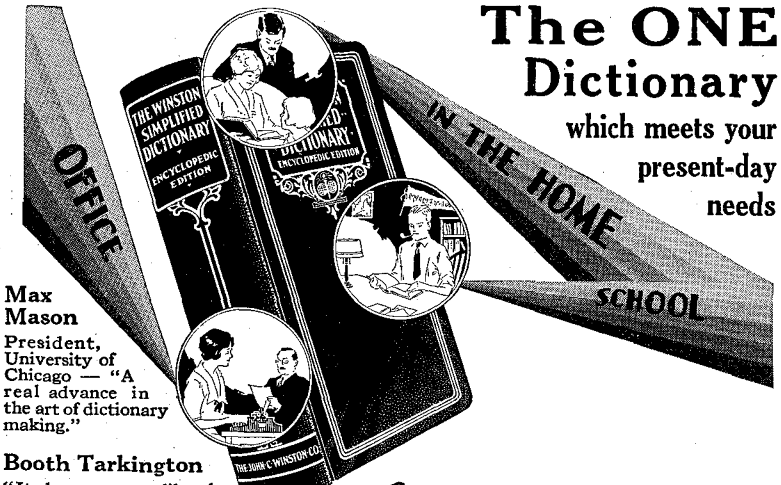
THIS LAST VOLUME of poems by Thomas Hardy was prepared for publication not long before he died. They bear, as always, the stamp that was solely his own. In the introductory note from his own hand he has remarked, "no harmonious philosophy is attempted in these pages" — a statement that, as he says, he has often made before. Hardy abode by ancient rhyme and metre, but he had the faculty for evolving his own variant forms, and his particular accent in verse could be mistaken for no one's else. In many varieties of people he discerned the tragedies and ironies of life, saw human puppets most often as the laughing-stocks of time. The present poems tell old stories, revive old memories, set down musings upon such apparently small things as a blackbird building its nest, the silence of an old house, "a gentleman's second-hand suit," lodging-house fuchsias, a man's new boots that have hung on the same nail ever since he died. Upon such matters he builds quiet rhythms, and ends his book saying that henceforward he'll "show to no man what I see," as his thought holds what "is too like a sound of moan."

> Why load men's minds with more to bear
> That bear already ails to spare?
>   From now alway
>   Till my last day
> What I discern I will not say.



THOMAS HARDY

Elsewhere he has a character in one of his poems aver that "Tragedy is true guise; Comedy lies." It was the unexpected ambushes laid by life resulting, for human beings, in all checkmatings, from mere simple disappointment to profound tragedy — it was these engenderers of various drama that always interested Hardy the most. He saw earth earthy, discerned no satisfying scheme of things, though in such a large and powerful work as *The Dynasts*, which remains, probably, his poetic masterpiece, he projected himself above the earth and introduced demiurgic powers of his own peculiar shaping brooding over the destiny of man. Once, in a famous short poem of his, of a bird singing against the night, "with blast-beruffled plume," he permitted himself to wonder whether there might not be "some blessed hope of which he knew and I was unaware." But in general he clove to actuality, contenting himself with pointing out that man's frequent tragedies often did not seem to involve his own volition, that circumstance counted many victims. He looked straightly and saw clearly. He sang human love in many keys, but understood pro-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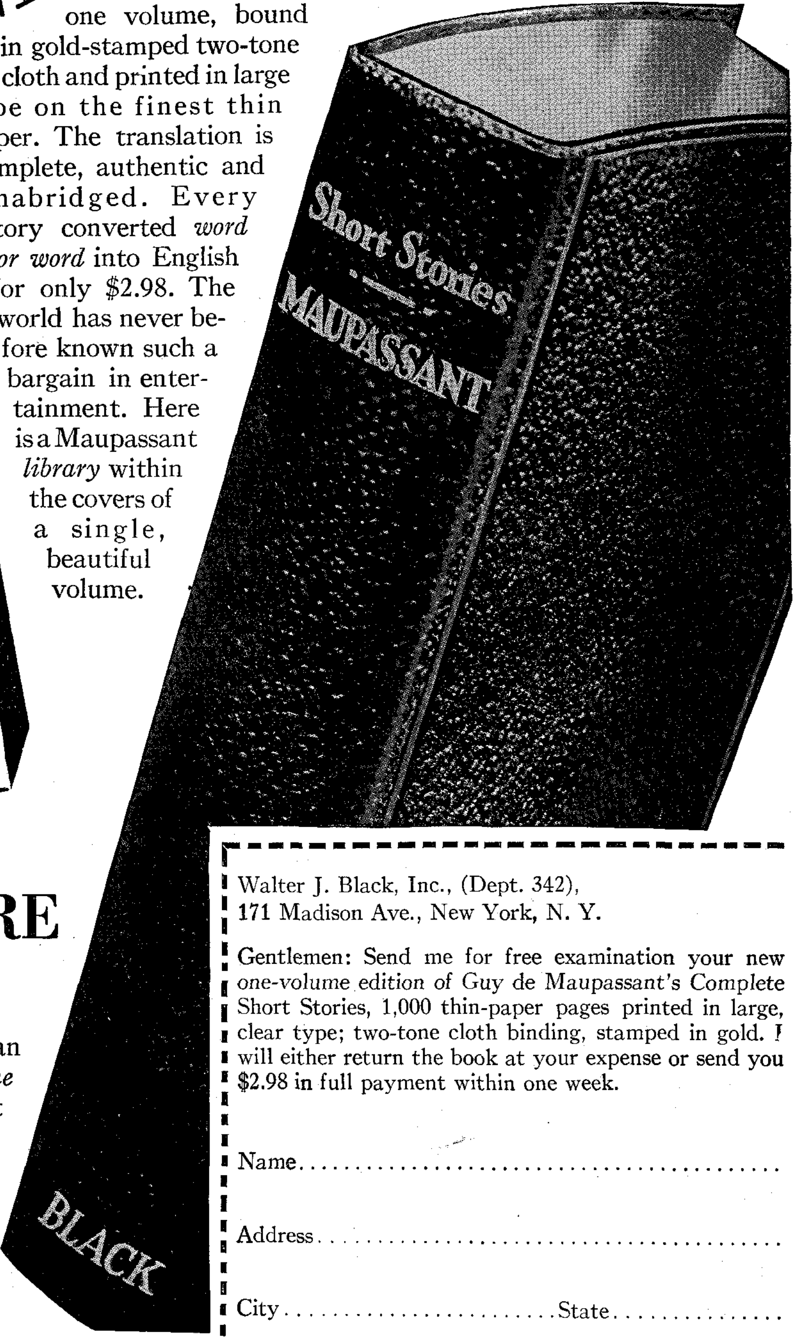

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foundly its elements of tenderness and pathos.

The present volume is not inferior in a number of poems to the work that went before. The verse is singularly robust even up to the end. The "Liddell and Scott" (which, in choice of subject, reminds one slightly of Browning's "A Grammarian's Funeral") and the "Drinking Song" contain an element that could hardly be called frivolity but is nearest to Hardy's particular kind of humor. He found something sturdy in man, for all that mankind in many of its essays seemed so feeble and witless and beglamoured. There were virtues of pride, and simple trust, and dogged courage under a dubious sky. There was loveliness in women, and beauty. Memory was known to draw the sting from the wounding episode. He could say on his eighty-sixth birthday:

> Well, World, you have kept faith with me,
> Kept faith with me;
> Upon the whole you have proved to be
> Much as you said you were.
> Since as a child I used to lie
> Upon the leaze and watch the sky,
> Never, I own, expected I
> That life would all be fair.

Thomas Hardy's poetry has a tang and richness of its own. Much of it has pictured for us as clearly as his novels the vistas and the people of the Wessex countryside. He did not have to go far afield to find abundant life chequered with strange stories, incalculable dreams, subtle disasters. His verse is not decorated or romantic. One might say it was often homespun. But it was the vehicle of one of the finest intelligences of our day. He felt that he could say as well, if not better, in verse what he otherwise might have said in more prose. It proved so, if one follows the stories, looks through the windows that reveal so much of separate lives, save that verse as a vehicle confuses many people. They do not realize that this medium may contain as much of actuality as prose, with as deep human implications. They feel that in it the writer must necessarily beat the air. Of course it is not so.

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Cousin Rebecca West

THE STRANGE NECESSITY, by Rebecca West; Doubleday, Doran, $3.00.
Reviewed by GORHAM B. MUNSON.

ARROGANCE BREEDS arrogance, and Miss West allows herself so many extreme liberties in treating her subjects that it is merely natural law that she in turn should experience the excesses of reviewers who disagree with her general drift. The long essay which gives her new book of criticism its title appears to be a strangely unnecessary contribution to that confusion about creative processes already so widely generated by the popular theory of self-expression. Miss West holds that the sentimental artist is one who is detached from his work and molds it with reference to the psychology of his audience, and that the non-sentimental artist identifies himself with his creation and so becomes what he makes. I should say that it is just the reverse: namely, the artist who is bent on communication is non-sentimental, and the artist who is intent only on self-manifestation is the sentimentalist. I aim to score my points not by argument but by a thumb-nail parody of one of Miss West's essays entitled "Uncle Bennett."

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"I remember one wet, raw Sunday when I had left my shiny black raincoat at home beside a lovely majolica vase

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whose beauty cannot be exaggerated, and was trudging through the rain holding out before me, like a tray inscribed with hieroglyphics upon which, alas, the rain fell like drops of oil spattered by a gas-engine, a copy of the *Herald-Tribune* and devoured with the mind as the mouth devours a rich, steamy pudding the prose of Rebecca West in praise of Sherwood Anderson! The dun street on which I was walking, trance-like — I have forgotten what block it was — receded into unreality like a movie fade-out and the words became more real than the whole caboodle of my sense-impressions. I felt warmed, comfortable, as in one of our highly heated apartments to which our English friends so often object, but here was one whose sense of guilt, whose internal conflict, had been so nicely adjusted and harmonized that she might be said to cling sympathetically to a mental radiator and match its temperature with the warmth of her talk.

"'One of Mr. Hardy's ancestors must have married a weeping willow.' Now that is superb wit. It can only be accounted for as a little gift of the unconscious. Miss West's unconscious clearly reveals to us by its extravagance why her virtues become excesses for which her American cousins are so highly grateful."

I shall not apologize for laying it on with a tar brush: the parody has to be crude for those readers who are unfamiliar with Miss West's irrelevant chat about her personal life and her obsession with psychoanalysis as a key to art — not to speak of her habit of pitching her judgments into the superlative. The only remedy I see for her is to cultivate a habit of questioning the alleged glories of our age — and I wish she would question her style too. Figures of speech by the score are not scores of ideas about Joyce, Hardy, Wells, Shaw, the Sitwells, Sherwood Anderson, Willa Cather, Herbert Quick, and the other writers gushed over in this book.

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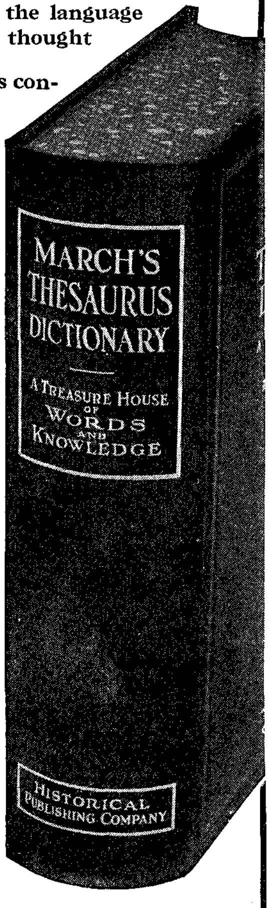
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Perplexing India

UNDERSTANDING INDIA, by Gertrude Marvin Williams; Coward-McCann, $3.50.
Reviewed by L. H. TITTERTON.

I THINK that the difference in what Miss Mayo and I saw was due in part to the way we saw it." When we read this sentence in the short foreword to *Understanding India*, our fears began to arise; but they were groundless. This is not another book dedicated to the refuting of statements in *Mother India*. It is on the contrary, a series of vivid portraits and landscapes of Indian people and places, impressions obtained under most unusual circumstances. Mrs. Williams, an American, "traveled more than six thousand miles in India, and traveled alone." And this is truly astounding, for a white woman *must* be accompanied by a man when she ventures outside the definitely British sections of Indian cities, according to the etiquette and invariable usage of foreigners resident in India. The reason given is that she will be insulted or attacked by Indian men if she goes alone.

Mrs. Williams went alone. Part of the time she had a native bearer or servant with her, but for the most part she made few plans and moved from place to place entirely unaccompanied. She traveled first, second, and third class on the railroads — and the whites never travel except in the first class. She slept in native villages; she visited the dominions of some of the most mediæval native princes; and never once did she receive any but the most courteous treatment, except at the hands of a British consular official and a Portuguese banker. Her experience, moreover, was remarkably rich and varied, since a journey of six thousand miles necessarily took her to the remotest corners of India, enabled her to see a complete cross-section of modern Indian life.

For the sake of convenience she divides her book into seven parts, and thus avoids the tedium of a chronological sequence which would necessarily be often repetitious, for she is enabled to group together the impressions she gained from all manner of sources. Perhaps "impressions" is an unfortunate word, for Mrs. Williams does not blindly record what she saw and what she was told. Her story is marked by

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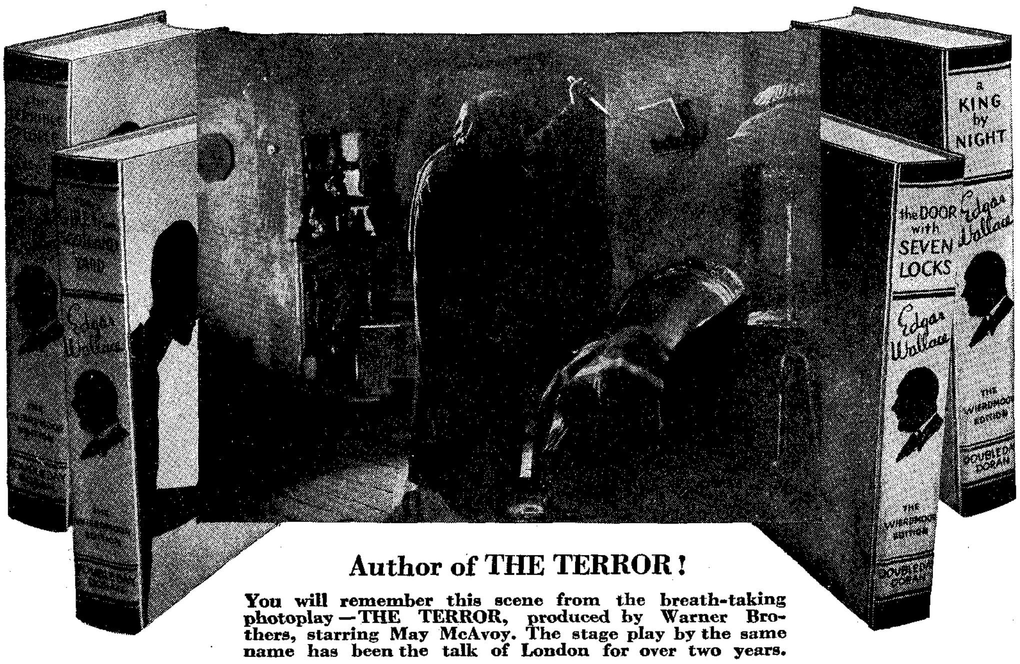

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Every other writer of mystery and horror yarns pales into insignificance beside this man who can not witness his own moving pictures because they are so gruesome. Midnight shrieks echoing down cob-webbed corridors. The clank of chains in mysterious secret passages. Sudden shots coming from nowhere, the silent assassin's knife getting in its gruesome work under the noses of Scotland Yard's keenest detectives. That is Edgar Wallace.

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discrimination and insight. Because she was able to talk with Gandhi, not to mention dozens of other prominent Indians, does not indicate that she took for granted the perspective of their view. On the contrary, she was continually weighing each new idea and impression against the knowledge she possessed already, gained by months of study before leaving America.

There is humor in *Understanding India*, but it is rarely far distant from sadness. Perhaps the most moving chapter in the book is that which tells in simplicity of the author's visit to Amritsar. As a woman, moreover, she has many illuminating comments to make on the plight of the wives of Indian Princes, and of women in general. But why catalogue the familiar problems of Indian life? Nearly all are touched on in this book, not as a library-bound scholar or an official would treat them, but with a humanity based on theoretical knowledge which is given life by actual experience.

The Troubled Decade

A Short History of the World: 1918–1928, by Delisle Burns; Payson & Clarke, $3.50.

Reviewed by John Strachey.

Delisle Burns is a professor at the London School of Economics who has established a peculiar place for himself. He is not exactly either philosopher, economist, or historian, but he has done work in all three fields. Such a record equips him especially well for the extraordinarily difficult task which he has undertaken. He has tried to write a story of the last ten years of world events while, as it were, the ink was yet wet upon the page of history. It is an important task and he has performed it with amazing success. He has compressed the kaleidoscopic changes of the decade 1918–1928 into a continuous narrative, which, if terse, never degenerates into a mere summary. He has avoided the error, not uncommon among the older generation of European historians, of dealing with the history of western Europe as if it were the real history of the world, and of mentioning the other hemispheres in condescending appendices. Of the four hundred odd pages in his book, Europe as such gets a little more than one-third. Long and detailed chapters are devoted to Russia, both in the phases of revolution and recovery, to political development in the United States and in Europe, to Islamic unrest, to Asia, to "awakening Africa."

The attitude which Mr. Burns brings to his task is essentially a judicial one. I cannot exemplify it better than by quoting from his pages on the condition of Europe immediately after the Armistice:

> The victor is never certain of the extent of his victory and the vanquished never willing to admit all the consequences of his defeat. Thus, even after an armistice puts a stop to the one clearly conceived purpose of organized political communities, the war-mind continues to operate. But the continuance of the same struggle in the arrangement of the new situation is less important than the fact that the dominant ideas in such a transition keep before the minds of men the control over other men and not the conquest of natural circumstances. This is quite natural. The first problem to be faced in the organization of civilised life is who is to control the organising; and the next, if all cannot share, is which group of men is to control the other. Thus, while the conflict of wills continues, the control of circumstances is disregarded; and men slip back towards barbarism while they are disputing about shares in civilisation.

The spirit of this passage infuses Mr. Burns' whole thinking. He sees even the Russian Revolution rather as a catastrophe to an old and rotten culture than as a war between social classes. He gives, however, an admirable account of the economic and political policy of the Soviet Government since 1917. It is true that in this section he has relied almost wholly upon Mr. Maurice Dobb's admirable volume, *Russian Economic Development Since The Revolution*, and one could wish that he had gone to some of the original Russian sources, many of which are now available in translation. I have left no space for his other sections. It is sufficient to say that Mr. Burns sees the troubled decade which he has taken as his theme, closing amid high hopes that world recovery is at last well under way. "Civilisation again advances," he writes.

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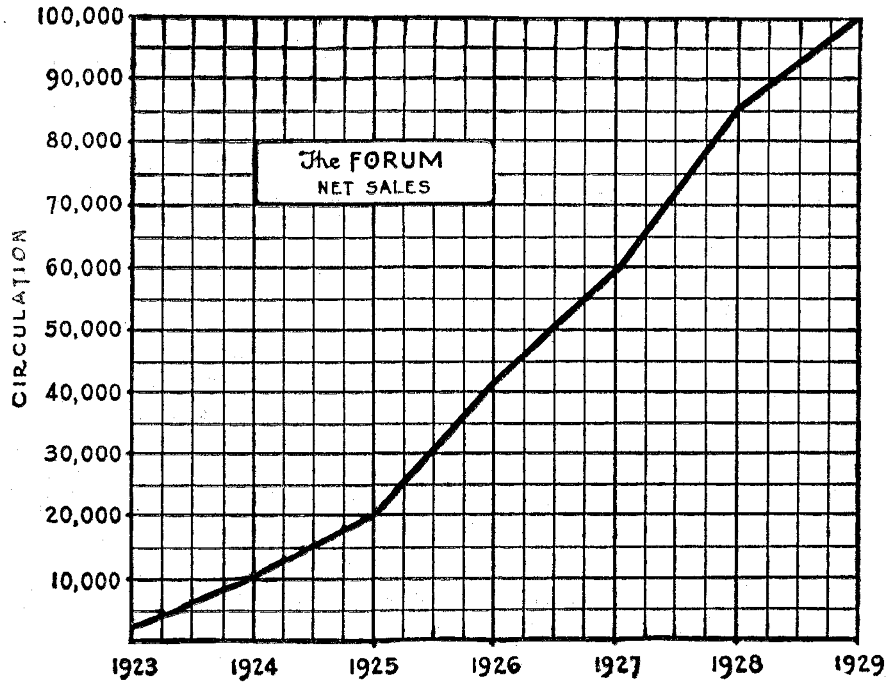

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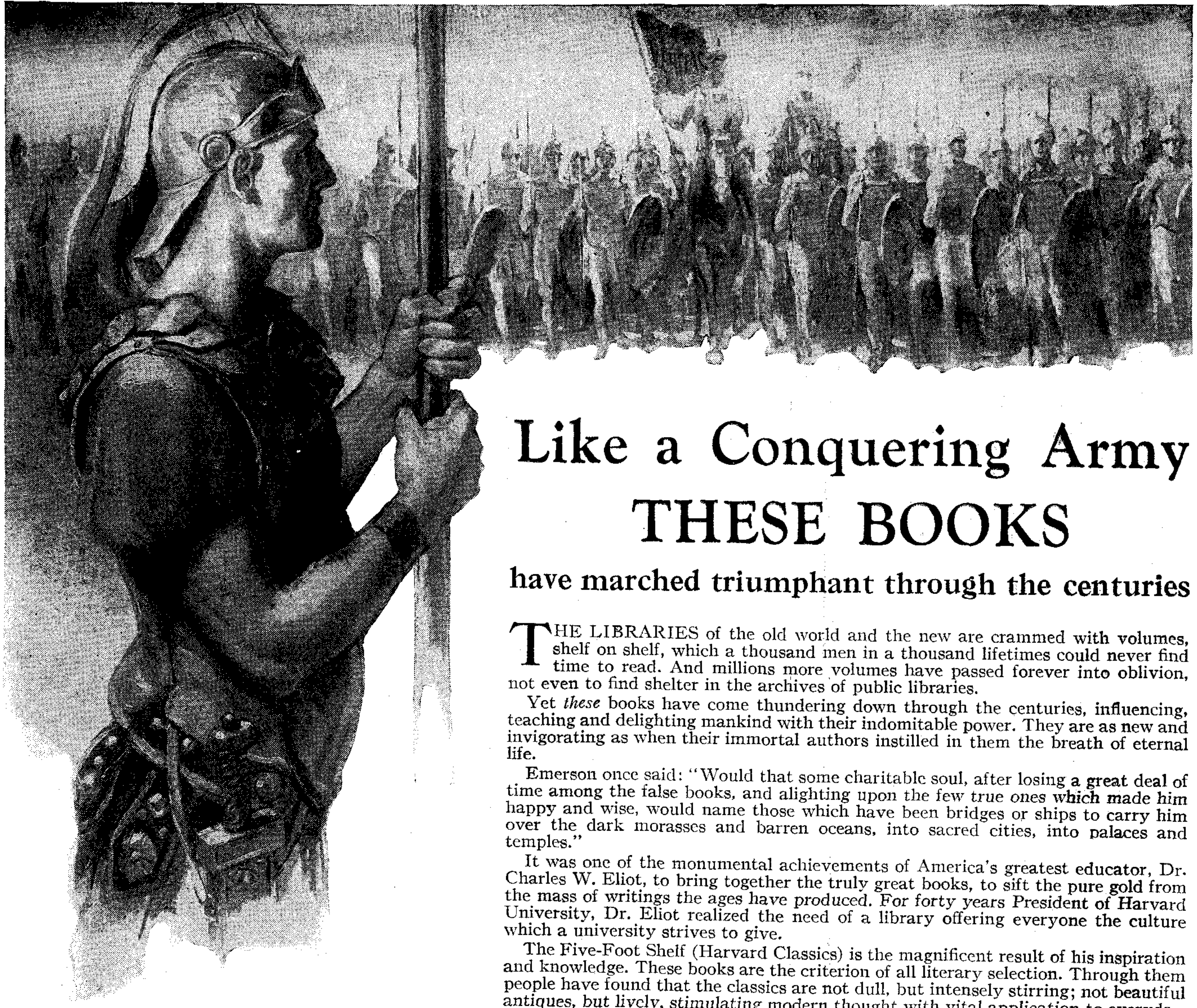

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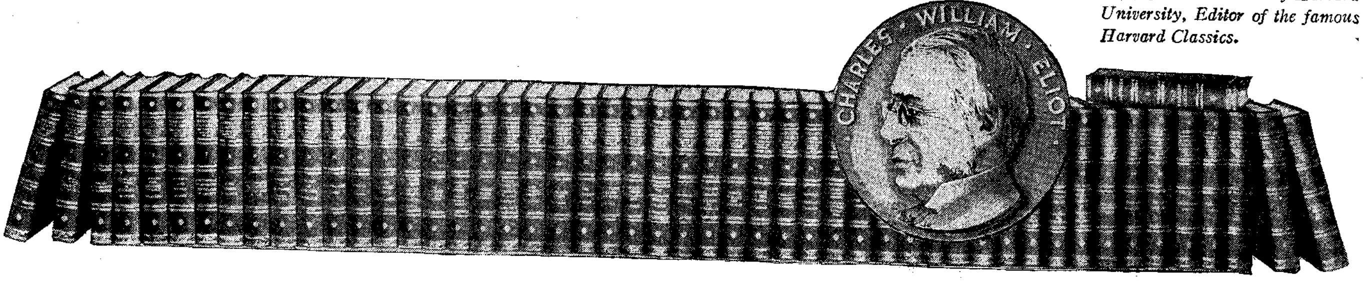

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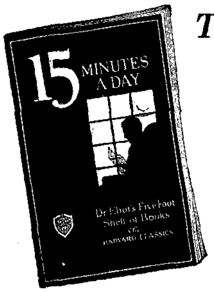

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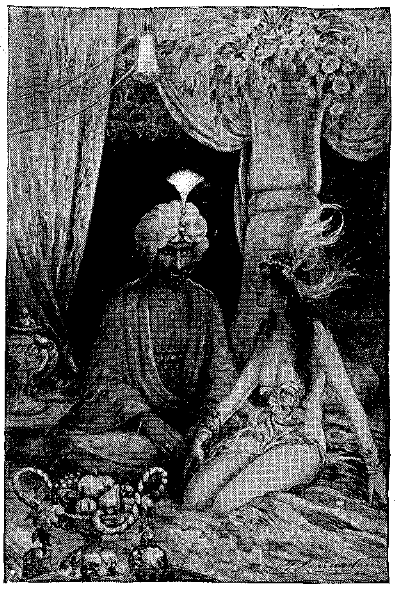

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stand the present point of view of an up-to-date European cannot do better than read this book. Naturally he will see only one particular European point of view — that of the liberal middle classes of whom Mr. Burns is an admirable spokesman. But he will see the whole panorama of events skillfully depicted; he will have the raw material, at any rate, for an informed judgment on world affairs.

Fruits of Leisure

PEDESTRIAN PAPERS, by Walter S. Hinchman; Houghton, Mifflin, $2.00.
Reviewed by GEORGE W. MARTIN.

LIVING IN the hurly burly of modern life produces stresses and strains which "get" one after a while. Mr. Hinchman's philosophy is to take it easier, and go more slowly, and live by the way.

> Possibly we pedestrians do not live wholly enough in a fleeting present. The driver of an automobile has to be terribly alive to the emergencies of the moment. Sometimes, though, there is a virtue in looking backward as well as forward. Sometimes, too, pedestrians pause on hilltops where they enjoy an extensive prospect; not just glance at it, but look long and often.

This book contains no great message for the world. It is a collection of thirty little essays by a kindly, unhurried gentleman who evidently reads for pleasure.

Mr. Hinchman offers no panacea for present-day ills, but he resolutely refuses to be delivered on any particular bandwagon. It is not that his violence for truth is so great, as that his reluctance to believe in the efficacy of verbal formulas leads him to hold conclusions in abeyance. Thus, he is earmarked as a highly civilized person.

If one remarked to Mr. Hinchman that crows are white, he would say, "Crows?" And after a while he would say, "White?"

If this were said to Thomas Babington Macaulay or to Nicholas Murray Butler, essayists both, neither of them would hear it at all; but the sonorous monologue would continue uninterrupted its majestic way. If it were said to Gilbert K. Chesterton, he would instantly agree to it, prove it, and insist the Mother Church had always maintained it. If it were said to John Jay Chapman he would scream with pain, leap into the air, and cut himself with clam shells.

Talents differ; all is well and wisely put. If Mr. Hinchman refuses to supply bread and circuses for the carnivorous-minded, nevertheless he furnishes a fleeting anodyne for those who are wearied of watching the clowns jump through the hoops. There is nothing new under the sun, he insists — only new salesmen of old stuff. Kipling will be read again some day, and those Victorians had some good points. To see life steadily and see it whole requires looking at it from more than one point of view, and to be reasonable is not necessarily to be anæmic.

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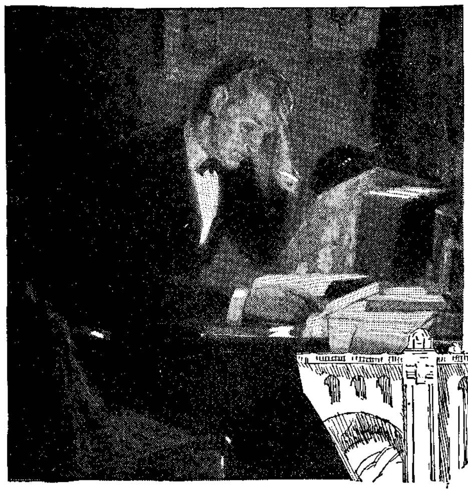

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Alas, poor Benchley! We suspect that he would like to play Hamlet, if anyone would let him. In his latest book — 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea or David Copperfield (Holt, $2.00) — there are symptoms which, in a clown, are alarming. For one thing, he has dared to desert *Life* for *The Yale Review.* Though most of the pieces which he reprints in this collection are the short, uproarious satires in which he excels, there are two essays which indicate serious intentions. Benchley's humor, even at its wildest, has never been free from the taint of ideas, and it would not surprise us to find him more and more concerned with them in the future. His essay on "The Typical New Yorker" shows a breadth of view and a sense of proportion which are lacking in most of the popular humorists. We should like to see him continue in this vein, for after all there are others who can do the "cuckoo" nonsense, even if less successfully.

Robert Benchley

From Jonathan Edwards to Billy Sunday is a long, long trail, and there is no perceptible spiritual brotherhood between them. Yet these are the beginning and the end of the story of revivalism in America as told in Evangelized America, by Grover C. Loud (Dial, $4.00). This is a thorough, thoughtful, and useful study, definitely depressing both to those who believe in revivals and those who don't. Mr. Loud has resisted the temptation to analyze the psychology of the revival spirit, or to turn loose a righteous indignation upon its exploitation by spiritual second-story workers. He tells the story of our national hospitality to religious enthusiasm, with evident respect for the militant prophets of earlier days who sought no temporal rewards, and with quiet contempt for the big business of salvation as practised to-day. There is a salutary message here, but unfortunately those who need it most won't read it.

Spanning five thousand years, from the Egyptian Book of the Dead to Edna St. Vincent Millay's sonnet on beauty, and the circumference of the globe from Japan to California, An Anthology of World Poetry, compiled by Mark Van Doren (Boni, $5.00), is something of an object lesson in civilizations. Its choice by the Literary Guild would almost of itself justify the existence of that organization. The title sounds dull and stodgy enough to discourage even a person who as a child browsed avidly in *One Hundred Choice Selections*, but be assured the book itself is not. The translators are themselves poets, from Chaucer to F. P. A., and the range and variety are such that one can read straight through from cover to cover — a test no anthology was ever expected to bear. Curiously, not a single real war-song appears, the nearest approach being that jolly old poem, "The mountain sheep are sweeter, but the valley sheep are fatter" — which might as well be a ballad of Wall Street. The lust for blood is quite absent.

It was, perhaps, to be expected that the chaos of Russia under the Soviet would appeal to the fumbling, chaotic, yet rugged intelligence of Theodore Dreiser. The title of his latest book, Dreiser Looks at Russia (Liveright, $3.00) is an accurate description of its content. This is no weighty treatise by a historian or political economist, but rather a jumbled record of impressions, an account of a novelist's reactions to the Communist experiment. Mr. Dreiser likes the principle of work for everybody — but only enough work for each to provide the ordinary privileges and comforts of living. He approves of the new methods of education, the new working conditions, the new status of women under the Soviet régime. On the other hand, he resents the substitution of one tyranny for another, and he has nothing but impassioned bitterness for the filth of Russian hotels and the unpardonable tardiness of Russian trains. His book is a confused but vivid piece of reporting. He pours out his ideas with the utmost frankness — and for his

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conclusions at least he owes nothing to Dorothy Thompson.

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN go together like ham and eggs. In THE STORY OF GILBERT AND SULLIVAN (Simon & Schuster, $6.00) Isaac Goldberg has had the good sense not to try to separate them. By means of alternate chapters he traces their early lives until they came together; after that he makes it a joint biography. There will be some who will object to such a thorough, scholarly examination as Mr. Goldberg's, fearing that in the process some of the glamour may be rubbed off. But to the real Gilbert and Sullivan fan the charm of the Savoy Operas is indestructible, and any information concerning their author and composer is welcome. Mr. Goldberg is a loyal Savoyard, and the enthusiasm proper to such enlightened persons is evident in his writing; but he does not forget that he is also a critic of music and literature. The result is a biography that is at once lively and critical.

AT LAST there is consolation for those who could never afford to have their features perpetuated by Sargent. In ANANIAS OR THE FALSE ARTIST (Harper's, $4.00), Walter Pach has done some extensive idol-smashing, and the victims of his destructive frenzy are such familiar gods as Blashfield, Sargent, Zuloaga, Manship, and Daniel C. French. The Biblical Ananias, refusing to make complete surrender, withheld a part of his possessions from God. So, according to Mr. Pach, the false artist compromises with worldly success and betrays the living principles of art. He loses his sense of standards and, sometimes in all sincerity, produces cheap, sugary, photographic work which debases popular taste. For these renegades Mr. Pach has a kind of arrogant sympathy — since he believes that their punishment is oblivion — but for the museums that countenance their work he has nothing but outraged bitterness. His protest is a just and a healthy one. The Metropolitan Museum has, as he claims, been singularly obtuse to the merits of Renoir and Cézanne, singularly willing to tolerate the puerilities of Cot and Gérôme. Unfortunately, however, Mr. Pach is so violently biased in favor of modernist work, and his arguments are so wordy and confused, that *Ananias* loses something of its value as a stimulant.

RELIGION IS the mother of education more surely than of any other activity of life; for however indiscriminately we ourselves may muddle through, we demand the surest standards we can find for the salvation of our children. The dogmas of education change as slowly as those of religion, and are as dependent upon the philosophical currents of the age. It is quite logical, therefore, to find Margaret Naumburg, founder of the Walden School, selecting and translating into educational practice through the medium of her critical and somewhat pragmatic mind certain theories of psychoanalysis, behaviorism, and Gestalt psychology. THE CHILD AND THE WORLD (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50) develops her theories in a series of Socratic dialogues. It is fascinating reading, and it raises one's intellectual blood pressure.

IN THE OPINION of the Editor, the monthly articles on "Our Muddling World" contributed to THE FORUM by Salvador de Madariaga are the most astute comments on foreign affairs published to-day — with the possible exception of occasional notes by Will Rogers in the *New York Times*. To put it candidly, Madariaga is a genius. He is not only a contemporary historian, but a poet and a novelist who can write equally well in three languages, and probably more. His latest book is QUATRE ESPAGNOLS À LONDRES (which can be ordered through Brentano's or The Forum Book Service), a caustic analysis of the British under the cloak of fiction. Here is enough plot for the casual reader, but the substructure is Iberian criticism of British hypocrisy. The Scotch and the British, the hero finds, are not a religious but a moral people. The ruling passion of religious people is love, that of moral people, justice. Gentleness, kindliness, meekness, faith, and love are not, according to Madariaga's hero, striking attributes of that strong, animal, island fold who have survived so many wars and centuries.

AT LAST MODERN printing has been competently surveyed in a book which is a splendid contribution to the all too scanty literature dealing with this subject. PRINTING OF TO-DAY (Harper's, $8.50), by Oliver Simon (Curwen Press) and Dr. Julius Rodenberg (*Deutsches Bucherei*), is, in itself, an excellent example of modern printing. The book, which has as its preface an essay by Aldous Huxley on the virtues of fine bookmaking, is divided into three sections devoted to printing in England, the United States, and on the Continent. Each section is prefaced by an expert description of recent tendencies in the several countries, followed by illustrative examples drawn from trade, as well as limited, editions. Such well known presses as the Curwen, the Golden Cockerel, the Shakespeare Head, the Pynson Printers, William Edwin Rudge, Otto von Holten, Guido Modiano, and Jacoub et Aulard are among those represented. The book as a whole gives one an admirable bird's-eye-view of typographic achievement in the international field during the past decade. Incidentally, there is a special limited edition, priced at twenty-five dollars, which contains additional items and color printing, and which should therefore be of interest to collectors.

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I realized then how Lawrence Gilman must have felt when he exclaimed, in the *N. Y. Herald Tribune:* "Again we were swept off our feet by the deathless wonder of this music!" And I knew the ecstasy that must have stirred the famous critic of the N. Y. *Times*, Olin Downes, to say: "A concert by The English Singers is a unique and unforgettable experience, a contact with a beauty rare and haunting!"

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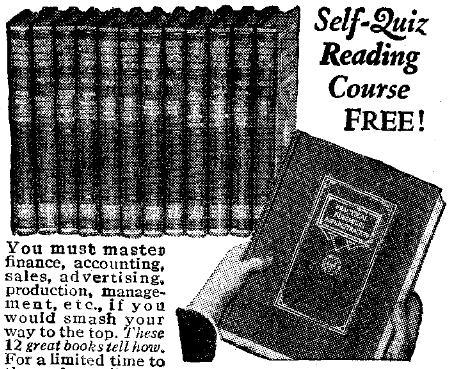

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Robinson Jeffers

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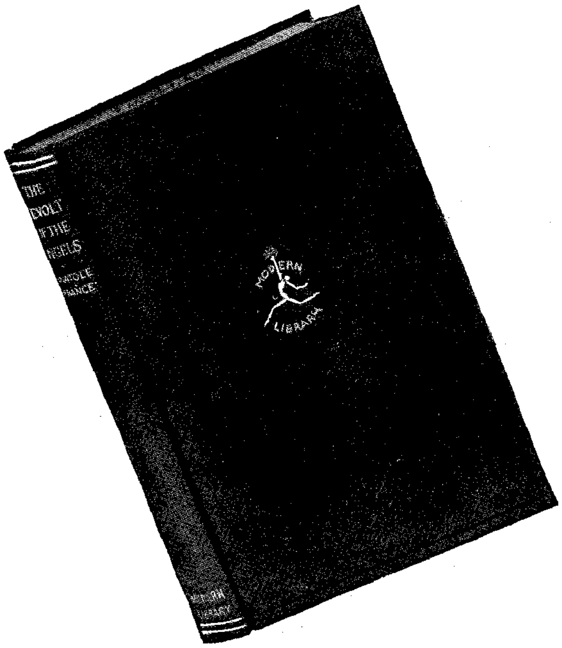

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THE CASE RECORDS of any charitable institution would, one imagines, furnish rich fodder for the novelist. Certainly there is nothing dull or tedious about THE LANCE OF JUSTICE (Harvard University Press, $3.00), by John MacArthur Maguire — a history of the Legal Aid Society, which originated in 1876 as the *Deutscher Rechts Schutz Verein* for the purpose of rendering assistance to those of German birth. The story would be challenging even if it were merely statistical, but Mr. Maguire has not confined himself to an account of the growth and extension of the society. Although the book is strictly free from sob stuff, he has described some of the pathetic — and amusing — incidents which are every-day occurrences in the society's work.

ANOTHER EMINENT Victorian is done brown in MATTHEW ARNOLD, by Hugh Kingsmill (Dial, $4.00). Most moderns will agree that Arnold had it coming to him. He seems to have taken his hereditary responsibilities entirely too seriously, and turned aside from the reasonable possibility of becoming a great poet to become a self-conscious moralist. The present biographer hunts for the clue to this typically Victorian behavior in the period of five or six years of youth concerning which there is no real record. Using Arnold's poetry as evidence, he tries to trace the psychological disturbances which did the damage. It is frankly fiction which may be fact, and the proof or otherwise lies in the logic of the conclusions drawn from the private life of a man who never seems to have had any. There is in addition some careful criticism of Arnold the poet, and considerable discounting of the work of Arnold the critic and philosopher.

LITTLE THEATRE enthusiasts will find John Dolman's THE ART OF PLAY PRODUCTION (Harper's, $3.50) a good, solid text. It offers no new ideas in stagecraft, but treats comprehensively all the matters with which the inexperienced director should become familiar. In it, more space is devoted to the technique of acting than is usual in books of this sort. For our hundred million amateur playwrights there is St. John Ervine's HOW TO WRITE A PLAY (Macmillan, $1.75). This should have been called *How Not to Write a Play*, for the advice it gives is mostly negative. Despite this and the fact that it is too short to make any pretense of covering the subject thoroughly, it is a useful treatise and one that displays more good sense than most of Mr. Ervine's colleagues are giving him credit for.

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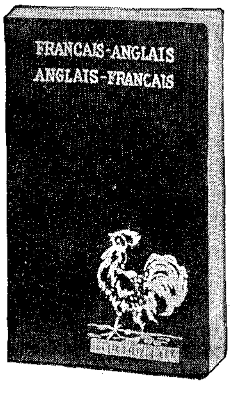

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On November 18th, Bruce Bliven and Raymond Knoeppel debated the value of luncheon clubs, and the following letters were judged the best from those who commented on this broadcast.

To the Editor:

The debate between Mr. Bruce Bliven and Mr. Raymond Knoeppel brought out in an extraordinarily clear way the strengths and weaknesses of a rapidly growing society that has been the target for the barbs of critics who style themselves "thorns in the sides of complacency," or "stys on the eyes of ease." These rapidly growing societies in general, and Rotary in particular, are charged with being puerile, infantile, or hydrocephalic, in accordance with the amount of vitriol that happens for the moment to be found upon the critic's pen.

Many of these criticisms are valid. Rotarians do sing silly songs; they do play practical jokes; they do listen to strained and stammering orators from their own clubs; they are patrons of the "great god Boost"; some are pottering Pollyannas and some are blathering Babbitts. But in spite of their foolish songs, their horse play, their moon-faced optimism, and their general prodigality of time and money, they have a wonderful goal they are groping toward, and even our intelligentsia cannot claim to be doing more than groping toward perfection. The fact that they have set the goal and face the rising sun is something, and besides, these groping fingers have fastened here and there upon the things they have been seeking, and we see, consequently, in these service clubs large practical evidences of their Utopian dreams coming true.

Professor William Ernest Hocking, in his book *Human Nature and Its Remaking*, says that we live in two orders of things; a public and a private order. Our business and our activities in the world of our work, our marketable talents in political and economic institutions constitute our public order. The private order is made up of the institution of the home or family and "of the quasi-institutions of friendship, amusements, and society in the specific sense." These quasi-institutions are a man's lodges and his clubs, by which he seeks to extend the horizons of his home. He seeks evaluation for what he *is* rather than for what he *does*, which latter is the only criterion of his worth in the realm of the public order.

Now the President of Harvard University, tumbling out of bed in his pyjamas in the early hours of the morning, could not convince the most callow freshman that he was dignified, much less that he was a great man; and the President-elect of the United States, down on all fours playing "piggy-back" with his granddaughter, could not convince even Dr. Hubert Work of his superiority in anything. These two gentlemen are acting within the private order in the above-mentioned instances, and it isn't anybody's business so long as the public order does not find it out.

The same thing is true of the conduct of Rotary Club members. They are seeking to extend the private order of their lives beyond the boundaries of their homes, but they do it more or less in public. Some of the procedure of the Masonic order is altogether ridiculous, yet because it has been carried on in secret and not exposed to the flood lights of the public order, Masonry has had a respectability that Rotary never can hope to attain.

The point which the critics of the service clubs, such as Mr. Bliven, fail to consider is that the private order of these societies is none of their business. Woodrow Wilson preferred detective stories, John D. Rockefeller gives out dimes to children, Amy Lowell smoked "whacking black cheeroots," yet no critic when he is within his proper sphere would criticize the Wilson as a statesman, Rockefeller, the financier, or Amy Lowell, the poet, on the basis of their personal idiosyncracies.

It is much the same with Rotary. How the boys eat; what they eat; to what extent they resort to jokes or horse-play — these are no more a valid basis for criticism than is Mr. Mencken's predilection for home-cured ham or Mr. Bliven's penchant for home brew, if these gentlemen have these choices. What Rotary clubs do in the work-a-day world, how they fail to accomplish those things they stand for, how they may take stronger positions for the betterment of things — these are proper and not altogether fallow fields for criticism.

Joseph E. Pooley

Madison, N. J.

To the Editor:

The close of the debate, "Should Rotary be Abolished?" left one elected judge (a listener in) with no decision as to whether Rotary should be swept aside with a flourish of the hand, and a "we will think no more of it" gesture, or allowed to continue to boost its way around the world until men in Lapland, Hindustan, and all points north, south, east, and west of us can know the joy and feel the thrill of being our brother Rotarians. By adding up the points made by both sides one could decide who won the debate, but it does not settle the question one way or another. Rather it gives rise to the question, what is it that makes us complain of these organizations of such noble and democratic Magna Charta?

It is said frequently, and in regard to many subjects, that nature abhors a vacuum. It seems to have the effect of whipping us into action, into filling our time at all costs. Modern efficiency leads us to do this by constantly organizing for one movement or another. When we have a new project we do not relate it to the organizations already in existence, but form new ones to take care of this specific need, although the ones already formed are created for the very purpose. Thus the days become filled with meetings and contacts and speakers, until certainly there is not one square inch of us which the bitterest enemy could call a vacuum.

But what else is it doing? It leaves no time for us to think, to absorb the things which are presented to us, no time to identify them in our minds. So we generally find ourselves agreeing or dissenting without knowing why. We become swamped with material which we have no time to absorb, and so join the majority in shouting, "More service ideals, and improvement!" "If you can't boost, don't knock," or some other slogan. We accomplish about one tenth as much action as we do shouting about it and organizing for it.

There is much talk these days of the lost art of conversation. Is not this the reason? We cannot converse or give our opinion on any subject with ease or conviction, much less to say brilliantly, if we have not pondered it, found words that exactly describe it to us, and thus made it a part of us. We are desirous of being designated in our own minds and in the minds of others as "well rounded," and in the effort to be so we are apt merely to touch many points and not thoroughly grasp any of them.

The question, then, is not the faultiness of the purpose of the organizations, but, whether we have too many organizations and how many are enough. In the true cause of efficiency in living and acting we could well weed out the overgrowth and leave only those organizations which do not overlap in their purposes. There would be no vacuum left after the exit of the superfluous ones, for we would have more time for acting and more time for individual thinking — and for solitude, which is good for the soul, and the community too, I think.

H. O. Wilkes

Weehawken, N. J.

Don't forget! Four-forty-five is the time and W.O.R. the station. We await your comments.

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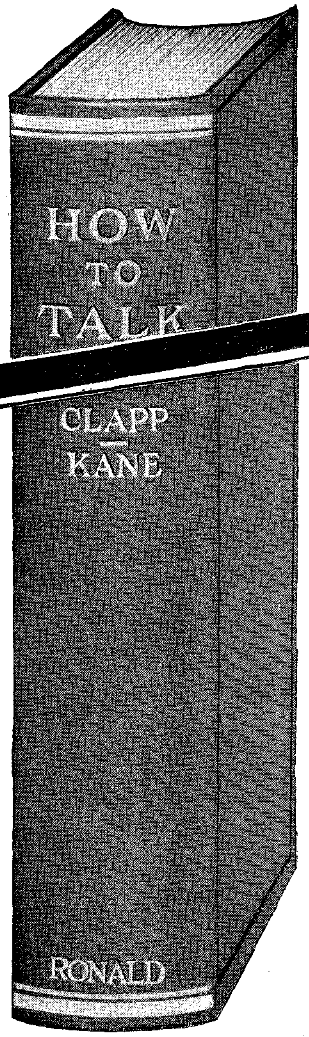

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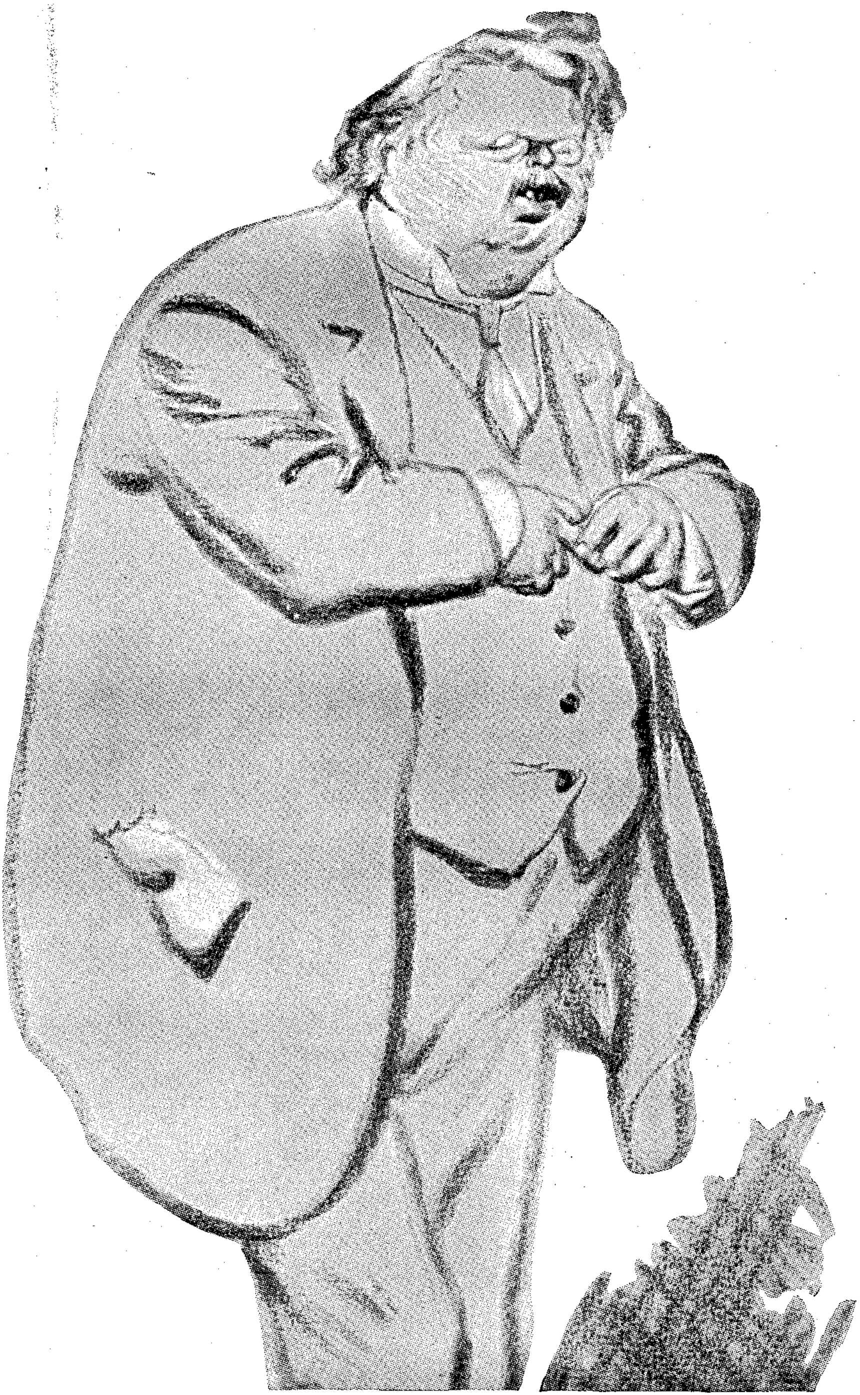

From "Lions and Lambs," caricatures by Low, to be published shortly by Harcourt, Brace

G. K. CHESTERTON

FORUM

FEBRUARY, 1929 VOL. LXXXI, NO. 2

The Skeptic as a Critic

by G. K. CHESTERTON

It takes three to make a quarrel. There is needed a peacemaker. The full potentialities of human fury cannot be reached until a friend of both parties tactfully intervenes. I feel myself to be in some such position in the debate about the *American Mercury* and the Puritans; and I admit it at the beginning with an embarrassment not untinged with terror. I know that the umpire may be torn in pieces. I know that the self-appointed umpire ought to be torn in pieces. I know, above all, that this is especially the case in anything which in any way involves international relations.

Perhaps the only sound criticism is self-criticism. Perhaps this is even more true of nations than of men. And I can quite well understand that many Americans would accept suggestions from their fellow countrymen which they would rightly refuse from a foreigner. I can only plead that I have endeavored to carry out the excellent patriotic principle of "See England First" in the equally patriotic paraphrase of "Criticize England First." I have been engaged upon it long enough to be quite well aware that there are evils present in England that are relatively absent from America; and none more conspicuously absent, as Mr. Belloc has pointed out to the surprise of many, than the real, servile, superstitious, and mystical adoration of Money.

But what makes me so objectionable on the present occasion is that I feel a considerable sympathy with both sides. This offensive attitude I will endeavor to disguise, as far as possible, by tactfully distributed abuse of such things as I really think are abuses, and a gracefully simulated disgust with this or that part of each controversial case. But the plain truth is, that if I were an American, I should very frequently rejoice at the *American Mercury's* scoring off somebody or something; nor would my modest fireside be entirely without mild rejoicings when the *American Mercury* was scored off. But I do definitely think that both sides, and perhaps especially the iconoclastic side, need what the whole modern world needs — a fixed spiritual standard even for their own intellectual purposes. I might express it by saying that I am very fond of revolutionists, but not very fond of nihilists. For nihilists, as their name implies, have nothing to revolt about.

On this side of the matter there is little to be added to the admirably sane, subtle, and penetrating article by Mr. T. S. Eliot*; especially that vital sentence in it in which he tells Professor Irving Babbitt (who admits the need of enthusiasm) that we cannot have an enthusiasm for having an enthusiasm. I think I know, incidentally, what we must have. Professor Babbitt is a very learned man; and I myself have little Latin and less Greek. But I know enough Greek to know the meaning of the second syllable of "enthusiasm," and I know it to be the key to this and every other discussion.

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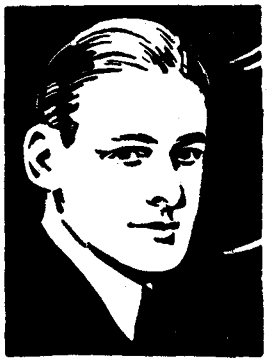
* "The Humanism of Irving Babbitt," THE FORUM for July 1928.

Let me take two examples, touching my points of agreement with the two sides. I heartily admire Mr. Mencken, not only for his vivacity and wit, but for his vehemence and sometimes for his violence. I warmly applaud him for his scorn and detestation of Service; and I think he was stating a historical fact when he said, as quoted in The Forum: "When a gang of real estate agents, bond salesmen, and automobile dealers gets together to sob for Service, it takes no Freudian to surmise that someone is about to be swindled." I do not see why he should not call a spade a spade and a swindler a swindler. I do not blame him for using vulgar words for vulgar things. But I do remark upon two ways in which the fact of his philosophy's being negative makes his criticism almost shallow. First of all, it is obvious that such a satire is entirely meaningless unless swindling is a sin. And it is equally obvious that we are instantly swallowed up in the abysses of "moralism" and "religionism," if it is a sin. And the second point, if less obvious, is equally important — that his healthy instinct against greasy hypocrisy does not really enlighten him about the heart of that hypocrisy.


Drawings by Johan Bull
T. S. Eliot

What is the matter with the cult of Service is that, like so many modern notions, it is an idolatry of the intermediate, to the oblivion of the ultimate. It is like the jargon of the idiots who talk about Efficiency without any criticism of Effect. The sin of Service is the sin of Satan: that of trying to be first where it can only be second. A word like Service has stolen the sacred capital letter from the thing which it was once supposed to serve. There is a sense in serving God, and an even more disputed sense in serving man; but there is no sense in serving Service. To serve God is at least to serve an ideal being. Even if he were an imaginary being, he would still be an ideal being. That ideal has definite and even dogmatic attributes — truth, justice, pity, purity, and the rest. To serve it, however imperfectly, is to serve a particular concept of perfection. But the man who rushes down the street waving his arms and wanting something or somebody to serve, will probably fall into the first bucket shop or den of thieves and usurers, and be found industriously serving *them*. There arises the horrible idea that industry, reliability, punctuality, and business activity are good things; that mere readiness to serve the powers of this world is a Christian virtue. That is the case against Service, as distinct from the curse against Service, so heartily and inspiringly hurled by Mr. Mencken. But the serious case cannot be stated without once more raising the real question of whether mankind ought to serve anything; and of whether they had not better try to define what they intend to serve. All these silly words like Service and Efficiency and Practicality and the rest fail because they worship the means and not the end. But it all comes back to whether we do propose to worship the end — and preferably the right end.

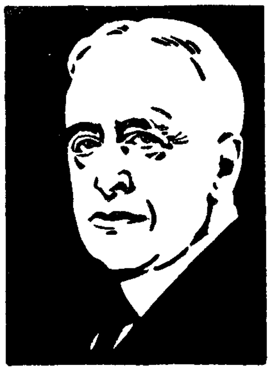
Two other characteristic passages from Mr. Mencken, both quoted already in this magazine, will serve to show more sharply this curious sense in which he misses his own point. On the one hand, he appears to state most positively the purely personal and subjective nature of criticism; he makes it individual and almost irresponsible. "The critic is first and last simply trying to express himself; he is trying to achieve thereby for his own inner ego the grateful feeling of a function performed, a tension relieved, a katharsis attained, which Wagner achieved when he wrote *Die Walküre*, and a hen achieves every time she lays an egg." That is all consistent enough as far as it goes; but unfortunately Mr. Mencken appears to go on to something quite inconsistent with it. According to the quotation, he afterward bursts into a song of triumph because there is now in America not only criticism but controversy. "To-day for the first time in years there is strife in American criticism . . . ears are bitten off, noses are bloodied. There are wallops both above and below the belt."

Now, there may be something in his case for controversy; but it is quite inconsistent with his case for creative self-expression. If the critic produces the criticism *only* to please himself, it is entirely irrelevant that it does not please somebody else. The somebody else has a perfect right to say the exact opposite to please himself, and be perfectly satisfied with himself. But they cannot controvert because they cannot compare. They cannot compare because there is no common standard of comparison. Neither I nor anybody else can have a controversy about literature with Mr. Mencken, because there is no way of criticizing the criticism, except by asking whether the critic is satisfied. And there the debate ends, at the beginning, for nobody can doubt that Mr. Mencken is satisfied.

But not to make Mr. Mencken a mere victim of the *argumentum ad hominem*, I will make the experiment in a viler body and offer myself for dissection. I dare say a great deal of the criticism I write really is moved by a mood of self-expression; and certainly it is true enough that there is a satisfaction in self-expression. I can take something or other about which I have definite feelings — as, for instance, the philosophy of Mr. Dreiser, which has been mentioned more than once in this FORUM debate. I can achieve for my own inner ego the grateful feeling of writing as follows:

"He describes a world which appears to be a dull and discoloring illusion of indigestion, not bright enough to be called a nightmare; smelly, but not even stinking with any strength; smelling of the stale gas of ignorant chemical experiments by dirty, secretive schoolboys — the sort of boys who torture cats in corners; spineless and spiritless like a broken-backed worm; loathsomely slow and laborious like an endless slug; despairing, but not with dignity; blaspheming, but not with courage; without wit, without will, without laughter or uplifting of the heart; too old to die, too deaf to leave off talking, too blind to stop, too stupid to start afresh, too dead to be killed, and incapable even of being damned, since in all its weary centuries it has not reached the age of reason."

That is what I feel about it; and it certainly gives me pleasure to relieve my feelings. I have got it off my chest. I have attained a katharsis. I have laid an egg. I have produced a criticism, satisfying all Mr. Mencken's definitions of the critic. I have performed a function. I feel better, thank you.



IRVING BABBITT

But what influence my feelings can be expected to have on Mr. Dreiser, or anybody who does not admit my standards of truth and falsehood, I do not quite see. Mr. Dreiser can hardly be expected to say that his chemistry is quackery, as I think it — quackery without the liveliness we might reasonably expect from quacks. He does not think fatalism base and servile, as I do; he does not think free will the highest truth about humanity, as I do. He does not believe that despair is itself a sin, and perhaps the worst of sins, as Catholics do. He does not think blasphemy the smallest and silliest sort of pride, as even pagans do. He naturally does not think his own picture of life a false picture, resembling real life about as much as a wilderness of linoleum would resemble the land of all the living flowers, as I do. He would not think it falser for being like a wilderness. He would probably admit that it was dreary, but think it correct to be dreary. He would probably own that he was hopeless, but not see any harm in being hopeless. What I advance as accusations, he would very probably accept as compliments.

Under these circumstances, I do not quite see how I, or anyone with my views, could have a *controversy* with Mr. Dreiser. There does not seem to be any way in which I could prove him wrong, because he does not accept my view of what is wrong. There does not seem to be any way in which he could prove himself right, because I do not share his notions of what is right. We might indeed meet in the street and fall on each other; and while I believe we are both heavy men, I doubt not that he is the more formidable. The very possibility of our being reduced to this inarticulate explanation may possibly throw some light on Mr. Mencken's remarkable description of the new literary life in America. "Ears are bitten off," he says; and this curious form of cultural intercourse might really be the only solution, when ears are no longer organs of hearing and there are no organs except organs of self-expression. He that hath ears to hear and will not hear may just as well have them bitten off. Such deafness seems inevitable in the creative critic, who is as indifferent as a hen to all noises except her own cackling over her own egg. Anyhow, hens do not criticize each other's eggs, or even pelt each other with eggs, in the manner of political controversy. We can only say that the novelist in question has undoubtedly laid a magnificently large and solid egg — something in the nature of an ostrich's egg; and after that, there is really nothing to prevent the ostrich from hiding its head in the sand, achieving thereby for its own inner ego the grateful feeling of a function performed. But we cannot argue with it about whether the egg is a bad egg, or whether parts of it are excellent.

H. L. Mencken

In all these instances, therefore, because of the absence of a standard of ultimate values, the most ordinary functions really cannot be performed. They not only cannot be performed with "a grateful feeling," or a katharsis, but in the long run they cannot be performed at all. We cannot really denounce the Service-mongering bond salesman as a swindler, because we have no certain agreement that it is shameful to be a swindler. A little manipulation of some of Mr. Mencken's own individualistic theories about mentality as superior to moralism might present the swindler as a superman. We cannot really argue for or against the mere ideal of Service, because neither side has really considered what is to be served or how we are to arrive at the right rules for serving it. Consequently, in practice, it may turn out that the State of Service is merely the Servile State. And finally, we cannot really argue about that or anything else, because there are no rules of the game of argument. There is nothing to prove who has scored a point and who has not. There cannot be "strife in American criticism"; the professors cannot be "forced to make some defense." That would require plaintiffs and defendants to appear before some tribunal and give evidence according to some tests of truth. There can be a disturbance, but there cannot be a discussion.

In plain words, the normal functions of man — effort, protest, judgment, persuasion, and proof — are found in fact to be hampered and hamstrung by these negations of the skeptic, even when the skeptic seems at first to be only denying some distant vision or some miraculous tale. Each function is found in fact to refer to some end, to some test, to some way of distinguishing between use and misuse, which the mere skeptic destroys as completely as he could destroy any myth or superstition. If the function is only performed for the satisfaction of the performer, as in the parable of the critic and the egg, it becomes futile to discuss whether it is an addled egg. It becomes futile to consider whether eggs will produce chickens or provide breakfasts. But even to be certain of our own sanity in applying the tests, we do really have to go back to some aboriginal problem, like that of the old riddle of the priority of egg or chicken; we do really, like the great religions, have to begin *ab ovo*. If those primordial sanities can be disturbed, the whole of practical life can be disturbed with them. Men can be frozen by fatalism, or crazed by anarchism, or driven to death by pessimism; for men will not go on indefinitely acting on what they feel to be a fable. And it is in this organic and almost muscular sense that religion is really the help of man — in the sense that without it he is ultimately helpless, almost motionless.

Mr. Mencken and Mr. Sinclair Lewis and the other critics in the *Mercury* movement are so spirited and sincere, they attack so vigorously so many things that ought to be attacked, they expose so brilliantly many things that really are impostures, that in discussing matters with them a man will have every impulse to put his cards on the table. It would be affectation and almost hypocrisy in me to ignore, in this place, the fact that I do myself believe in a special spiritual solution of this problem, a special spiritual authority above this chaos. Nor, indeed, is the idea altogether absent, as an idea, from many other minds besides my own. The Catholic philosophy is mentioned in terms of respect, and even a sort of hope, both by Professor Babbitt* and Mr. T. S. Eliot. I do not misunderstand their courtesies, or seek to lure them a step further than they desire to go. But, as a matter of fact, by a series of faultlessly logical steps, Mr. Eliot led Professor Babbitt so near to the very gates of the Catholic Church that in the end I felt quite nervous, so to speak, for fear they should both take another unintentional step and fall into it by accident.

I have a particular reason for mentioning this matter in conclusion — a reason that is directly related to this curious effect of skepticism in weakening the normal functions of the human being. In one of the most brilliant and amusing of Mr. Sinclair Lewis's recent books, there is a passage which I quote from memory, but I think more or less correctly. He said that the Catholic Faith differs from current Puritanism in that it does not ask a man to give up his sense of beauty, or his sense of humor, or his pleasant vices (by which he probably meant smoking and drinking, which are not vices at all), but that it does ask a man to give up his life and soul, his mind, body, reason, and all the rest. I ask the reader to consider, as quietly and impartially as possible, the statement thus made; and put it side by side with all those other facts about the gradual fossilizing of human function by the fundamental doubts of our day.

It would be far truer to say that the Faith gives a man back his body and his soul and his reason and his will and his very life. It would be far truer to say that the man who has received it receives all the old human functions which all the other philosophies are already taking away. It would be nearer to reality to say that he alone will have freedom, that he alone will have will, because he alone will believe in free will; that he alone will have reason, since ultimate doubt denies reason as well as authority; that he alone will truly act, because action is performed to an end. It is at least a less unlikely vision that all this hardening and hopeless despair of the intellect will leave him at last the only walking and talking citizen in a city of paralytics.

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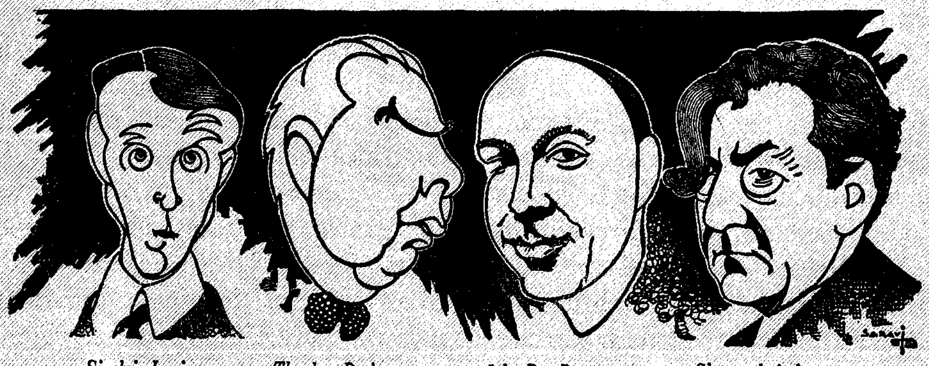
*"The Critic and American Life," THE FORUM for February 1928.



Sinclair Lewis *Theodore Dreiser* *John Dos Passos* *Sherwood Anderson*

FOUR APOSTLES OF SKEPTICISM

Should AMERICA Disarm?

A DEBATE

In President Coolidge's last message to Congress, he asked the Senate to ratify the Kellogg-Briand Treaty outlawing war as an instrument of national policy, and he urged the same body to pass the bill, already voted by the House, authorizing the government to build fifteen cruisers and one aircraft carrier. To some foreign observers, as well as to many citizens at home, it seemed inconsistent or even hypocritical to profess pacific intentions in one breath and then demand increased armaments in the next. This raises the question — What does America really want? In the accompanying debate, a pacifist and a militarist both insist that they want peace, but they disagree as completely as two men can on the way to attain it.

I

A New National Preparedness

by KIRBY PAGE

Every patriotic citizen believes in preparedness. There are, however, two kinds of preparedness. Some support one, some the other. The position which I shall uphold in this discussion is that armed preparedness — reliance upon the army and navy — is less effective and more dangerous than another kind of preparedness which I shall outline in some detail.

Before we can decide upon the most effective means of national defense, we must find out where our national peril lies. With what dangers are we confronted? What are the causes of invasion and war?

Contrary to a widespread belief, war is not traceable primarily to the fighting instinct. Human nature is pretty much the same in New Jersey as it is in Europe, but the Germans of Hoboken do not wage war on the Frenchmen of Newark. Complete refutation of the idea that the first cause of war is the fighting instinct is found in the fact that modern warfare cannot be waged without conscription and false propaganda. During the World War, voluntary enlistment failed, in every belligerent country, to provide the required number of soldiers. If men are so eager to fight, why do they have to be filled with hate and then drafted?

Neither can war be attributed primarily to greed. The citizens of New York and Pennsylvania are not less greedy than the people of France and Germany, but there is no probability that the Woolworth Building and the Brooklyn Bridge will be demolished by Philadelphia airmen.

Modern war is caused by the dogmas and emotions of nationalism. It is not pugnacity and greed that make nations engage in systematic annihilation of each other, but the actions of governments in supporting the rival interests of their respective citizens. Let us look for a moment at the nature of these doctrines and emotions.

We cannot possibly make a wise decision concerning the most effective means of national defense until we understand the significance of the dogmas of national interest, national sovereignty, national honor, and national patriotism. The essence of the doctrine of national interest is that the highest duty of a government is to safeguard the interests of its citizens, and that, in doing so, it is justified in making use of any weapons it considers necessary. If a citizen goes into some distant region to do business and his property is endangered, his government feels obliged to defend him — if necessary, at a cost a thousand times as great as the value of his property. In order to defend its rights on the high seas, a nation will go to war and spend billions of dollars and sacrifice thousands of lives.

The doctrine of national sovereignty maintains that a nation is a final or ultimate political unity, with no power above it, and that it has a right to choose its own policies and determine its own course of action. It is obvious that if each of sixty political divisions is absolutely sovereign, then law and government are impossible. Sovereignty creates lawlessness and anarchy, whether sovereignty resides in tribes, walled cities, feudal baronies, states, or nations.

The doctrine of national honor is very similar to the idea of individual honor which prevailed in the days of the duel. A writer on this subject has listed one hundred and thirty-six types of national dishonor, including insults to the flag, refusal to make apology demanded, disregard of diplomatic customs, etc. No doctrine is more paradoxical than the doctrine of national patriotism; it may prove to be either a blessing or a curse. If patriotism is defined as love of one's countrymen, devotion to the ideals of one's nation, and the willingness to serve and suffer on behalf of one's people and their ideals, it is a glorious thing. But too often patriotism is defined as the duty of a citizen to obey his government at all times, even if it commands him to participate in a duel with a neighboring nation.

These dogmas of nationalism which I have just outlined are now accepted by all the great nations of the world. And what is the result? To uphold these dogmas, every government feels itself obliged to engage in a race of competitive armaments with every other government. But to maintain huge military and naval establishments calls for a steady outpouring of national wealth and man power; and the citizens of a country simply will not bear the crushing burdens of taxation and conscription unless they are afraid of what will happen if they fall behind in armaments. Consequently, it becomes the duty of those who advocate military and naval preparedness to break down the nation's common sense by creating suspicion and fear of other nations.

Thus nationalists are always drawing pictures — of themselves and other peoples. They exaggerate their own virtues and minimize their own faults, while distorting the vices of other countries and underestimating their achievements. When the nationalists of all nations are engaged in this pursuit, the result is a group of caricatures that bear little resemblance to reality. These false pictures generate such emotions as consciousness of difference, suspicion, fear, and hatred. Without these emotions, humanity would not engage in wholesale slaughter.

Of the manufacture of national bogeys there is no end, and it is not confined to any one country. Japanese militarists, for example, are carrying on propaganda designed to make their people suspicious and afraid of the United States. And in this country, also, a systematic effort is being made with the same object in view toward other peoples. Military and naval campaigns for preparedness tend to inculcate the idea that war is inevitable; they overestimate the degree of security afforded by armaments; they minimize the efficacy of international agencies of justice; they accentuate the more dangerous dogmas of nationalism; and they create suspicion and fear even between nations that are bound together by ancient bonds of good will and coöperation.

Let us look at one or two illustrations. A prominent general recently said: "The United States is as helpless as a chick facing flying wolves." Go through the files of any newspaper that strongly urges more armaments and notice the constant appeal to fear. An extreme but not isolated illustration is found in the Hearst press. Some months ago the various papers in this chain ran a series of articles by General Mitchell, which were described by the editor as follows: "Another step in the aërial war plans of Asiatic powers against the United States is startlingly outlined by General William Mitchell, former Assistant Chief of the U. S. Army Air Service, in the accompanying article. This is the third article of a notable series prepared for the Hearst newspapers, in which General Mitchell, for the information of the American people, is presenting his views on 'The Air Requirements of the United States.' In last Sunday's article General Mitchell revealed secret tactical plans of the Japanese General Staff for a bombing attack upon Los

Angeles and San Francisco by a fleet of planes landed in Lower California immediately after a sudden declaration of war against the United States. In to-day's article General Mitchell tells how an Asiatic aërial assault could be made simultaneously upon Alaska, Hawaii, and the Philippines with the object of seizing these American possessions."

On the occasion of a visit of the American fleet to San Francisco a local paper published a scare editorial which contained the following paragraph: "*The next war* — and that war may *not be so very far distant*, if we are to believe reports seeping out of Tokyo and Washington — will be a *sea war*. It will be fought *at sea*, by vessels of the navy. To-day, 145 vessels of *war* lie in the bay, aboard which close to 50,000 men are quartered. *There is a reason why this fleet lies* in San Francisco waters *to-day*. That reason will be forthcoming before so many months pass by. In 1914 another great armada lay in the waters of Portsmouth harbor, Great Britain. One month later the world was embarked on its greatest war-making venture. Citizens of San Francisco and the bay cities *should not fail* to realize that the visit of this monster fleet here bears a *significance* that cannot be too strongly impressed upon them. The months that are to come will reveal just at what this article is driving."

In addition to creating suspicion and fear, the militarists find it necessary to warn the public against reliance upon the agencies of peace. A good illustration of this line of argument can be found in the words of Rear Admiral Rodgers: "The popular suggestion for securing peace is by means of treaties, international conferences, and world courts and other diplomatic and economic agreements, which endeavor to anticipate points of friction and, by some preëxisting code of rules, provide for their decision when they occur. It is hoped that the existing rule will be observed in time of great national emotion when people are so moved that they contemplate war. It is a vain hope. We all know that great collective emotions are only restrained by force, not reason. . . . While international arbitral courts can do much to remove minor causes of international friction, it is almost hopeless for us to look for a Permanent Court of International Justice to bestow peace on the world by judicial procedure." Elsewhere the Admiral says: "The League is a rope of sand. . . . This country is rich and is the envy of other nations. We want for nothing and wrongly attribute to others the same spirit that actuates us. . . . We cannot maintain our leading position in the world as a great, progressive, democratic nation with a popular government unless our armed strength is kept in prompt readiness to defend our riches."

"When the blood rushes to a nation's head," writes an editor who is devoted to preparedness, "and armies are on the march, pledges made not to fight become scraps of paper. Nothing is more futile." This same note of cynicism is revealed in the following editorial from the *Army and Navy Journal:* "The proposal to outlaw war is one of those projects which appeal specially to a nation seeking an object not revealed on first presentation. To the pacifist and unthinking, it has a pleasant tinkling sound foreannouncing the fruition of that wonderful idea of the Brotherhood of Man of which Tennyson sang so sweetly half a century ago. But to the hard-headed, practical statesman who is unwilling to jeopardize the vital interests of America, who is confronted by the specific declaration of the Constitution reserving the war-making power to Congress, and who is indisposed to permit the United States to be drawn into foreign entanglements, it has a harsh, raucous note which cries 'Danger!' We doubt if the Administration will negotiate any such pacts, and if it does — well, the Senate will dispose of them as it did of the League of Nations."

Rear Admiral Fiske, in addressing a very influential audience, recently said: "International law is not law at all; and incalculable harm has been done to our national security by those jurists and statesmen who have made the people believe that it is. The plain fact is that international law is largely international humbug."

It is natural that advocates of armed preparedness, believing as they do that war is inevitable, and being cynical concerning international agencies of peace, should make a determined effort to extend military training in the schools and colleges of the country. Most citizens are unaware of the extraordinary growth of militarism in the educational institutions of the United States. In a period of fifteen years, Federal expenses on military training in civil schools have increased fifteenfold; the number of institutions giving such training has increased fourfold; the army personnel detailed to conduct this training has increased eighteenfold; the number of students enrolled has increased fourfold. In eighty-six colleges and universities, students are required to take military training for two years if they desire to remain in school. Thus the campaign of armed preparedness is rapidly militarizing our educational institutions.

Thus far, I have attempted to show that modern wars arise out of the suspicions, fears, and enmities generated by nationalism and its prevailing dogmas. I have tried to locate the danger against which the nationalist wants to arm us. I have indicated that the greatest danger is to be found, not beyond our borders, but within our gates. To the militarist of every nation who points the finger of suspicion at this or that foreign people, saying, "Behold your enemy and arm against him," my answer is, "Thou art the enemy!" In the face of this peril, what methods of national defense are likely to be most effective?

My platform for preparedness has five planks. First, a nation-wide campaign of education to remove suspicion, fear, and hatred of other peoples and to increase international understanding and good will. We should have a Department of Peace, with a Secretary of Peace, an adequate staff, and a budget of at least one-sixth of the six hundred millions that we are now spending annually on the current expenses of our army and navy. For one hundred million dollars a year our government could provide for the following: a Department of Peace, with a Secretary of Peace and an adequate staff; ten regional offices in the United States, each with ten regional secretaries; forty foreign offices, each with five foreign secretaries; an editor-in-chief of peace publications and an adequate staff; the free circulation of a million copies of a monthly peace magazine; the free circulation of twelve million copies of peace booklets annually; the distribution of a huge quantity of peace posters; the production of twenty peace moving picture films each year; the free distribution of fifty selected books on international problems to 20,000 libraries; the support of 10,000 American students abroad, and 10,000 foreign students in our colleges and universities; the support of two hundred American professors abroad, and two hundred foreign professors in this country; the maintenance of an International University, including scholarships for 2,000 students; the maintenance of 1,000 professors of international relations in American colleges and 5,000 such teachers in our high schools; the maintenance of one hundred summer camps and the payment of the camp expenses of 40,000 young men and women each year; the promotion of an annual peace day; the conducting of twenty World Friendship Cruises annually; the erection of peace monuments; and the support of numerous international peace projects. All this for one hundred million dollars a year, as compared with the six hundred millions we spend annually on the army and navy!

Drawings by Herbert Rolse

My second plank calls for hearty coöperation on the part of our government with other countries in creating and strengthening a peace system through which all international controversies may be settled by pacific means. This system includes conciliation, arbitration, the World Court, international conferences, the Pan-American Union, the League of Nations, and the International Labor Office. Fortunately, our government is in process of negotiating conciliation treaties with most of the countries of the world. These treaties provide for a board of conciliation which is empowered to make an investigation and report in any time of crisis and provide for a "cooling off" period of one year, or until after the conciliation report is made. Arbitration treaties are also being negotiated with many nations. The only thing that stands in the way of our entrance into the Permanent Court of International Justice is the Senate's insistence upon the right to veto the giving of an advisory opinion by the Court concerning any question in which we claim an interest. The Pan-American Union, the League of Nations, and the International Labor Office are steadily growing in influence and effectiveness. Hearty coöperation with these agencies would greatly strengthen the prospects for world peace.

My third plank calls for the outlawry and renunciation of war. Fortunately, the Kellogg-Briand treaty has been signed by fifteen nations, and some thirty-five other powers have signified their intention of adhering to it. In the first article of this treaty the signatories renounce war as an instrument of national policy, while in the second article they agree to settle all disputes of whatever origin or nature by some pacific means. It is true that this treaty is accompanied by interpretative notes from the respective governments which go a long way toward nullifying its significance. But it is important to remember that the respective nations are not signing and ratifying these accompanying notes, simply the declaration renouncing war and the agreement to settle all disputes peaceably. If the qualifications were withdrawn and the treaty allowed to mean what it says, war would become an illegal method of attempting to settle international controversies. Law and public opinion would then be on the side of peace.

My fourth plank provides for the abandonment of the use of armed force in other countries. Our government should seek to protect the interests of our citizens in other lands by pacific means but not by armaments. Our citizens should be told that if they go abroad, they must take the risks involved and not expect our government to send marines and gunboats every time there is a riot or rebellion. This new policy would certainly result in some losses for American citizens abroad, but nothing like as much as the expense involved in maintaining armaments.

My fifth plank calls for disarmament, for the double reason that armaments are not necessary and that they are highly provocative and a chief cause of hostility between nations. I am talking about armies and navies that are maintained for use against other nations. A police force to be used against individual criminals and mobs seems to me to be necessary. It is important, however, to realize the vital distinction between municipal police and a municipal army. It is one thing to maintain policemen to protect society against individual wrongdoers and lawless mobs; it would be an entirely different thing for Boston to send a municipal army against a similar armed body from Portland. Policemen are needed, but there is no corresponding need for municipal soldiers. Moreover, I am strongly convinced that we do not need a national army and navy to safeguard our shores against invasion. Is the strength of the British fleet the reason why we do not invade England? Is the Japanese fleet all that keeps us from seizing Tokyo? Certainly not! Neither is it the American fleet that keeps England or Japan from invading this country. So far as the United States is concerned, the fear of invasion is one of the dangerous delusions created by extreme nationalism.

To summarize my position briefly, there are two kinds of preparedness. I have tried to indicate the inadequacies and perils of the policy of building armaments upon a foundation of suspicion, fear, and cynicism. The programme of preparedness which I have outlined includes disarmament, the outlawry and renunciation of war, the abandonment of armed intervention, a campaign of education to increase international understanding and good will, and the creation and strengthening of an adequate peace system. If our government would devote to this programme even a small fraction of the money and man power now being devoted to armed preparedness, I have no doubt whatever that the American people would be much more likely to maintain security and justice.

The Delusions of Pacifists

by REAR ADMIRAL BRADLEY A. FISKE

WE MILITARISTS deplore the evils of war just as much as the pacifists do. We know more than they about the misery, the poverty, the physical and mental torture that war has caused and we are quite as eager to see it prevented in the future. Where we differ with the pacifists is in refusing to believe that disarmament would be a solution. On the contrary, we believe that disarmament as a remedy would be immeasurably worse than the disease.

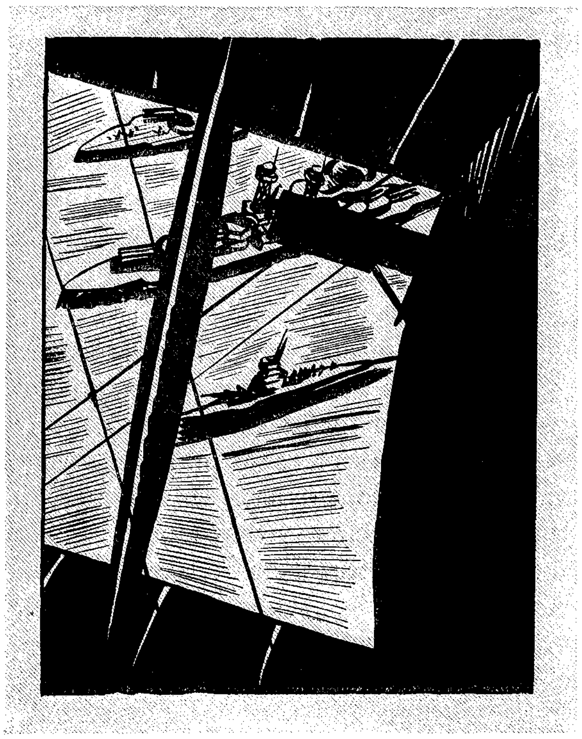
We base this belief upon the lessons of history. I think I hear the pacifists object: "Oh, we know all about history and the wars of history. You don't need to tell us about them. But history is concerned with the people of distant ages, who were less civilized than we are. The history of ancient times has nothing to do with the present." In other words, the pacifists virtually endorse Henry Ford's famous aphorism, "History is bunk."

The militarists have more respect for history. We hold the past record of mankind to be the only test by which we may predict the probable behavior of mankind in the future. Contrary to the statements of the pacifists, there has been no essential change in the nature of man which could be expected to exempt him from the rules of human conduct that have obtained in the past. History shows that he has not changed, either physically, mentally, morally, or spiritually, since the days of ancient Greece. We doubt, therefore, that he is any more "civilized." Has the twentieth century produced any greater orator than Demosthenes, any greater general, statesman, and lawgiver than Julius Caesar, any greater poet than Homer, any greater sculptor than Praxiteles, any more versatile genius than Leonardo da Vinci? What evidence can the pacifists offer to prove that the intellect and emotions of modern man have reached a higher state than those of past ages?

The fighting instinct was present in the earliest man and in all the stages of his development it has not disappeared. The use of armed force has always been a necessary adjunct of property — either for its seizure or its protection. Doubtless as soon as the primitive savages acquired possessions — such as wives, children, food, and shelter — they found that they had to fight to protect them from theft by other savages. Later, when tribes were formed and villages built, each tribe arranged for the coöperative protection of its property as a whole against the inroads of other marauding tribes. Eventually the villages grew into walled cities, protected by soldiers, and then the cities banded together in nations. In every instance an armed force was necessary, for the same reason that a modern bank has to build walls around the money deposited in it.

As long as the nations maintained their armaments, they were able to resist outside attacks and live in security and peace. But as the nations grew wealthy they came to abhor war, and for that reason refused to keep up their armaments. The barbarians were lying in wait for them, and as soon as they saw signs of weakness and neglect, invaded and overthrew them. By means of adequate armament, Egypt maintained her greatness for over four thousand years — a far longer period than any other nation can boast. She rose to wealth and greatness by a combination of industry and intelligence, under armed protection; but with wealth came decadence, inadequate armament, and a terrible ruin. Greece, Carthage, Rome, and Constantinople fell in the same manner.

In more recent history, it has been plain that the nations which have been most careful in keeping up their armaments have nearly always been the ones that have achieved the most in civilization and prosperity. Do I hear some pacifist insisting that the history of Germany is just the reverse — that Germany tried the armament scheme and went down in the dust? Let me point out that Germany could not have been dragged down if she had not first climbed



up, and that she climbed up by the use of armaments. It was by this means that little Brandenburg and Prussia developed into the great Empire of Germany. Unarmed, Germany would have fallen much sooner than she did.

The progress of civilization has been accompanied by a constant succession of wars. We militarists hold that war is an inevitable result of progress, not just a coincidence. If all the people of the world had lived separately, had scattered over its surface without combining into bands and nations and without progressing from the earliest state of man, there would have been no wars. We believe that as long as property — individual or national — exists, there will be attempts to steal it and need of an armed force to protect it.

The pacifists wish us to assume that the world has learned its lesson from the last great war and that the present desire for peace is so general and overwhelming that it must have a great effect. But the desire for peace is nothing new, nor is it any stronger than it has been in the past. Ignoring the evidence of history to the contrary, the world has always believed, at the termination of each devastating conflict, that permanent peace had at last been achieved. Several times an international association of nations has been established to make permanent peace doubly certain. The League of Nations was anticipated several centuries ago by Henry IV of France, who devised the "Confederation of Christian Nations," and tried to establish it as a means of abolishing war. The England of Victoria's reign firmly believed that the Crimean War was the last great conflict the world would suffer. Coming to our own country, I speak with full knowledge when I say that from the end of our Civil War until 1898, the desire for permanent peace and the belief that it had been achieved were far more profound than they are at present.

At that time, even the army and navy believed that the mythical era of "peace on earth, good will toward men" had arrived. It is true that in 1881 the navy persuaded Congress to make an appropriation for four new steel ships — the "Chicago," "Atlanta," "Boston," and "Dolphin." But anyone who will take the trouble to read the *Congressional Record* and the newspapers of that time will learn that Congress provided them simply because the other nations had very new and beautiful ships, and it did not look well for our old-fashioned vessels to appear beside them flying the American flag. Later on, when appropriations were made for some small battleships, they were called coast defense ships, and the law specifically stated that they were to be used only for actual defense. The newspapers emphasized this provision at the time.

To illustrate how strongly even the army and navy believed that permanent peace had come, let me relate a conversation I had with Oscar T. Crosby in 1896, just after he had resigned from the army. Crosby had graduated from West Point, being number two in his class. We were discussing woman suffrage and Crosby declared that he believed in it thoroughly because he was convinced that women had just as much intelligence and character as men. I asked him why it was, then, that women had achieved so much less than men in all walks of life. Crosby answered that the reason was the prevalence of war in the past, combined with the fact that women's physical weakness prevented them from taking as successful a part in war as men. He went on to say that war was virtually a thing of the past, at least as far as civilized nations were concerned, and women would now show that they were just as capable as men. I agreed with him entirely because I, too, believed that war was a thing of the past. As the opinions merely of individuals, these beliefs held no importance. But Crosby was a graduate of West Point and I of Annapolis, and our opinions were those not only of army and navy officers at that time, but of intelligent people generally.

This state of mind continued throughout the United States until the U. S. S. "Maine" blew up in Havana Harbor on February 15, 1898. Immediately the country went into hysterics. Red ribbons were worn on the lapels of the most conservative gentlemen, bearing in gold letters the words "To Hell With Spain." The administration under President McKinley made herculean efforts to calm the people and keep out of war, but the people themselves insisted on it and war was declared in April. At that time I was with the American fleet in Asia, under Dewey. Reports of the excitement had reached us, but we took them with a grain of salt, believing that they were evidence merely of a temporary disturbance. Even after war had been declared on April 27th, we could not bring ourselves to believe that we were actually going into battle. It was not until a few minutes before the midnight that ushered in May 1st, that the scream of shells fired at us as we were going into Manila Bay awoke us from our dream of peace.

Just so, if we indulge in dreams of everlasting peace at the present time we shall one day be awakened in the same rude manner. War is horrible, even to the militarists. We are no more brutal or cold-blooded than the pacifists; we simply refuse to believe that war can be done away with by declining to recognize its existence. The causes of war are too deeply rooted in human nature ever to be abolished. The very same reasons that compel cities to have policemen make it necessary for nations to maintain armies and navies. There will always be outlaws among nations, and mob attacks in times of hysteria. An armed force is the only means of protecting property against such attacks. If world disarmament should be proclaimed, there would be world-wide helplessness against the mob. The same thing would happen to the world that happened to Boston when the police went on strike. Physical force is the only means of holding a mob in check.

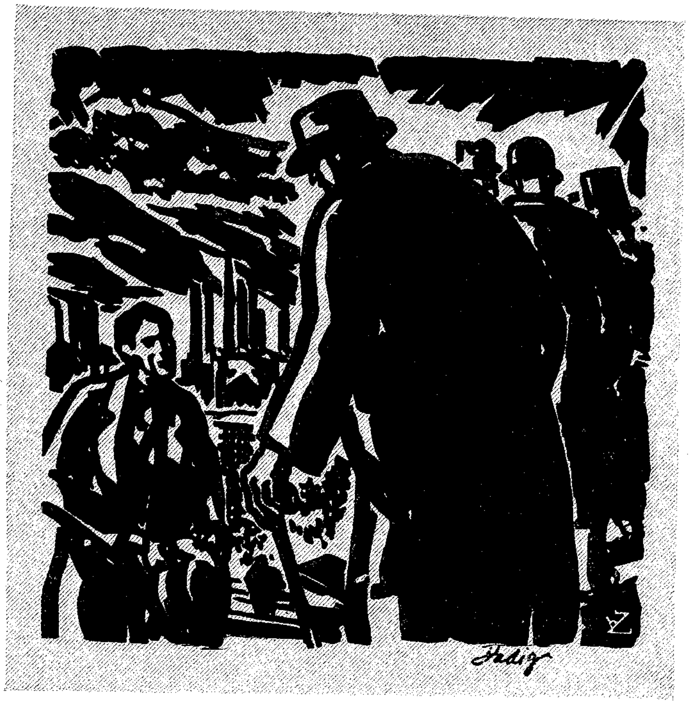
Some pacifists wish to compromise, and advocate merely a reduction in armament; but as soon as they have done this they have rejected the principle of disarmament altogether. What they are then proposing is inadequate armament, which would be successful neither as a protective measure nor as a gesture of international confidence and good will. Of course we militarists do not demand that a country be armed to the teeth; the most extreme admit that there can be too much armament as well as too little. We do insist, however, that a nation ought to maintain an armament proportional to the amount of wealth which it guards.

Ouan Tsi T'ung Finds Violence weaker than Serenity

THE moth,
Enraged,
Beats against the lamp,
His wings forming
Countless tiny fans —
And falls at last
A fragile pinch of gray ashes. . . .

The lamp burns on,
Tranquilly. . . .

— *Paul Eldridge*



DOUBLE Birthday

by WILLA CATHER

I

EVEN IN AMERICAN cities, which seem so much alike, where people seem all to be living the same lives, striving for the same things, thinking the same thoughts, there are still individuals a little out of tune with the times — there are still survivals of a past more loosely woven, there are disconcerting beginnings of a future yet unforseen.

Coming out of the gray stone Court House in Pittsburgh on a dark November afternoon, Judge Hammersley encountered one of these men whom one does not readily place, whom one is, indeed, a little embarrassed to meet, because they have not got on as they should. The Judge saw him mounting the steps outside, leaning against the wind, holding his soft felt hat on with his hand, his head thrust forward — hurrying with a light, quick step, and so intent upon his own purposes that the Judge could have gone out by a side door and avoided the meeting. But that was against his principles.

"Good day, Albert," he muttered, seeming to feel, himself, all the embarrassment of the encounter, for the other snatched off his hat with a smile of very evident pleasure, and something like pride. His gesture bared an attractive head — small, well-set, definite and smooth, one of those heads that look as if they had been turned out of some hard, rich wood by a workman deft with the lathe. His smooth-shaven face was dark — a warm coffee color — and his hazel eyes were warm and lively. He was not young, but his features had a kind of quick-silver mobility. His manner toward the stiff, frowning Judge was respectful and admiring — not in the least self-conscious.

The Judge inquired after his health and that of his uncle.

"Uncle Albert is splendidly preserved for his age. Frail, and can't stand any strain, but perfectly all right if he keeps to his routine. He's going to have a birthday soon. He will be eighty on the first day of December, and I shall be fifty-five on the same day. I was named after him because I was born on his twenty-fifth birthday."

"Umph." The Judge glanced from left to right as if this announcement were in bad taste, but he put a good face on it and said with a kind of testy heartiness, "That will be an — occasion. I'd like to remember it in some way. Is there anything your uncle would like, any — recognition?" He stammered and coughed.

Young Albert Engelhardt, as he was called, laughed apologetically, but with confidence. "I think there is, Judge Hammersley. Indeed, I'd thought of coming to you to ask a favor. I am going to have a little supper for him, and you know he likes good wine. In these dirty bootlegging times, it's hard to get."

"Certainly, certainly." The Judge spoke up quickly and for the first time looked Albert squarely in the eye. "Don't give him any of that bootleg stuff. I can find something in my cellar. Come out to-morrow night after eight, with a gripsack of some sort. Very glad to help you out, Albert. Glad the old fellow holds up so well. Thank'ee, Albert," as Engelhardt swung the heavy door open and held it for him to pass.

Judge Hammersley's car was waiting for him, and on the ride home to Squirrel Hill he thought with vexation about the Engelhardts. He was really a sympathetic man, and though so stern of manner, he had deep affections; was fiercely loyal to old friends, old families, and old ideals. He didn't think highly of what is called success in the world to-day, but such as it was he wanted his friends to have it, and was vexed with them when they missed it. He was vexed with Albert for unblushingly, almost proudly, declaring that he was fifty-five years old, when he had nothing whatever to show for it. He was the last of the Engelhardt boys, and they had none of them had anything to show. They all died much worse off in the world than they began. They began with a flourishing glass factory up the river, a comfortable fortune, a fine old house on the park in Allegheny, a good standing in the community; and it was all gone, melted away.

Old August Engelhardt was a thrifty, energetic man, though pig-headed — Judge Hammersley's friend and one of his first clients. August's five sons had sold the factory and wasted the money in fantastic individual enterprises, lost the big house, and now they were all dead except Albert. They ought all to be alive, with estates and factories and families. To be sure, they had that queer German streak in them; but so had old August, and it hadn't prevented his amounting to something. Their bringing-up was wrong; August had too free a hand, he was too proud of his five handsome boys, and too conceited. Too much tennis, Rhine wine punch, music, and silliness. They were always running over to New York, like this Albert. Somebody, when asked what in the world young Albert had ever done with his inheritance, had laughingly replied that he had spent it on the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Judge Hammersley didn't see how Albert could hold his head up. He had some small job in the County Clerk's office, was dependent upon it, had nothing else but the poor little house on the South Side where he lived with his old uncle. The county took care of him for the sake of his father, who had been a gallant officer in the Civil War, and afterward a public-spirited citizen and a generous employer of labor. But, as Judge Hammersley had bitterly remarked to Judge Merriman when Albert's name happened to come up, "If it weren't for his father's old friends seeing that he got something, that fellow wouldn't be able to make a living." Next to a charge of dishonesty, this was the worst that could be said of any man.

Judge Hammersley's house out on Squirrel Hill sat under a grove of very old oak trees. He lived alone, with his daughter, Margaret Parmenter, who was a widow. She had a great many engagements, but she usually managed to dine at home with her father, and that was about as much society as he cared for. His house was comfortable in an old-fashioned way, well appointed — especially the library, the room in which he lived when he was not in bed or at the Court House. To-night, when he came down to dinner, Mrs. Parmenter was already at the table, dressed for an evening party. She was tall, handsome, with a fine, easy carriage, and her face was both hard and sympathetic, like her father's. She had not, however, his stiffness of manner, that contraction of the muscles which was his unconscious protest at any irregularity in the machinery of life. She accepted blunders and accidents smoothly if not indifferently.

As the old colored man pulled back the Judge's chair for him, he glanced at his daughter from under his eyebrows.

"I saw that son of old Gus Engelhardt's this afternoon," he said in an angry, challenging tone.

As a young girl his daughter had used to take up the challenge and hotly defend the person who had displeased or disappointed her father. But as she grew older she was conscious of that same feeling in herself when people fell short of what she expected; and she understood now that when her father spoke as if he were savagely attacking someone, it merely meant that he was disappointed or sorry for them; he never spoke thus of persons for whom he had no feeling. So she said calmly:

"Oh, did you really? I haven't seen him for years, not since the war. How was he looking? Shabby?"

"Not so shabby as he ought to. That fellow's likely to be in want one of these days."

"I'm afraid so," Mrs. Parmenter sighed. "But I believe he would be rather plucky about it."

The Judge shrugged. "He's coming out here to-morrow night, on some business for his uncle."

"Then I'll have a chance to see for myself. He must look much older. I can't imagine his ever looking really old and settled, though."

"See that you don't ask him to stay. I don't want the fellow hanging around. He'll transact his business and get it over. He had the face to admit to me that he'll be fifty-five years old on the first of December. He's giving some sort of birthday party for old Albert, a-hem." The Judge coughed formally but was unable to check a smile; his lips sarcastic, but his eyes full of sly humor.

"Can he be as old as that? Yes, I suppose so. When we were both at Mrs. Sterrett's, in Rome, I was fifteen, and he must have been about thirty."

Her father coughed. "He'd better have been in Homestead!"

Mrs. Parmenter looked up; that was rather commonplace, for her father. "Oh, I don't know. Albert would never have been much use in Homestead, and he was very useful to Mrs. Sterrett in Rome."

"What did she want the fellow hanging round for? All the men of her family amounted to something."

"To too much! There must be some butterflies if one is going to give house parties, and the Sterretts and Dents were all heavyweights. He was in Rome a long while; three years, I think. He had a gorgeous time. Anyway, he learned to speak Italian very well, and that helps him out now, doesn't it? You still send for him at the Court House when you need an interpreter?"

"That's not often. He picks up a few dollars. Nice business for his father's son."

After dinner the Judge retired to his library, where the gas fire was lit, and his book at hand, with a paper-knife inserted to mark the place where he had left off reading last night at exactly ten-thirty. On his way he went to the front door, opened it, turned on the porch light, and looked at the thermometer, making an entry in a little notebook. In a few moments his daughter, in an evening cloak, stopped at the library door to wish him good night and went down the hall. He listened for the closing of the front door; it was a reassuring sound to him. He liked the feeling of an orderly house, empty for himself and his books all evening. He was deeply read in divinity, philosophy, and in the early history of North America.

II

While Judge Hammersley was settling down to his book, Albert Engelhardt was sitting at home in a garnet velvet smoking-jacket, at an upright piano, playing Schumann's *Kreisleriana* for his old uncle. They lived, certainly, in a queer part of the city, on one of the dingy streets that run uphill off noisy Carson Street, in a little two-story brick house, a workingman's house, that Albert's father had taken over long ago in satisfaction of a bad debt. When his father had acquired this building, it was a mere nothing — the Engelhardts were then living in their big, many-gabled, so-German house on the Park, in Allegheny; and they owned many other buildings, besides the glass factory up the river. After the father's death, when the sons converted houses and lands into cash, this forgotten little house on the South Side had somehow never been sold or mortgaged. A day came when Albert, the last surviving son, found this piece of property the only thing he owned in the world besides his personal effects. His uncle, having had a crushing disappointment, wanted at that time to retire from the practice of medicine, so Albert settled in the South Side house and took his uncle with him.

He had not gone there in any mood of despair. His impoverishment had come about gradually, and before he took possession of these quarters he had been living in a boarding house; the change seemed going up instead of going down in the world. He was delighted to have a home again, to unpack his own furniture and his books and pictures — the most valuable in the world to him, because they were full of his own history and that of his family, were like part of his own personality. All the years and the youth which had slipped away from him still clung to these things.

At his piano, under his Degas drawing in black and red — three ballet girls at the bar — or seated at his beautiful inlaid writing table, he was still the elegant young man who sat there long ago. His rugs were fine ones, his collection of books was large and very personal. It was full of works which, though so recent, were already immensely far away and diminished. The glad, rebellious excitement they had once caused in the world he could recapture only in memory. Their power to seduce and stimulate the young, the living, was utterly gone. There was a complete file of the *Yellow Book*, for instance; who could extract sweet poison from those volumes now? A portfolio of the drawings of Aubrey Beardsley — decadent, had they been called? A slender, padded volume — the complete works of a great new poet, Ernest Dowson. Oscar Wilde, whose wickedness was now so outdone that he looked like the poor old hat of some Victorian belle, wired and feathered and garlanded and faded.

Albert and his uncle occupied only the upper floor of their house. The ground floor was let to an old German glass engraver who had once been a workman in August Engelhardt's factory. His wife was a good cook, and every night sent their dinner up hot on the dumb-waiter. The house opened directly upon the street, and to reach Albert's apartment one went down a narrow paved alley at the side of the building and mounted an outside flight of wooden stairs at the back. They had only four rooms — two bedrooms, a snug sitting room in which they dined, and a small kitchen where Albert got breakfast every morning. After he had gone to work, Mrs. Rudder came up from downstairs to wash the dishes and do the cleaning, and to cheer up old Doctor Engelhardt.

At dinner this evening Albert had told his uncle about meeting Judge Hammersley, and of his particular inquiries after his health. The old man was very proud and received this intelligence as his due, but could not conceal a certain gratification.

"The daughter, she still lives with him? A damned fine-looking woman!" he muttered between his teeth. Uncle Albert, a bachelor, had been a professed connoisseur of ladies in his day.

Immediately after dinner, unless he were going somewhere, Albert always played for his uncle for an hour. He played extremely well. Doctor Albert sat by the fire smoking his cigar. While he listened, the look of wisdom and professional authority faded, and many changes went over his face, as if he were playing a little drama to himself; moods of scorn and contempt, of rakish vanity, sentimental melancholy . . . and something remote and lonely. The Doctor had always flattered himself that he resembled a satyr, because the tops of his ears were slightly pointed; and he used to hint to his nephews that his large pendulous nose was the index of an excessively amorous disposition. His mouth was full of long, yellowish teeth, all crowded irregularly, which he snapped and ground together when he uttered denunciations of modern art or the Eighteenth Amendment. He wore his mustache short and twisted up at the corners. His thick gray hair was cut close and upright, in the bristling French fashion. His hands were small and fastidious, high-knuckled, quite elegant in shape.

Across the Doctor's throat ran a long, jagged scar. He used to mutter to his young nephews that it had been justly inflicted by an outraged husband — a pistol shot in the dark. But his brother August always said that he had been cut by glass, when, wandering about in the garden one night after drinking too much punch, he had fallen into the cold-frames.

After playing Schumann for some time, Albert, without stopping, went into Stravinsky.

Doctor Engelhardt by the gas fire stirred uneasily, turned his important head toward his nephew, and snapped his teeth. "Br-r-r, that stuff! Poverty of imagination, poverty of musical invention; *fin-de-siècle!*"

Albert laughed. "I thought you were asleep. Why will you use that phrase? It shows your vintage. Like this any better?" He began the second act of *Pélleas et Mélisande.*

The Doctor nodded. "Yes, that is better, though I'm not fooled by it." He wrinkled his nose as if he were smelling out something, and squinted with superior discernment. "To this *canaille* that is all very new; but to me it goes back to Bach."

"Yes, if you like."

Albert, like Judge Hammersley, was jealous of his solitude — liked a few hours with his books. It was time for Uncle Doctor to be turning in. He ended the music by playing half a dozen old German songs which the old fellow always wanted but never asked for. The Doctor's chin sank into his shirt front. His face took on a look of deep, resigned sadness; his features, losing their conscious importance, seemed to shrink a good deal. His nephew knew that this was the mood in which he would most patiently turn to rest and darkness. Doctor Engelhardt had had a heavy loss late in life. Indeed, he had suffered the same loss twice.

As Albert left the piano, the Doctor rose and walked a little stiffly across the room. At the door of his chamber he paused, brought his hand up in a kind of military salute and gravely bowed, so low that one saw only the square up-standing gray brush on the top of his head and the long pear-shaped nose. After this he closed the door behind him. Albert sat down to his book. Very soon he heard the bath water running. Having taken his bath, the Doctor would get into bed immediately to avoid catching cold. Luckily, he usually slept well. Perhaps he dreamed of that unfortunate young singer whom he sometimes called, to his nephew and himself, "the lost Lenore."

III

LONG YEARS AGO, when the Engelhardt boys were still living in the old house in Allegheny with their mother, after their father's death, Doctor Engelhardt was practising medicine, and had an office on the Park, five minutes' walk from his sister-in-law. He usually lunched with the family, after his morning office hours were over. They always had a good cook, and the Allegheny market was one of the best in the world. Mrs. Engelhardt went to market every morning of her life; such vegetables and poultry, such cheeses and sausages and smoked and pickled fish as one could buy there! Soon after she had made her rounds, boys in white aprons would come running across the Park with her purchases. Everyone knew the Engelhardt house, built of many-colored bricks, with gables and turrets, and on the west a large stained-glass window representing a scene on the Grand Canal in Venice, the Church of Santa Maria della Salute in the background, in the foreground a gondola with a slender gondolier. People said August and Mrs. Engelhardt should be solidly seated in the prow to make the picture complete.

Doctor Engelhardt's especial interest was the throat, preferably the singing throat. He had studied every scrap of manuscript that Manuel Garcia had left behind him, every reported conversation with him. He had doctored many singers, and imagined he had saved many voices. Pittsburgh air is not good for the throat, and traveling artists often had need of medical assistance. Conductors of orchestras and singing societies recommended Doctor Engelhardt because he was very lax about collecting fees from professionals, especially if they sent him a photograph floridly inscribed. He had been a medical student in New York while Patti was still singing; his biography fell into chapters of great voices as a turfman's falls into chapters

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Shall We Live Forever?

A Reply to Darrow's "Myth of the Soul"

by CLARENCE TRUE WILSON

If a man die, shall he live again?
— JOB, XIV, 14

I DOUBT NOT the first man who ever faced death asked the same question, and it has been of universal interest since. If it be true that we are to live forever, this life, this hour is crowned with a sublimity it could not otherwise know; a new light, a new inspiration, is given to the experiences of human life, and the opening vistas of the future are invested with attractiveness and a kind of glory. But if we find that "you and I are destined like streaks of the morning cloud to melt into the infinite azure of the past," then our views of every day and every duty must undergo a complete change.

To the old query of Job's day millions have confidently answered in the affirmative. Millions more have doubted, while some thousands have emphatically denied. The question I want to discuss is not "Have we absolute knowledge that the soul survives the shock of death?" but "Have we rational grounds for belief?" For this there are two kinds of evidence: first, facts, which appeal to the reason by the inductive method — facts concerning the mind, its nature and operation, and facts concerning the moral nature; second, facts concerning God, His work, His evident purpose, the indications from His methods of government. We shall inquire if the Christian doctrine of immortality is rational, if it is in harmony with a spiritual interpretation of nature, and if it blends with the indisputable facts of man's character.

An immortal life for the soul is not impossible. There is nothing in science or philosophy which is inconsistent with such a belief, and we know of nothing inconsistent with it in the will of God or in the nature of man. There is no possibility of proving that immortality does not exist, for no one is justified in making that statement until he has explored the entire universe and found that it contains no souls. Moreover, even if it were possible to make such an exploration, it is certain that we are not possessed of such powers and faculties as would be required to find souls. Our sense organs are not sufficiently acute to enable us to discern a spirit. Even matter, about which, in comparison, we know much, possesses many qualities which are too fine for our perception. Men were acquainted with water long before they understood the subtle power of steam; they saw the lightning flash many times before they were enabled to harness electricity. If there are these powers in matter too fine for our grasp, then certainly we must recognize that spirit is not susceptible of analysis. Since we see that no man possesses sufficiently delicate senses, even if he could examine the entire universe it would be manifestly impossible to prove that there is no soul and no future existence.

A young medical student returned down South and taunted his old colored mammy on her faith. He said, "Mammy, I have dissected a Negro, just after he died. I examined his blood, his bones, his brains. I followed every nerve and sinew; and I never saw a soul or where one had been."

"Child, you certainly is ignorant for one who has been to school so long. I wouldn't think you would ever try to find a live soul in a dead Negro."

That settled the controversy.

The nature and constitution of the soul indicate that it may dwell apart from the body. The body is constantly undergoing changes. Every atom with which I began my life has gone long since. It is a well established fact that I have already changed bodies several times. Yet amid all this flux and flow of material, I am conscious of being the same person. It is certain that the same process of dissolution and change which takes place suddenly at death is going on gradually now. "I died daily." Joined as companions for life, soul and body might seem to have the same fate; but they do not. The bodily organism wastes and decays, but there remains the abiding personality of the self-conscious agent who dwells within. Its persistence reveals the possibility of future existence as clearly as though one rose from the dead. The dust returns to the earth as it was, the spirit unto the God who gave it. Man's spirit is not made up of atoms that waste and change, but is a simple spiritual unity. As such, it is not subject to the law of decay. Its extinction would mean annihilation, but there is no indication in nature or the Bible that God has ever annihilated a single atom, much less a conscious spirit.

Woodcut by Clarence Lynch

THE EVIDENCE OF EVOLUTION

In the universal law of development there is a strong theistic basis for the faith that death will not destroy our being. "The study of the phenomena of matter and of mind by those who have given their lives to this specialty shows that the great general law of creation is that things shall begin in the small and grow to the large; begin in the rough and grow to the fine; that complexity is not first in the order of being, but simplicity; that matter in its simplest form lies at the basis, the beginning of things, but the trend of all development of worlds, of plants, of animals, of men, is perpetually away from matter in its coarser and grosser manifestations toward something subtler, finer, more intricate, more complex, less sensuous, less palpable, less tangible, but none the less real." We need not attempt to draw out the argument as illustrated by the facts of natural science. We are all aware of the general truth that the first forms of life were crude. Man is no exception to the universal tendency; human development or evolution is from rudeness and savagery toward the enlightenment and refinement of civilization; away from the life of the body that is fed only by the stomach, by the hands, by the eyes, the ears, and the tongue, to the life that is fed by thought.

It is immaterial for the present purpose which theory of the origin of man is adopted: whether man began his life here as a perfect being physically, intellectually, and morally, and then fell, or whether he originally developed from the lower animals. If man fell, the undoubted historical evidence is that soon after his fall he was a savage; and that only in the slow growth of the centuries has he grown toward refinement, beauty, duty, thought, and the loftiness of spiritual aspiration.

Evolution or development — whichever you choose to call it — if it be studied as the expression of a universal law, brings us up to the point where another law, the law of continuity, requires us to demand of the theistic evolutionist the grounds for his belief that death stops evolution. Life itself is the best denial of death; the sublime New Testament theory of development — that life begins here and that its fullness and richness await us beyond — alone accords with what in a physical sense we know of both the laws of evolution and continuity. If development ceases at the door of the grave, if death ends all, then we ask the doubter to explain why a God of wisdom and power should ordain development to proceed so far and no farther. We ask him to show how he knows that death is the sudden and arbitrary cessation of all growth and development.

EVIDENCE OF MAN'S SOUL

You have heard the criticism that in the pulpit we ignore the body. This one-sidedness, if the charge is true, is more than matched by the manner in which many practical scientists ignore the spirit. All their strength is spent in the study of organisms. If you read Dr. Carpenter on the brain, you may feel that "man is nothing but a retort in which various chemical elements are mingled and by certain physical processes converted into cerebral matter."

But man is more than his intellectual processes. He has the Godlike sense of justice, the power of love and heavenly aspiration. No philosophy can be constructed which leaves out these phenomena and no explanation can be made of them on the ground of materialism. If you admit the spiritual nature of God, you sweep materialism from its foundations as the sole explanation of the universe. Materialism cannot account for the facts of mind. Every attempt to do so has led to utter absurdities. "It is still true that if physical properties require a substantive matter as their ground, mental facts require a substantive spirit as their ground. Indeed, the proof of a spiritual mind in man is just as clear and sure as the proof of a substantive matter in the physical universe." The continuity of self-consciousness proves our spiritual nature. We are not the visible form but the spiritual inhabitant of the form. We wear a different body to-day from what we wore seven years ago. Every atom of our frame has changed, but we remain the same person.

Take the living form, mutilate it — cut off one member after another: you do not invade the citadel of life; you have not affected the power of thought or diminished its force. It remains with unwasted vigor when the body is crippled, emaciated, or wrenched into hideous deformity. If the seat of sensation or the conscious personality is independent of the body, we have no right to assume that it is dependent on the same forces that sustain the natural body.

Memory, reason, conscious thought, the power to love and hate, to enjoy pleasure and to suffer pain, may remain intact until the moment of death. If these traits of personality were dependent on natural forces, they would be affected by the diseases that cause death and by the perpetual changes of the body. Yet, through them all personality remains intact. Is it unreasonable, then, to assume that personality, thus proved to be different from the body, does not die with it? Does it not seem probable that at death the soul, comprising all the elements of personality, merely lays aside the body like a garment? Thus does nature prophesy a future life.

EVOLUTION POINTS TO IMMORTALITY

The capacity of the soul for endless improvement, service, and worship points to a future which will make possible further development than we achieve here. If immortality be but an iridescent dream, the most illustrious lives that earth has known may well be represented by broken pillars and unfinished shafts. Think of the men who perished in the bloom of youth when all our skies were dark with clouds of war. Count the poets who scarce began to sing ere death laid hold on them — Keats, Shelley, Byron, Burns, and Poe. Remember the men of genius whose sun was eclipsed at noon — Shakespeare, Lincoln, Robert Louis Stevenson. Recall those who, though they lived their fourscore years, went down to death with eyes undimmed and mental vigor unabated. No man who ever lived and wrought to truth and righteousness exhausted his capacity at eighty or could exhaust it at twice eighty. He only exercised it transiently and passed away. These are life's "withheld completions."

Now if we know anything about nature, she is infinitely economical. Science itself declares nature never takes anything out of one kingdom without putting it into another. That is the law of conservation. If that is correct, he is right who says, "There is no death. What seems so is transition."

The first right we have is a fair chance to

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come to ourselves, to our best selves. God guarantees that right to a moth or a fly. A fly comes to itself; all there is in its nature is permitted to unfold itself and come out. But a man does not come to himself here. The majority of men have scarcely any idea of the potent and splendid faculties slumbering in them. Shall God bring out all there is in an insect that flits for an hour in the summer twilight, and then to the best and loftiest being He has made — the being to whom He gave the rule and dominion of this world, and whom He has crowned with glory and honor — shall He give him no chance to come to himself? Sir Isaac Newton, when he was an old man, said he did not know how he appeared to other people but to himself he seemed like a little child, picking up a few pebbles of truth here and there upon the shore, while the great ocean of undiscovered truth lay unexplored before him.

JUSTICE DEMANDS IMMORTALITY

Man's spiritual desire for immortal happiness is almost universal; no race or tribe even partially civilized has been found without it. It is as persistent as it is inescapable; it grows stronger as the race advances. Some beliefs are outgrown; they belonged to the world's childhood. But the greatest thinkers of the ages have been the strongest advocates of man's immortality — Socrates or Saint Paul, Sir Isaac Newton or John Wesley.

Moreover this belief is strongest in our best moments. When the heart is purest and the mind clearest and our spiritual natures come in closest touch with God, then it is that the hope of future existence looms largest. Such longing must be of divine implanting. The beast does not have it; only man is thrilled by it. The nearer we approach to God the more we are conscious of it. It cannot be a delusion. God makes provision for the gratification of all legitimate desires; light for the eye, music for the ear, food for the stomach, knowledge for the mind, love for our life. In addition to these, He has given a thirst for that which the world cannot supply — a longing for a life beyond the grave. Who can think that He would supply the wants of the beasts and the needs of our own lower nature and would leave the highest craving of the soul unprovided for? Has He so made us that our worst moments are our truest, and all our best hopes false?

The almost universal belief in a future life is suggestive. The literature of the ancient world has its own intimations that the soul of man will survive death. Socrates stated before his judges: "Be of good cheer about death, and know as true this one thing: that to a good man, living or dead, no evil can happen; and that he and his are not overlooked by the gods. Neither has this that has happened to me come by chance, but this is clear to me, that to die now and be released is better for me." In the Book of Wisdom II, 23 we read: "God created man for incorruption and made him an image of His own proper being." Also in III, 1–4: "Righteous men's souls are in God's hands and torment shall not touch them. They seemed in the eyes of the foolish to be dead. And their departure was reckoned as injury, and their going forth a calamity. But they are in peace. If in the sight of men they were punished, their hope is full of immortality."

Belief in a future existence is, in short, one of the few great truths that has had inherent force to make its way through all the ages. In the highest, purest spirits of these ages this faith has been a flame.

Spiritual faith is as essential to society as it is to the individual. It is as natural and necessary as the law of self-preservation to the brute. The state needs the stimulus of this faith in enforcing order. All that is noblest in man is inspired by this faith — benevolence and philanthropy, heroism and martyrdom. It prevents more crimes than all law books and courts. Is it possible that God has so constituted the race that it can only be governed by a lie? If not, the universal sense of immortality must be based on truth.

Victor Hugo, after threescore and ten years of life, in the ripeness and maturity of his splendid genius, thus proclaims the moral necessity of immortality:

> What is it that alleviates and sanctifies toil, that renders men strong, wise, patient, just, at once humble and aspiring, but the perpetual vision of a better world, whose light shines through the darkness of the present life? For myself, I believe profoundly in that better world; it is the supreme conviction of my reason, as it is the supreme consolation of my soul.

The inequalities of earthly rewards and punishments form a strong presumptive argument for a future state of conscious existence.

Human life is too brief to exemplify divine justice. Let the curtain drop with Herod presiding with his adulterous Queen by him and John the Baptist beheaded, with Paul in prison and Nero on the throne of empire; let existence cease with Booth at large and Lincoln dying with the fatal bullet in him, and there is no justice in the universe, no God worthy of respect. But to the spiritually-minded, there is no question here. We believe that the ethical element is supreme in the God of the universe. His justice blossoms into love. His benevolence furnishes a future life for man; it provides a way of blessing as well as a way of expiation. The Tribunal of Eternity has no part in the horrors of man's injustice unto man.

At the last we come to an authority and evidence that is not as the authority and evidence of man. To those to whom the Bible is a sacred witness, its profound affirmations of the future life are of overwhelming significance. In the Old Testament less is said of it than in the New, but the import is the same. For this Enoch and Elijah were translated; for this the Psalmist prayed when he wished to be delivered from men who have their portion in this life: "As for me, I shall behold thy face in righteousness; for this is the declaration: 'God hath set eternity in thy heart — thy heart shall live forever.' " For this, in a sense, is the whole story of the New Testament written.

I used to be afraid of death; but I am not now. Why? Jesus the Christ died and was buried. Roman soldiers guarded his tomb. But as it began to dawn toward the first of the Sabbaths, a light streamed out of heaven, the seal of the Roman Empire was broken, the stone moved from its place; Jews and Romans and Christian disciples were startled by the stately footsteps of Almighty God moving among the graves to "abolish death and bring life and immortality to life." He breathed upon the world a new hope in life and death, and wrote over that empty sepulchre, and over all our other graves: "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

Woodcut by Charles A. Wilimovsky

Taming the Great BULL

Drawings by Thomas Benrimo

by JOHN T. FLYNN

I

An official of the Stock Exchange on tour last spring paused in a very small Western town to deliver an inspirational talk to the Chamber of Commerce. In an interval during the luncheon the President of the Chamber whispered to his distinguished visitor his amazement at the sale of a New York Stock Exchange seat that very morning at an advance of $35,000 over the price paid the preceding week.

"Indeed!" breathed the Wall Street guest. "And how, may I ask, did you learn that already away out here?"

"Why," replied the host, "I heard it this morning over the radio in the fire house."

Another traveling observer found himself during the summer on Nantucket, thirty miles out in the Atlantic, where, he says, "Not since the last Nantucket whale ship returned to her home port in 1870 and the market price of whale oil and bone was chalked upon the door of the shipowner's warehouse, had the islanders been interested in quotations." But this summer he found a branch brokerage office there and a ticker supplanting the whale oil price list, so that the sons of the Puritans at play might not be out of touch with the seething cauldron that never stops bubbling down in Wall Street.

Still another traveler found in a Southwestern village the local market wizard established in his radio shop. There he was prepared to wager, with anyone who had a mind to engage him, from one cent to ten cents a point on the rise and fall of certain stocks in blocks of from five shares up to a hundred. Thus out on the prairie a gambling yokel brought to his bucolic neighbors the blessings of a put and call market and settled daily on the radio quotations.

Similarly, over all the surface of the land the waters of the great bull market prevailed. Wall Street, once a narrow road between Trinity Church and the docks — a graveyard at one end and a river at the other — is now a great financial highway circling around the country, passing through every city and town and hamlet, crossing all the countless Main Streets and galvanizing them where it touches into a fiery energy of speculation. Or perhaps it is a street no longer. Wall Street is a continent.

It is impossible to picture the so-called Coolidge Bull Market without using a bewildering language of millions and billions. A few broad brush strokes may suffice. In 1924 the volume of trading had almost doubled its 1921 total. Last year it had doubled the 1924 record. In six years, then, it had multiplied four times.

And in 1928, by the end of November the turnover of shares had already reached a total 60 per cent greater than in the whole year of 1927. On the curb market trading doubled in a year.

But all this excitement was not confined to the great stock bazaar of our modern Babylon. In all the leading cities of the country there are stock exchanges dealing in local stocks. In the past they were languid affairs, but they have turned out to be like a great range of half-extinct volcanoes all connected with the vast subterranean fires which burn under the master mountain in Wall Street. When the chief mountain began to rumble, the flames quickly spread to the whole range. And as if all these outlets were not enough to relieve the pressure of the explosive forces of speculation, new mountains in the form of new exchanges were thrown up.

Back in 1922 you could have bought a seat on the Chicago Stock Exchange for as little as $3500. To-day you would do well to get one for $28,000. In that time the volume of trading has been doubled. In Philadelphia you could have acquired a franchise to trade on the Quaker bourse for $1800. It would cost $12,000 now. In San Francisco an exchange seat worth $13,000 six years ago commands $125,000 to-day. A seat on the New York Curb which sold as low as $3750 in 1921 cannot be bought to-day for twenty times that price. Meantime other exchanges have been stimulated into life. A Metals Exchange, whose memberships were hardly worth fifteen cents two years ago, is now preparing to assume a place in the securities market and its seats have become rather suddenly worth over $3000. An over-the-counter market has grown up — a securities market resembling a Constantinople bazaar — in which there are almost as many stocks listed as on the great New York Exchange. And now the Produce Exchange, which has dealt rather lazily for years in wheat and corn and oats, has set up as a stock market and proposes to absorb, if it can, the business of this over-the-counter market.

Just as in New York we have had wild trading in radio and airplane stocks and bull movements in General Motors and United States Steel, so in Chicago we have seen frenzied dealing in Godchaux Sugar, Grigsby-Grunow shooting up 13 points in a day. Boston has been dabbling in coppers; San Francisco going wild over Bancitaly; Cleveland seething with speculation in the rubbers, and Atlanta turning out new fortunes with Coca-Cola stocks.

The brokers have been getting the cash to finance the orgy not from wicked New York but from banks out in what Broadway likes to refer to as the provinces. In the last year the New York banks have been withdrawing their funds — they have cut down their own loans to brokers more than $250,000,000. But in the same time they have increased such loans for out-of-town banks by over $315,000,000.

Who started it? Some gentlemen are fond of saying it was a silent, praying, devout church member in the White House. Whoever started it, certainly no one seems to be able to stop it. The end of the great bull curve has been predicted weekly for the last two years. The professional prophets have been warning the public for twenty-four months. But it has been a fatal era for the prophets; the market has refused to behave according to the rules. In June and again in December there came what looked like collapses, but they proved to be only relative declines. Even if another drop in prices should take place before this paper is published, there is no assurance that it will not be followed by a new bidding-up process. For this Bull has been a thoroughly heterodox beast. Carefully devised theories, worked out through decades and supported by pages of mystical tables and impressive charts, have been prepared for his guidance. One look at those tables and charts and he should have recognized the moment for collapse months ago. But he refused to look. He just "chawed them up."

At one time utility stocks began to soar. The presidents of the utility corporations cautioned their friends. Brooklyn Edison stock in particular went rocketing and the president of that company issued a public warning. The stocks were simply not worth the new prices. The answer of the public was to push them higher. Out in California waiters, bootblacks, school teachers — even newspaper reporters — were buying Bancitaly shares, their imaginations inflamed by the bold measures of the American financial Mussolini. They sent the shares to unreasonable levels. Giannini publicly warned them not to buy on margin. They answered with new orders which sent the stock up from 100 to 233, only to see it crash a hundred points in a day. Brokers, dismayed by the flood of buying orders, notified their customers to be calm. "Give us orders to sell," they pleaded. "Buy! Buy! Buy!" came the answer.

Last year a spectacular trader liquidated all his holdings, packed his golf bags and his traveling togs, and said good-bye to his office staff. I asked him why he was going away while the market was boiling.

"The time is at hand," he replied mysteriously, meaning that the hour of doom was approaching. "I prefer to be far from the madding crowd when this thing breaks."

He is a wizard. He is supposed to be able to look into the very inside of the skull of the stock market and tell what it is thinking about. So he went away for two months and I kept listening for the crash. Instead I heard only the whirr of the market rising ever higher. At the end of two months I found him back in Wall Street, riding one of the whirlwinds and directing the storm.

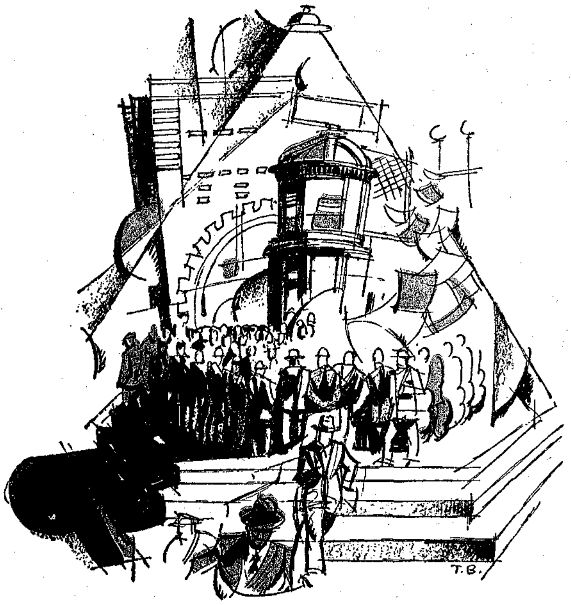
"Well," I said, "what do you think of your prophecy now?"

"Listen," he said, "I'm a hell of a wizard!"

II

All this brings us face to face with some very solid facts. First of all, the nature of the group of people who own common stocks has changed. A different type of security holder is with us and he buys his stock for reasons quite different from those of the old-fashioned stockholder.

Not so many years ago, a corporation was commonly thought of as an engine used by large-scale operators to carry forward enterprises regarded as their own. One owned stock in a railroad corporation or a coal mining corporation, but it was Jay Gould or Henry C. Frick or some other industrialist or manipulator who was looked upon as having the right to use that corporation in his own way. The ordinary stockholder did not think of himself as acquiring an actual or active ownership in the corporation. He was just throwing in his lot with Gould or Frick and betting on their ability to make a profit. They might exploit the corporation as they chose and make millions for themselves. That was expected. The stockholder merely hoped that in the process they would also make a few hundreds for him.



That is no longer so. Practically all the manufacturing and distributing machinery of the country has fallen into the hands of corporations. And the common stock of these corporations has fallen into the hands of millions of investors. I asked a friend who owns shares in half a dozen companies, who the officials of those companies were. He could not answer for a single one. Such stock represents not speculative interest but actual ownership and investment. The stock market, therefore, has become the only place where ownership — in large or small lots — can change hands. It is no longer a private institution where adventurous gentlemen may engage in schemes of speculation. It is the great national trading post at which anyone wishing to buy or sell an interest in our railroads, our utilities, our mines, our factories, our merchandising institutions must come. It is a kind of narrow isthmus over which all changes in ownership must pass. We may well ask, therefore, whether a purely private and restricted and self-perpetuating association should any longer be permitted to sit wholly unregulated and supreme in command of such an important position.

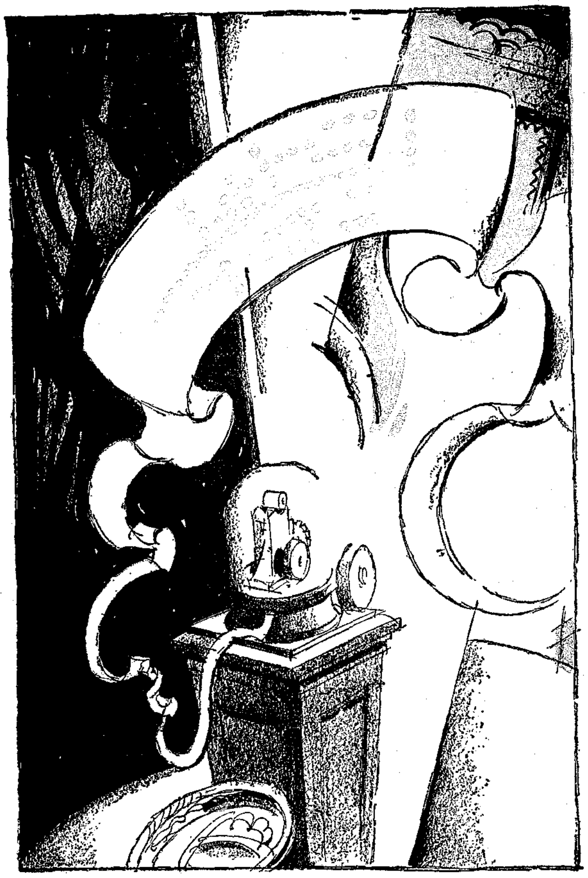
Where is this stock market? Once upon a time we might have said it was in New York on the Stock Exchange in Broad Street. But this is no longer the whole truth. Much the most important part of it is there, but there are other sections — the Curb Market, for instance, and the numerous local markets throughout the country. And there is another portion of it which is under the dominion of no organized exchange — stocks wandering around in the wilderness, unhoused, unprotected, vagabonding over the counters of a large number of undisciplined brokers.

In the light of these developments, may we not ask whether the machinery for handling the traffic in stocks is not in danger of breaking down — has not, indeed, at some points actually broken down? Certainly it has so far as the great body of over-the-counter shares are concerned. And there is grave reason to believe that perhaps the machinery of the New York Stock Exchange itself is in danger of being seriously crippled beneath the flood of trading which has all but overwhelmed it.

It would be manifestly unfair to say that the Stock Exchange is not adequately equipped to put through each day all the sales made on the floor. But the function of the Exchange is not merely to provide a trading post for these transactions. It must also keep its brokers and the public advised of these trades as soon as they are made. The technique of modern stock trading is such that immediate information about sales and prices is essential. And in this respect the mechanical equipment of the Exchange is at present inadequate.

The record of trades and prices is broadcast by means of the ticker. In the end, no matter how much or how little trading there is, that little ticker is the neck of the bottle through which the news must pass. But after all, the ticker is only a mechanical device; it can attain a certain speed and no more. As at present operated and constructed, it can record three hundred characters a minute. If brokers would stand in line and trade in an orderly fashion from the opening to the closing of the exchange, the ticker could record on time the sales of three or four million shares in a day. But brokers do not fall in line. Trading is done in spasms, much of it being wildly crowded into a few hours of the day. In actual practice, therefore, when the exchange has to handle more than 2,500,000 shares in a day, the ticker begins to fall behind. For several weeks before I wrote this, the market averaged 5,000,000 shares a day. The ticker is therefore almost habitually behind, sometimes as much as two hours.

Fairness to the Exchange requires me to say that it is fully aware of this and is equally alive to its duty in the matter. The ticker would not be as efficient as it is were it not for the able engineering by which that service is managed and the generous support given by the Board of Governors. The Exchange is now making elaborate preparations for installing, at enormous expense, a new ticker service which it believes can care for a turnover of 5,500,000 shares a day. But this service cannot be installed in less than a year and a half — perhaps more. And who can say it will not, by that time, be already too slow for the growing traffic in stocks?



Some responsible Stock Exchange officials look upon this fear as rash. They would probably have scoffed, four years ago, at the prospect of stock trading increasing four hundred per cent by 1928. Last year the volume of sales increased thirty-three per cent over 1926. This year it has already increased thirty-three per cent over last year. If it should maintain this pace, five-million-share days will be common, and ten-million-share days are not unthinkable. William C. Durant, the most successful operator in this market, thinks we shall have ten-million-share days eventually. The simple truth is that we have just begun to expand. This business of stock ownership and stock trading has hardly been scratched.

We are approaching, perhaps, a breakdown in the human element of the Exchange as well.

The Stock Exchange itself has become aware of this. After nearly fifty years, it is now engaged in a serious effort to increase its membership. Back in 1879 — nearly fifty years ago — the membership of this institution was limited to eleven hundred. At that time stock trading was comparatively unimportant. In spite of the enormous growth in the business of Wall Street, the spread of security buying to every corner of the land, and the mounting totals of listing and trading, the members of the Exchange still resolutely refuse to countenance an increase in their membership.

Suppose the American Bar Association back in 1879 had been able to decree that its membership should be fixed and that no one would be permitted to practise before the courts who was not a member of that association — how much would a man have to put up to become a lawyer in this country, and what would become of the legal business of the nation if, after fifty years of growth, the number of lawyers remained the same? A seat on the Stock Exchange has increased 7500 per cent in value. In the last few years it has increased at the rate of from $25,000 to $75,000 a year.

It is quite possible that eleven hundred brokers could handle this business if they all measured up to the popular conception of a Stock Exchange floor operator. He is supposed to be a creature of almost superhuman alertness, of quivering energy and electric intelligence. There are many of them who represent about as fine a type of highly geared, perfectly coördinated mental engine as can be found anywhere. But unfortunately this does not describe them all. There are a lot of them who merely jam traffic like horse-drawn vehicles in the street. If a man — or his father — has the necessary $495,000, a good name, and a good background, there is nothing to prevent him from getting a seat on the Exchange, though he may be just out of college, with no knowledge or aptitude for the business he is entering.

"If the small grocery business were run as many stockbrokers run their business," commented a leading Exchange member to me, "the courts would be clogged with bankruptcies. There are men down there getting in everybody's way who ought to be selling ribbon at $40 a week."

The Exchange will probably make some increases in its membership, but it will hardly do this on a scale to meet the demands of the situation until pressure from the investing public forces action.

Now LET US SEE what is happening outside the Exchange. There has grown up a flourishing business in unlisted stocks. This business is conducted in what is called the over-the-counter market. There is nothing new in this, but it has grown in the last four years to such an extent that it may be said to be an almost new force in security trading. A man wishing a certain stock goes to a broker to buy it. If the broker hasn't a supply but knows one who has, he proceeds to buy the stock from him, who in turn has bought it from some other investor who wishes to sell. This kind of trading has grown until now it deals in as many issues as the Exchange lists.

Compared with the processes of the Exchange, the weaknesses of this method are immediately apparent. The Exchange market is an open market; the prices are always immediately apparent. The buyer and the seller are equally apprised of the prices current for their stocks. On the over-the-counter market the following incident is not impossible. An investor desiring to buy 50 shares of International Tin goes to a broker.

"What is the price to-day?" he asks.

The broker informs him that he does not know, but that he will call a broker who keeps in touch with a supply. This he does and the following conversation ensues:

"How about 50 shares of International Tin?"

"I can let you have them," replies the second broker, "for 52." As a matter of fact, he has a customer who is willing to sell for 50. So he tacks on two points for himself and offers it to the purchasing broker at 52.

The latter then turns to his client and says: "Yes, he can let us have 50 shares to-day. It will cost you 54." He thus adds on another two points for himself.

The seller disposes of his stock at 50; the buyer pays 54 for it, and the brokers split between themselves the four points difference. Of course all trades will not yield such a profit. But on the other hand, many of them will yield a good deal more. The point is that in such cases the seller may find himself selling at the lowest possible price and the purchaser buying at the highest. This arises out of the fact that in such transactions the brokers are not brokers at all, but merchants — not agents, but middlemen who are interested in beating the seller's price down and driving the buyer's price up.

The public cannot know the prices save as reported by the brokers, upon whose veracity there is no check. The deals are made in private and the prices are reported to a clearing house maintained by an association of brokers. It is from this clearing house that the price lists appearing in the newspapers are obtained. Obviously there is nothing to prevent a broker from withholding his trades. And there is nothing to prevent the clearing house from withholding reports of trades if professional interest should dictate that course.

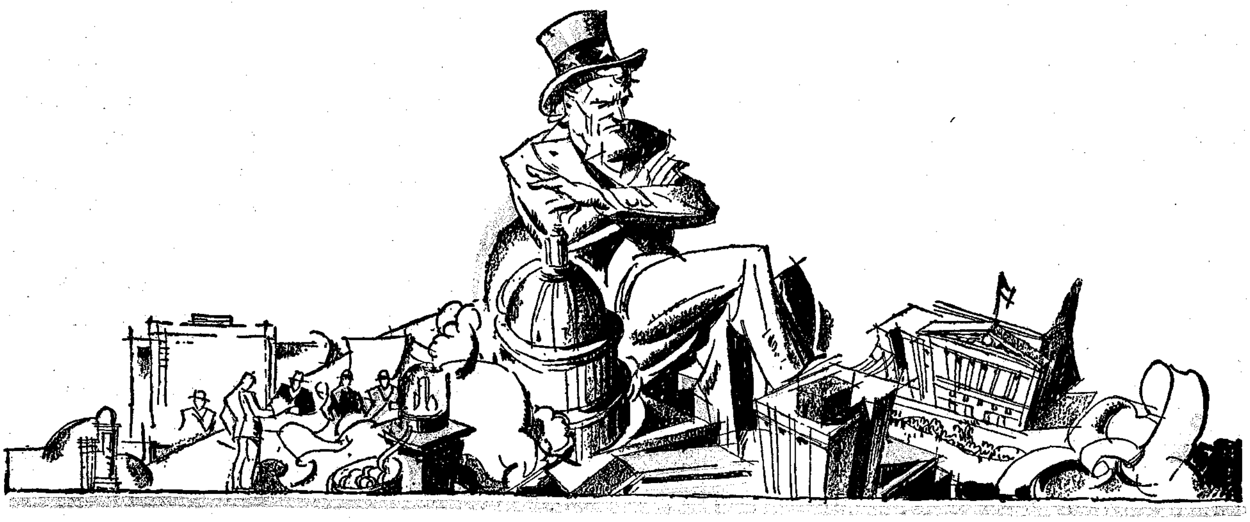
There is, however, another and no less serious aspect of this over-the-counter market. The bull market did at least one thing — it drove out the bucket shop. Obviously a bucket shop cannot continue to exist in a seemingly perpetual bull market. But in its place has grown up an evil far worse — the rise and spread of the "boiler room" and its contemptible little ally, the tipster sheet. The path of these rascals has been made a little smoother by the over-the-counter market.

The system is simple. The operators secure the stock of some half-defunct corporation at bargain prices. Their business is to build that stock up to seeming respectability, run up the price, and unload. Running up the price is accomplished on the over-the-counter market. The public has a kind of confidence in the prices quoted there. By the aid of an unscrupulous broker, the stock being exploited can be put through a series of fake trades with the prices registered daily in the over-the-counter price lists, rising continuously and then pegged at an impressive altitude. These prices are published daily in the newspapers, and it is often possible to convince prospective purchasers by referring them to the prices published in reputable papers.

When matters have advanced thus far, the high-pressure salesmen get on the job. They operate through the "boiler room." That is the name given to a plant extensively fitted up with telephones from which these gentlemen shoot at a selected list of investors. Their work is backed up by the tipster sheet. You have doubtless seen the news stands laden with the little "dope sheets" so dear to the hearts of gullible souls who play the races. Well, similar sheets, a little more dignified, do the same job for the securities victim. These sheets give out weekly or daily or monthly their "one best bet," or a group of stocks slated for an early rise. This group includes the names of several market leaders about which it is not difficult to guess, and in the midst of this impressive array will be the stock which the "boiler room" is pushing over the telephone.

Does not all this plainly indicate that the business of buying and selling stocks has grown beyond the limits of its established market machinery? Either an exchange is a desirable thing or it is not. And if it is, there seems to be no valid reason why the benefit of its machinery should not be open to all corporate securities.

The New York Stock Exchange is a very



highly organized and ably directed institution. I am not criticizing it here. On the contrary, I would like to see something resembling its technical excellence provided for the market as a whole. But there is reason to doubt that this will ever take place without the intervention of either state or federal authority. Certainly what is needed is a full, impartial, unhampered study of the whole problem. In the past the New York Stock Exchange has asserted a kind of exclusive right to deal with this subject, but there are too many other interests involved to submit to that view any longer. The Exchange itself has a vital interest in the subject, but so also have the banking fraternity, the corporations whose shares are involved, the innumerable brokers outside the exchange, the managers of corporations whose shares are not listed, as well as those who can speak for security holders, and finally the public.

In such a study as I propose, all should participate, but it should be directed by the public interest. I do not advocate an investigation in the accepted sense of that term; certainly not a Congressional investigation. What I urge is a study of the whole matter under the authorization of Congress by a commission representing all the interests involved; and that without delay, before another Consolidated Exchange or two can rush in and squat in the unoccupied regions of the market.

THE NEED FOR such a study as I have indicated arises out of many considerations in addition to those brought forward here. There are perhaps some reasons why the ethics of trading as they affect manipulation should be altered a little. There are also many loose ends which have disengaged themselves from all effective control which ought to be brought into subjection. I shall mention but one. That is the manner in which speculation has been permitted to devour more than its share of the nation's credit resources.

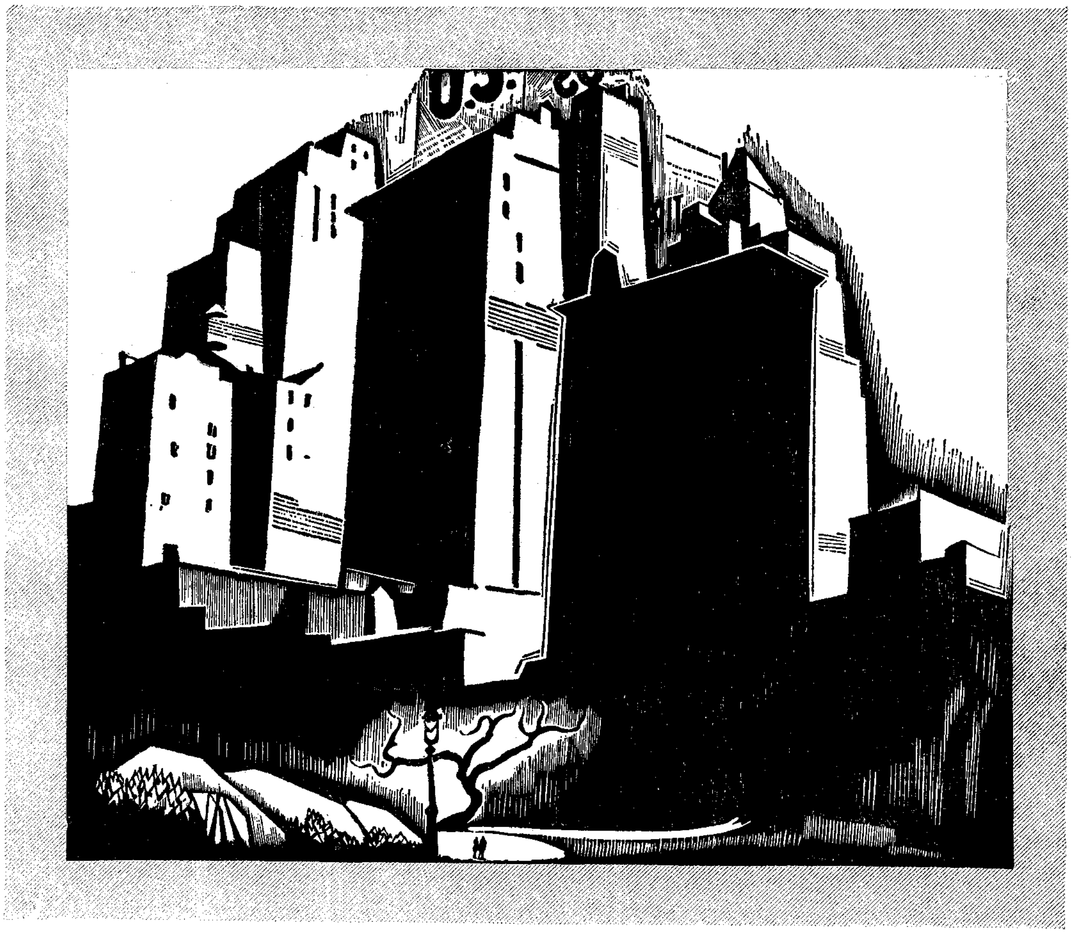
It is interesting to note that fourteen years ago, when the Federal Reserve Act was passed, Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip said it would reduce speculation and Senator Carter Glass, its chief sponsor, said it would "break the shackles which Wall Street has cast about the country." Now, fourteen years later, Senator Glass says that "we are back where we were in 1913."

This situation has been aggravated by a new phenomenon. One of the characteristics of corporate management, doubtless inspired by the example of the United States Steel Corporation, has been the accumulation of huge cash reserves. Working capital ranging from 25 to 100 million dollars is not unusual and some corporations have even more. With Wall Street clamoring for money, many corporation managers have found it profitable to lend out large amounts from their cash balances at six, seven, and eight per cent. They have turned to this form of investment until now it probably constitutes the main reliance of the speculator. This puts a very large part of the money loaned on call beyond the reach of the Federal Reserve System.

It must be kept in mind that a considerable part in the turbulent manipulation of the stock market in the last two years has been taken by many great industrialists who have direct control of these heavy cash reserves. One may well wonder whether a corporation official who is the trustee of a huge fund and who is also deeply involved in stock market speculation ought to have it in his power to put into or take out of the market the cash which belongs to his stockholders. Yet there is no power which can control him now. There is no authority which can protect his stockholders or the public or the banking system or the country's credit position from these wholly extra-corporate activities.

Congress or the state legislatures ought to deal at once with this situation and either prohibit altogether or restrict the use of funds of industrial and railroad corporations in the call-money market. Of course defenders of the present order will affect to be horrified by the spectacle of the government telling business men how they shall use their money. Yet that is precisely what the government has done for years. It tells banks, savings banks, trust companies, and insurance companies — essentially lending institutions — how they shall lend their money. Why not similarly control a concern manufacturing cast-iron pipe when it decides to spread out into a quasi-banking organization?

I point to this as one of those numerous loose ends in our great stock market which urge upon us an early public examination of the whole system.



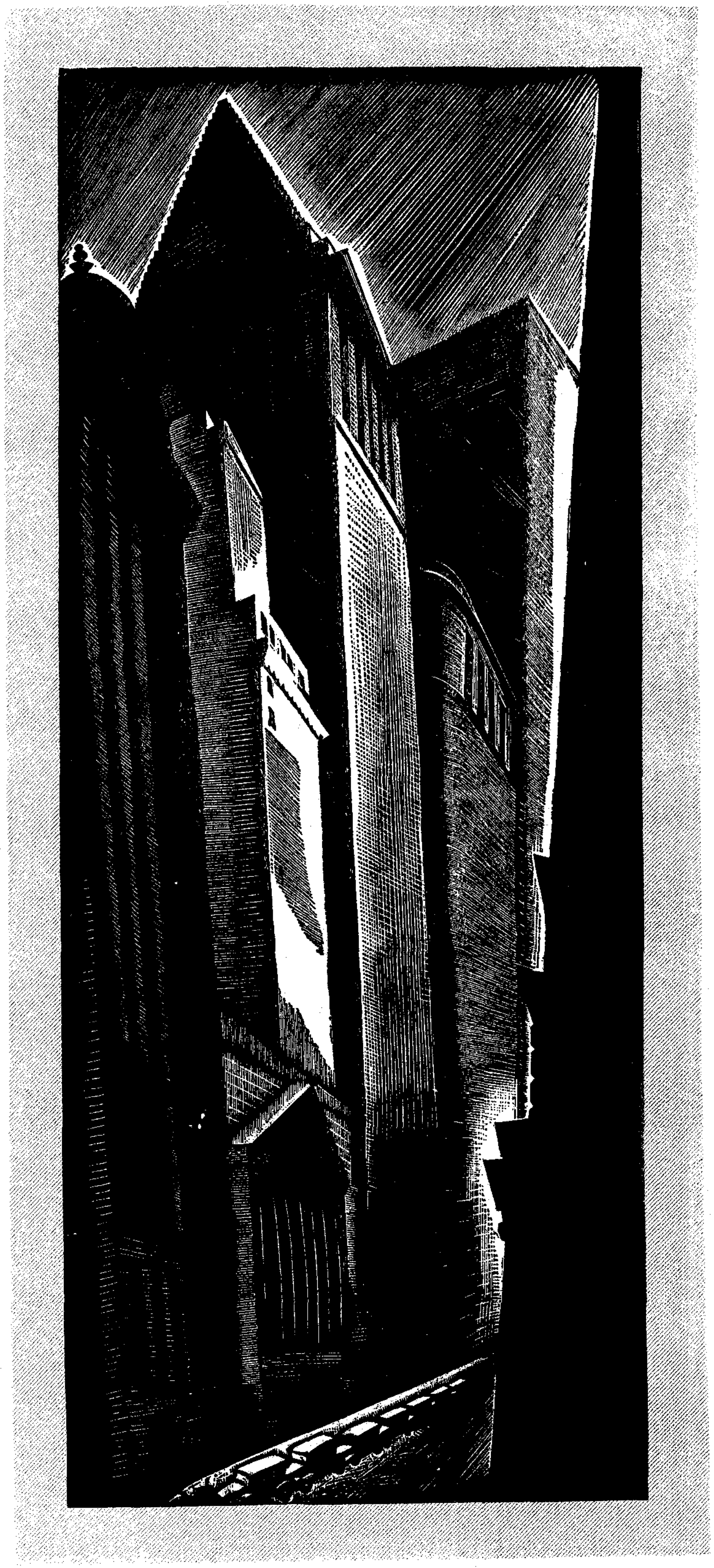
THE GENERAL MOTORS GROUP

Father Knickerbocker's BLOCKS

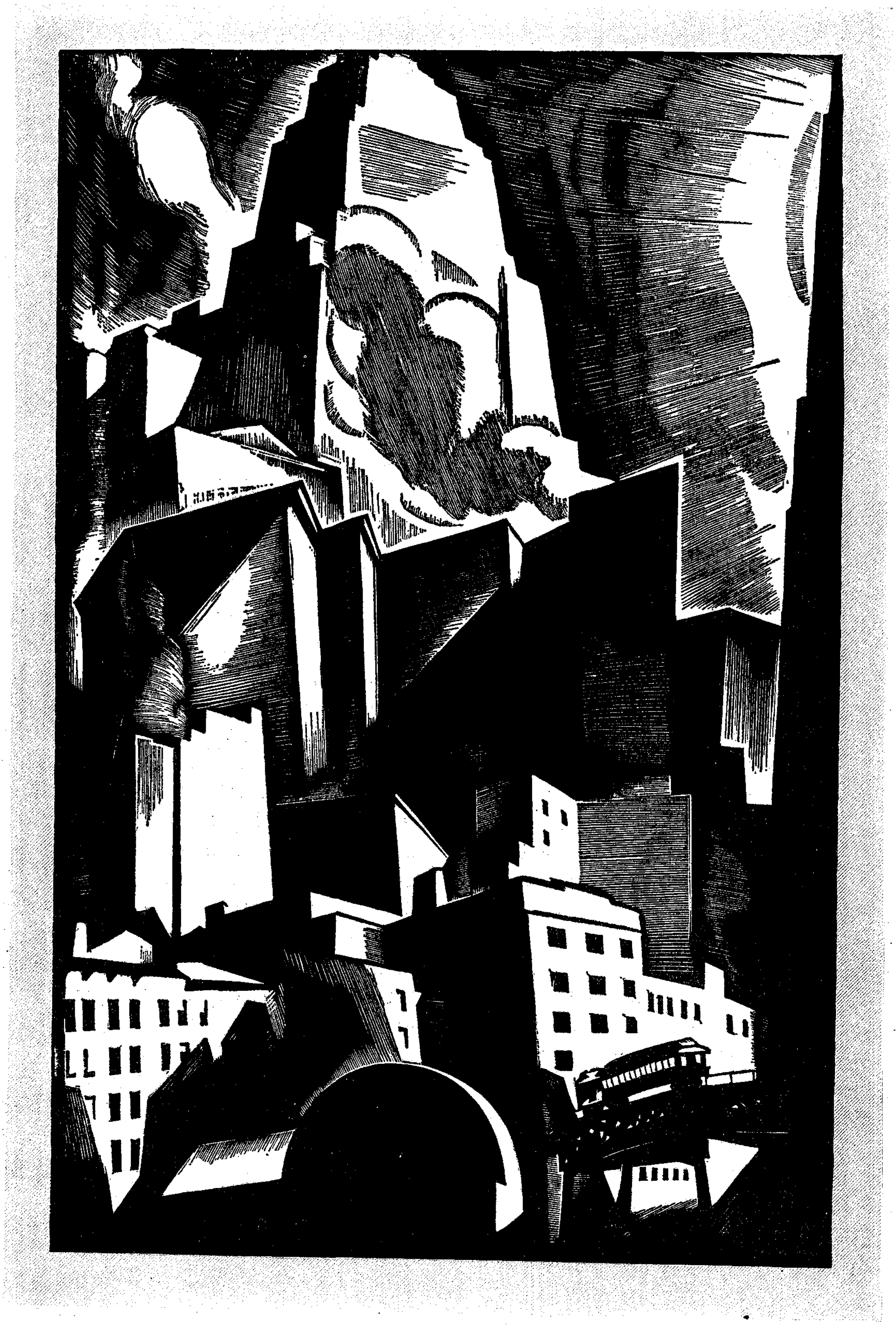
Woodcuts by

HOWARD COOK

IN THESE WOODCUTS Howard Cook has caught the spirit of the fabulous city. He sees its buildings as gigantic piles of blocks, as a mass of tilting planes which cast deep shadows on the scurrying life of the streets. By eliminating detail, he creates an amazing effect of stark simplicity and power.



THE CANYON



THE DICTATOR

Our Muddling World

FREE TRADE
FREE TRADE

Drawings by Wilfred Jones

by SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA

THERE IS an English Member of Parliament who has devoted his life to a crusade for Free Trade. By some mysterious law of linguistic physics, some words seem to attract to them all the damp mists of the intellectual atmosphere, so that as soon as they are inserted into a phrase, the mental view becomes fog-bound and no idea can be seen beyond the nose of the speaker who utters them. One of the most efficient mist collectors of the English language is the word *free*, which explains why such expressions as Free Trade, Free Arbiter, and Freedom of the Seas should be among the thickest and most dangerous fog centres in the seas of dialectics.

Your Englishman was always a born navigator, and fog — whether of the sea or of the mind — never troubles him overmuch. He lives in an island in which the moderate size of hills, valleys, and plains, as well as a climate neither too dark nor too luminous, limit his horizon to short distances; and his mind, perhaps taught by his eyes, is most at home also within short distance of its starting point. Landscape and intellect are therefore with him what we might call empirical, and the most he worries about when on the road (head-road or foot-road) is the turning of the next bend. In these conditions, fog is no particular drawback to the Englishman and that is why all kinds of freedom find their most ardent champions in England.

To that bold phalanx, no doubt, belongs the English member of Parliament who has devoted his life to the service of Free Trade. His faith is moving in its sincerity, immovable in its simplicity. With that ardor for incarnation which is one of the profoundest features of the English character, he has materialized the idea which possesses him in the form of a map of Europe on which frontiers are marked, not by mere flat lines, but by neat little walls rising above the plane of the map to heights proportional to the tariff of the nation concerned. There were difficulties of course. How, for instance, was the height of the wall to be defined when within any one nation tariffs are so different, so changing, so dependent on the commodity, the country of origin, and a host of other factors? The champion of Free Trade got through that fog creditably enough. Then, of course, he had to build a double wall around every nation, one made up of the real image of its protective tariff, the other of the sum total of the portions of neighboring walls. In this way, every nation appears surrounded by two obstacles to the circulation of goods, its own and its neighbors' tariff walls. The map was built. It was conveniently contrived to be exhibited in all its beauty on a table or stand, or to be packed up in a trunk and sent somewhere else to spread its beauty again beyond one or another of the walls which it pictured. And the Knight of Free Trade sailed forth to fight for his cause with his eloquent witness in his luggage.

He has by now become a familiar figure in every international meeting in which economic questions are debated. With that perseverance which, abundant as it is everywhere when at the service of the individual's own interests, is seldom to be found outside Englishmen when harnessed to objective and disinterested causes, the Knight of Free Trade always manages to secure some place strategically situated in the halls, rooms, or corridors of the particular conference he has selected for his field of work, and there his map is spread in the sight of all the delegates. Then, with the disarming sincerity of the well-meaning Briton, he is content to leave his little walls to distill conviction with their motionless and silent eloquence.

Meanwhile, in his country, the land of both fog and Free Trade, with Free Arbiter and Freedom of the Seas thrown in as well, a more or less private enterprise is busy helping him in his crusade. It is known as the Empire Marketing Board. Its object is to drive into every Englishman, and still more so into every Englishwoman, the excellence of Imperial goods. All kinds of ingenious devices are contrived to that end. The most exalted persons in the country lend their hand now and then to this patriotic work. England was thrilled when no less a paper than the *Times* published no less an advertisement than half a page in which no less a person than the King's Chef generously let out to the whole country no less a secret than his recipe for making a Christmas pudding, all the ingredients of which had been grown in no less a soil than that of the British Empire.

Let the reader pause and scent the strong flavor of Free Trade which emanates from that Imperial Cake, truly a Cake to put before a King — a King-Emperor, of course. Where is the nation whose citizens can rise to a finer sense of teamwork? Wandering alone, a free-lance in the wild fields of international conferences, the Knight of Free Trade carries the good cause right into the enemy's camp. And yet, this "free-lance" again turns out to be a thick fog centre. This solitary knight is not really solitary. The Empire Marketing Board is behind him. "Let us have Free Trade," says the free-lance. And the Marketing Board echoes his appeal with the powerful voice of their advertisements: "Let us freely buy from within the Empire."

It is true, of course, that *British goods are best.* That is, at any rate, what every English postal machine stamps on every letter that it can get its levers on, while every American postal machine keeps parroting that belated, romantic, and mediæval recommendation: *Citizens, go to the military training camps* — (which shows, by the way, that the postal hand of the government does not know what the State Department hand is doing, a truly gospel-like situation in keeping with the ideals of the Kellogg Pact). Now, it is obvious that if the English Government goes out of its way to print *British goods are best* on every bit of paper entrusted to its care, the assertion must surely be true.

Not long ago, Mr. Baldwin, that genial Englishman who conquered his country by his pipe-smoking talents, casually announced in one of his speeches that Mrs. M. W. (no advertising allowed to contributors in THE FORUM) was one of the best English novelists of our age. Three hours after the speech had been uttered, Mrs. M. W.'s latest book had been sold out. Had a French Prime Minister allowed himself to express an opinion of this kind, the whole of the French press would have reminded him that politics must be kept out of literature. As for the Spanish Prime Minister who would have ventured to refer in laudatory terms to the work of a man of letters, he would have had to face the irate author on the field of honor, and the ruined publisher before the law courts.

Now, you are entitled to interpret these facts as either "Latin" backwardness or "Anglo-Saxon" sheepishness. I wash my hands of the whole thing and of anything having to do with racial scales of values. I am content with differences. My point is that a word, a hint, a gesture, a silence, are enough in Anglo-Saxondom to make citizens follow the lead of their shepherds, while in "Latinity" the shepherd is left to whistle to the Muses and the Nymphs, for the goats pay no need whatsoever to him and his like (hence, perhaps, the wealth of pastoral poetry in Southern Europe).

It follows that a country whose people's ear is tuned to strains of a higher mood, to put it in Miltonian language, or, more humbly, to believing what their government tells them, can always afford to advocate Free Trade in theory, since it can always establish protection in practice by acting on the people in social, not in legal, ways. In one word, Customs are useless when Custom is safe.

Nor is that Empire Marketing Board the only ally which the Knight of Free Trade has in his rear. For, thanks to an honorable tradition of fierce protectionism (including not a few naval scraps with an eye on markets), the English nation is now able to establish her Free Trade on the unassailable basis made up of an omnipresent pavilion, a world-wide banking system, and an unrivaled network of merchant lines. Add, in all fairness, the admirable gifts which a Deity, obviously partial to economic factors, lavished on the English — their calm, their steadiness in the handling of credit, their equanimity when safely in harness. But the fact remains that no Free Trade was ever better protected by other than tariff barriers than British Free Trade. As if to put a finishing touch to the picture, the well-known indifference to logic which the English wear like an orchid on their lapel, is made to do its bit, so that, whenever a particular industry is not quite happy in Free Trade, Great Britain finds an elegant solution for the difficulty, keeping intact her fidelity to Free Trade while erecting a special island of protection for the tender industry. These islands, which go by the name of "safeguarding" (the word "protection" is most distasteful to English lips), make up now quite a nice little archipelago in the Free Trade system.

Poor Knight of Free Trade! While he was fighting away, intensely absorbed in his single-minded faith, he received so much help at home from safeguarders and Empire-Marketers, that one wonders which side he is actually fighting for. Though knavish would be the man who would suspect his purpose, what is exactly the cause which, in fact, if not in his mind, he is serving? The cause sounds fine. There is no question that the phrase, "Freedom of Trade," appeals to the better spontaneous instincts of men of good will. But sooner or later, its very simplicity makes one wonder. The first query which rises in the mind is: "Whose freedom is being advocated under the banner of free trade? Is it the freedom of the man who knows a trade, to go and exercise it everywhere?" We ask with the best mask of innocence which we can find on our working desk. Of course it is not. The regulations, authorizations, visitations, objurations, and botherations to be gone through before a carpenter, a smith, or a nurserymaid can enter Great Britain would, if measurable in figures, erect a formidable wall around the picture of the British Isles on the map of the Knight of Free Trade. What Free Trade is this which preaches free movement for goods and forbids free movement to human beings?

"We must protect the standard of living of our working men," say these singular Free Traders.

"We must protect the living of ours," answer the Protectionists.

Where is the difference?

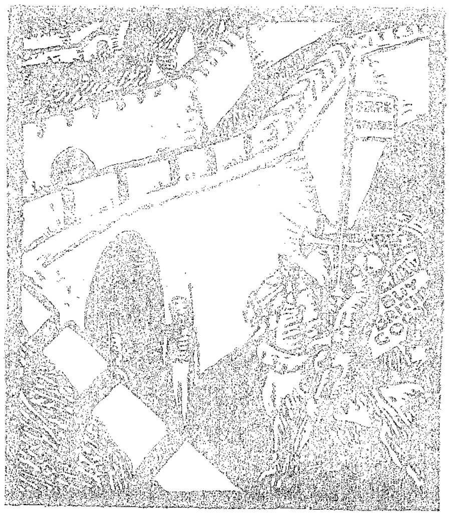
The difference is one of attitude. The Free Trader believes that he represents a higher stage of evolution than the Protectionist. He does not realize that he also is a Protectionist. He protects his country's industries and commerce by all the means in his power: restriction of immigration to keep up a standard of purchasing capacity at home; historical positions of vantage maintained and new ones acquired through political power; safeguarding; intense propaganda for home goods amounting to a high psychological tariff against foreign goods; other methods inspired by the Protectionist or patriotic spirit ever alive. Yet, by keeping intact his belief in Free Trade, *i.e.* his opposition (though only in principle) to one and only one form of protection — the tariff — the Free Trader in the midst of his sins against Free Trade sees himself as superior to the Protectionist as the sinner is to the heretic. Faith, however, is blind, and the Free Trader is unable to see that the source of the trouble is not in the methods but in the aims of commercial policy; or rather, that both the methods discussed partake of the defects inherent in their common aim. For the aim of Free Traders and of Protectionists is but one: to increase the wealth of their own country, if necessary at the expense of other countries, and to that end to maintain and increase a surplus in the yearly balance of payments.

Every country, whether free trading or protectionistic, keeps its eyes glued on its balance of payments. Every country seeks to improve its position in this respect by all the means at its disposal. In the presence of these facts, all talk of protection as the disease of world trade and the cause of rivalry and mistrust is but a half-truth. Protection is one of the causes; Free Trade is the other. And the cause of causes is commercial war.

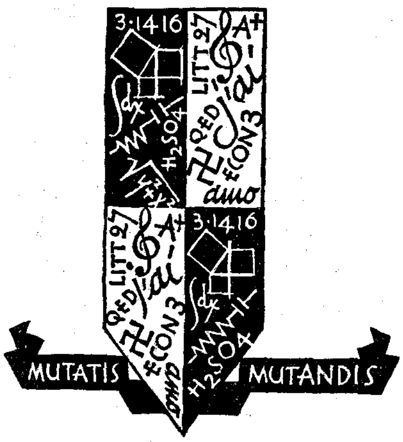
War. The word is out. The nations of the world are in a permanent state of commercial war. War is the spirit which inspires the metaphors of businessmen, statesmen, and economists. Markets are "conquered"; tariffs are thought of as "defensive walls"; consulates are "advanced spots"; travelers and even missionaries are "commercial scouts"; visitors are feared as "commercial spies"; and the election of a President known for his commercial efficiency is hailed as the sign of an era of "trade aggressiveness." War words, war spirit.

The experts of this war, the several officers of the several general staffs — for such is the true rôle of economists in our commercially-minded communities — happen to hold different views as to the way this war should be waged. Some prefer to fight entrenched behind fortresses which they call tariff walls; others deem it more advantageous — for their own army, of course — to manœuvre in the open field, and they advocate Free Trade, *i.e.* the destruction of the tariff walls of their adversaries. The claim that Free Trade is commercial peace is so preposterous that it is doubtful whether the most ardent and convinced Free Trader would, even if ready to put it forward, be ready to maintain it when challenged. No. Free Trade and Protection are but two different ways of carrying on commercial war, and that is why the more the Free Trader denounces protection, the more the Protectionist sticks to it. For, as he may well think, "since my adversary advocates that I should demolish my tariff walls, they must no doubt be a nuisance to him, and therefore, an advantage to me."

Free Traders cannot therefore expect us to take them seriously as co-workers in the building of the World Community. Free Trade is the particular kind of protection suited to a particular kind of economic unity. Protection is the particular kind of free trade suitable for the other kind of world community. Both, on the basis of commercial war. The radical change, the desirable change, therefore, is not the conversion of the world from Protection to Free Trade; it is the conversion of the world from commercial war to commercial coöperation. Those walls which the Knight of Free Trade exhibits all over the world are the defenses whereby the isolated countries protect their balance of payments against the onslaught of Free Trade booters, strong enough to wander in the open. The single-minded Knight must not expect the walls to fall at the mere sounding of the trumpets of Jericho. The wealth behind them fears the highroad, and rightly. The isolationistic walls shall only fall when the world will be but one city surrounded with just one wall. Just as the interest of the United States has now superseded the separate and antagonistic interests of its component units, so, at that time, will the interests of the World Community have superseded the separate and warring interests of the several nations — free-trading and protectionistic alike.



Should WOMEN be Educated like MEN?



by WILLIAM ALLAN NEILSON

President of Smith College

I

The art of education is the oldest of the arts, the science of education almost the youngest of the sciences. It is safe to assume that men, and still more women, have always practised the art, since we see it practised by many of the animals. By far the greater part of what success we have in teaching is success in the practice of an art. It is usually achieved in dealing with the individual problem — the individual pupil or group of pupils — by empirical methods. These are derived from our own experience, from imitation, from common sense, from intuition — only rarely, so far, from principles scientifically ascertained. We follow these methods in the main because we have found that they work, or at least work better than any others we know.

The science of education is not only new but exceptionally difficult. One reason for its difficulty is its dependence on the science of psychology. This science is also in its infancy. There is as yet no general agreement as to its field, its methods, or its conclusions. The science of education has often been discredited and thrown back because of its too hasty application of doubtful psychological principles.

Another reason for its difficulty is the infinite variety of human nature and capacity. The subject that nourishes and stimulates one mind, blights and depresses another. One boy is ready for a certain discipline at six, his brother only at ten. No two people arrive at a truth or a skill by exactly the same path. One child works best under specific directions, another by being allowed to follow his own impulse or taste or desire. The educational principles of the layman are usually based on his single experience with his own mind and character. Its fundamental axiom is "The system that produced me must have been a good system." To this principle he seldom has the assent of his neighbors. But even if he were right, it would not prove the system sound for his children.

Yet the case is not hopeless, and progress toward a science of education is being made. Experiments with large numbers, repeated under varying conditions, are beginning to point to methods and principles valid for the majority of pupils. Students can be recognized as belonging to certain types, and the results of one method applied to a variety of types and repeated year after year begin to yield presumptions for or against its employment with this or that type. But, as I have said, we are only at the beginning.

Meantime, millions of young people have to be educated every year, and we have to do what we can on the basis of experience and intuition. The following observations, therefore, are made without pretension to the possession of scientific principles, but chiefly on the basis of a somewhat varied experience extending over some thirty-five years.

* * *

THE QUESTION of the differences, if any, which should exist between colleges for women and colleges for men would seem to depend upon the answers to two other questions:

1. What are the intellectual and emotional differences between the sexes that need to be taken into account in education?

2. What are the differences in aim in the education of the sexes?

The scientific literature on the subject of sex-differences is of very considerable bulk, and I cannot profess to have a specialist's knowledge or judgment concerning it. I gather that the tendency is toward more and more caution in making absolute distinctions. We hear less and less of such facile generalizations as, "Women are emotional, men rational," or "Women have intuition, men judgment," or "Women follow authority and tradition, men individual conviction." Even if there should be an element of truth in these, it is agreed that it is a question not of absolute contrasts, but of less or more. More women may be swayed chiefly by their emotions than men, but there are many rational women, many emotional men.

And so for the other supposed contrasts. I can find in such qualified distinctions no ground for differentiated educational programmes, for we have to provide for all degrees of masculinity in female minds and all degrees of feminity in male minds, as for all the other varieties of human nature.

* * *

BEFORE BEGINNING the discussion of differentiated aims, it should be made clear that the present discussion deals solely with what is known as liberal education, not at all with vocational. With the latter it is clear that the aim varies with the vocation, and that the contents and method of training should vary accordingly. What debate there is on this matter is chiefly concerned with the age at which it should begin, and to what extent it should include non-technical subjects. But these are not our present affair. One would suppose that the distinction between the two types of education should be clear to everyone, but anyone engaged in liberal education is familiar with the parent who demands vocational results from the liberal college. It may be worth while, therefore, to state briefly once more the case for the institution devoted to purely cultural training.

The distinction is usually made in some such terms as these: the vocational institutions prepare the student for making a living, the liberal college for living itself. "Living" in this connection has two aspects — that of individual growth and development, and that of adjustment to environment. The first involves the development of the faculties, both active and receptive, for the enrichment of the personal life; the second, the development for social intercourse and a wholesome influence in the community.

Emphasis on this type of education is especially necessary in America. It is easier to make a living here than in the Old World, but fewer people know how to enjoy the living they make. We can command more money and more leisure, but we know less what to do with them. More people here are afraid to retire because they dread the void they have to face when they are no longer occupied with their work. More people fill their leisure with trivial recreation and enjoy it on a low level. Fewer people fill their leisure with intellectual and æsthetic interests, and the appreciative public necessary for great creative work is comparatively small. Hence the inferiority of our national distinction in the arts and speculative thought as compared with our success in applied science and business.

It is fortunate that our educational system has crystallized in a form that permits great numbers of our youth to devote the years between eighteen and twenty-two to the enrichment of their minds and tastes. No other country gives this chance to so large a proportion of its young men and women, and if the colleges do their work, a few generations should see a profound change in our cultural quality.

IV

TO RETURN to the question of the possible differences in aim in the liberal education of the two sexes, one must grant that the general aim cannot well be differentiated. For women no less than for men, it is desirable to sharpen their sensibilities, to develop their faculties, to broaden their outlook, to provide themselves with means of self-expression, to store up those resources that make life rich and full and give the soul immunity from the changes of fortune and the shocks of fate. For women no less than for men, it is important to develop sympathy, to achieve tolerance, to learn coöperation — in short, to be a good neighbor.

The question then comes down to this — whether, to achieve these results in women, a different content or a different method is needed from that found effective for men.

In the liberal college we attempt to supply certain tools, to cultivate certain capacities, and to impart certain kinds of knowledge. The tools are such things as languages for the penetration of foreign cultures; mathematics, regarded as a weapon for other sciences; the power of writing ordinary prose as a means of communication. The capacities are such as accurate reasoning and the detection of fallacies; appreciation and practice of literature, art, or music; imagination, insight into the significance and relation of facts. The kinds of knowledge are the masses of information in science, history, and the like, which the tools enable us to acquire and the capacities help us to understand, to use, and to evaluate. These distinctions are not absolute and the groups overlap, but they serve to remind us of the general content of what we call a liberal education.

I believe that no one would hold that any of these factors should be withheld either from college men or college women. Any distinction, then, will have to be looked for either in a difference of emphasis, or in the addition to the men's course I have vaguely outlined, of subjects peculiarly appropriate to women.

Differences of emphasis there undoubtedly are. In most colleges, women elect physics, economics, mathematics in smaller proportionate numbers than men; art, music, literature, religion in greater numbers. Especially since their enfranchisement, women are studying political science and sociology as much as men. They have a special interest in education, in psychology (especially child psychology), and, in some institutions, in physiology. But all these variations are easily explained and easily defended; they are sufficiently cared for by an almost universal degree of freedom of election.

The more difficult problem arises with regard to subjects which should be added to the men's curriculum. Because woman's position in society has changed more than that of the dominant male, and because it has changed and is changing profoundly in our own time, there is room for courses in the history of women and of the family, and in comparative legislation affecting women, which are unlikely to be sought in men's colleges. There is a frequent demand (usually from alumnæ rather than from undergraduates) for courses preparatory to "motherhood." One hears little of a demand for courses in "fatherhood" from the men's colleges, and one might argue that one is as logical as the other.

As a matter of fact, courses such as are generally given in physiology, hygiene, nutrition, and child psychology, which are treated as having a legitimate place in a cultural scheme, meet the greater part of the need. The coördination of these and similar subjects into a group, the purpose of which is the fitting of women into their environment, is the aim of the Vassar course in euthenics; and the further attempt to solve the problem of the continuation of the intellectual life of women after college, and the allied problem of professional careers for married women, is the programme of an institute which has been operating at Smith for the last three years. Experiments and investigations of a like nature are going on elsewhere in the field of women's education, but none of these has disrupted the cultural course or led to any fundamental deviation from the traditional aims of the liberal college. They broaden and supplement these aims, they lead to the introduction of fresh points of view in the treatment of the old subjects, but they are not revolutionary. To the extent indicated by these supplements, there may be said to be a differentiation between women's colleges and men's; but on the whole, the two classes of institutions are likely to remain closely parallel, providing, as they surely should, a common cultural basis for intellectual and social intercourse.

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

V

THERE ARE, however, some differences between men's and women's colleges which may be pointed out, since they have a bearing upon their respective claims to the support of the public. The women's colleges are newer, and hence less deeply rooted in tradition; and this enables them to engage somewhat more freely in educational experiment. Especially since they have passed the stage of having to prove themselves and their women students capable of educational accomplishment equal to men's colleges, they have been showing a marked progressive tendency. Not that they have a monopoly of educational advance, or that all women's colleges are more progressive than all men's, but that on the whole there are fewer of the women's institutions willing to run in the old ruts.

An important reason for this — in addition to their youth — is the attitude of their graduates, and the interest of these graduates in scholarship and athletics respectively. The women's colleges have an enormous advantage in their freedom from the incubus of the intercollegiate athletic contest. They pay, on the whole, more attention to the health and exercise of the individual student than the men's colleges do, and they have a healthy but not exaggerated interest in intramural competition. But athletics do not constitute the serious distraction which is all too manifest to teachers in men's colleges.

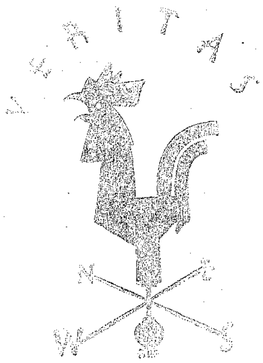
Furthermore, the alumnæ let athletics alone, and, while they follow the intellectual interests and educational innovations in their college with eagerness and sometimes with apprehension, they do not, as far as I have experienced or observed, seek to interfere with its administration. For the last eleven years I have had to deal with a graduate body amounting now to over ten thousand women, and I recall only three cases of the withdrawal of possible financial support on account of disapproval of policy. I believe my experience to be typical, and I regard it as testifying to a remarkable quality of loyalty. Contrast this situation with that at almost any men's college where a serious attempt has been made to restrain athletics from usurping more than their rightful share of importance, and the nature of the advantage I have spoken of will be clear.

VI

AGAINST THIS ADVANTAGE there is to be balanced a grave disadvantage. Some of the large and articulate group of athletic enthusiasts, more of the silent and comparatively obscure lovers of learning who graduate from the men's colleges show their loyalty by generosity in gifts. The women graduates, in proportion to their resources, are quite as generous; but it does not need to be pointed out that their resources are infinitely less. Benefactors who have themselves no college affiliations have, in only a few instances, shown themselves aware that women's colleges exist.

As a result, the task of equipping and staffing the colleges for women has been rendered much more difficult through a constant struggle with poverty. When one considers the importance of the cultivated mother in the home and of the cultivated woman in the community, one is forced to the admission that the most completely demonstrated difference between the women's college and the men's is this of resources, and that its existence is a reflection on the men of our country rather than the women.

Next month Dr. W. Béran Wolfe will answer President Neilson on the question, "Should Women be Educated like Men?"



Anglo-American JOADISM

A Reply to C. E. M. Joad

by I. A. R. WYLIE

There is no greater handicap in this world to round, affirmative statement than knowledge. With what gusto and confidence Mr. Joad has been able to express his opinion* — and thus, presumably, the opinion of England — on America. Mere facts can neither daunt nor circumscribe him. Like ex-Mayor Thompson of Chicago, he has his textbooks and his newspapers — the latter illustrating the daily habits of American millionaires — and just as Mr. Thompson knows that the English are Machiavellian tyrants, gnashing their teeth over Bunker Hill and seeking by every foul and devious course to entangle free America in an ancient serfdom, so Mr. Joad knows that America is a Robot Factory — a sort of awful combination of Ford and Woolworth — and infectious at that. Otherwise the situation would not be so serious. Since America has nothing to spoil, it is of no importance what she does to herself. But it is when it comes to polluting our England, our simple and noble peasantry, our lovely peaceful villages and lofty-minded business men — then indeed there is cause for righteous hatred.

Mr. Joad, indeed, has a great deal in common with the cockney lady who, in the thick of the late war, was heard to assent to a sympathetic bus conductor: "Wot I says is — whenever an Englishman meets a foreigner he ought-ter push his bloody face in, no matter 'oo 'e is!" Only of course Mr. Joad would give special attention to American faces, which in any case would be unspoilable.

I write as an Englishwoman with a proper conviction of superiority. I frankly admit that on various counts I consider the English to be the most civilized, the most fundamentally decent race on earth. And if, like Mr. Joad, I had kept myself pure from knowledge, I should have been able to read his article with the right warmth of contempt for our degraded English-speaking relations. Unfortunately, I have traveled too much. I have actually had the courage to travel and live in America — often and for months on end. This is a serious handicap to hatred.

Against my will, lovely New England villages rise in my memory, and hearty, decent country folk with native intelligence and dignity. I recall Sante Fé and San Francisco — that Paris of the West; and even that abomination of abominations, New York, has memories for me that would be movingly beautiful if they were not so hopelessly American. I recall certain Americans whose grace of life and whose culture I have been unable to deny — a rather disconcerting percentage of them — and a handful of internationally-minded idealists who were not hypocrites.

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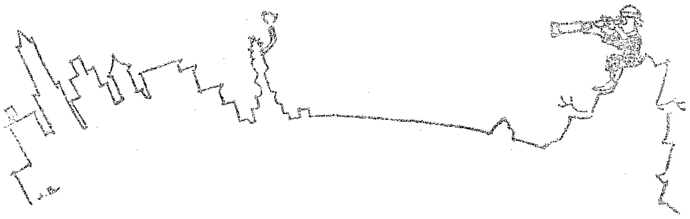
* See his article, "Does England Dislike America?" in The Forum for November 1928.

Unfortunately too, I know my own country. I know who has turned its beauty into beauty spots and who litters Land End with char-à-bancs and picnickers and refuse. I wish they were Americans. I know that they are not. I wish it was Americans who made a hell of our country roads with their bad driving and their worse manners. I know, alas, too much.

All this stands in my way. These facts cramp my best vituperative style. Indeed, Mr. Joad is heartily to be envied. He should never come to America — at least, not till he is even more sure than he is now that he knows all about it.



But I am not concerned with defending America from Mr. Joad. I am concerned with defending England from him. And I realize that because many Americans may take him seriously, we cannot afford to take him too lightly. We must make clear that his is a type of mind not typically English but universal — a phenomenon common to all civilized communities. Joadism might be considered the disease of education. Mr. Joad, obviously, can read and write. This, for many people, is a misfortune. It enables them to acquire and express freely second and third-hand opinions unsupported by the first-hand knowledge with which a genuinely intelligent and curious mind seeks to equip itself. These people propagate clichés, legends, rumors, and superstitions. They make themselves the literary spokesmen of the herd, and the herd, as it happens, has one main emotional outlet — hatred. The herd hates well. It is, in fact, about the only thing that it can do effectively.

Certainly England hates America — as America hates England, as all herds hate each other, except in moments of sentimental excitement. England imagined that she loved Belgium — for a few weeks. America loved France and France America. The aftermath of these attacks of inverted Joadism is Joadism itself. Indeed, the best that can be expected of herds is politeness or indifference. Herds cannot love herds. For love requires delicacy and understanding, and the herd, however fine its component parts, is a crude and clumsy body. It hates because hate is elemental and rooted in stupidity and ignorance. And in the present state of our civilization the herd is still mainly stupid and ignorant everywhere.

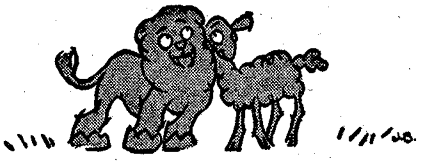
So we must take international hatreds, either quiescent or active, for granted. Let us admit that England *en masse* hates America *en masse* and vice versa. But the intelligent Englishman cannot hate America any more than an intelligent American can hate England. It is not altogether a matter of personal experience. Many travelers hate the country they travel through, because in spite of whatever success they may have had in their own careers, they are fundamentally stupid. They would travel through America and see nothing and experience nothing but a gross materialism, and through England and see nothing but a cold and narrow snobbery, either intellectual or social. They would be incapable of seeing that beneath her so-called class distinctions, England is the most democratic country in the world and that America is merely struggling through an attack of Victorianism with all its attendant horrors and difficulties.

Victorianism is a phase of development inevitable to all great countries. If Mr. Joad, for instance, would turn back the pages of *Punch*, he would see the English as they smugly and contentedly saw themselves in their own Victorian period — a most loathsome and detestable spectacle. And yet, at heart, how lovable and fine we were, and, as Mr. Joad would point out, how nobly we have emerged. And if Mr. Joad were intelligent instead of being merely articulate, he would expect no less of America and would see that on the whole she is bearing her prosperity with an unusual and hopeful degree of spiritual grace.

An intelligent man must be a man of the world. However much he may prefer his own country, he must be incapable of hating other countries — except under the temporary influence of herd-madness, or as a purely emotional luxury. If I say that I hate the Irish, I admit that I am either a fool or that I am indulging in a silly prejudice and have no other defense except my admission. (If Mr. Joad would admit as much, much might be forgiven him.) Any intelligent person knows, even if he is untraveled, that the world is not geographically divided up into angels and devils, snobs and democrats, materialists and idealists, and that any outstanding national characteristic is the result of conditions very often temporary, and always understandable. So that in almost every case the characteristic appears as a common human heritage — either to be admired or to be tolerated with sympathy and good will.

It is true, of course, that the world is divided up into groups, but these groups are not national. They have nothing to do with geographical boundaries and very little to do with race. There are, for instance, thousands of American Joads, and American Joads and English Joads belong far more to each other than they do to either England or America — just as intelligent Englishmen and intelligent Americans are far more closely related to each other than they are to the unintelligent types in their own country. Indeed, I predict that future wars, if we must have wars, will be fought on these lines — not nation against nation, but intelligent people against idiots, Joadists against men of the world, idealists against materialists, and so forth. Already nations are becoming increasingly divided in themselves on these lines, so that even in the late war it was difficult for the intelligent groups to hate each other thoroughly. There was even a vague, unexpressed feeling — for the first time — that they ought *not* to hate each other, and the manifesto on the part of the German intellectuals was regarded with consternation as an act of treachery to a new principle.

It is to be hoped, of course, that eventually good sense and intelligence will predominate to an extent that will make hatred of any sort as out-of-date as any other form of barbarism. In the meantime, it is clearly the business of the men of the world to assert themselves more definitely in their respective countries and to refuse to allow their intelligence to be either swamped or stampeded by mass-madness, and to prevent the disease of Joadism from spreading to the easily infected herd.



The man of the world, reading Mr. Joad's article, groans in spirit. But the herd, on both sides of the Atlantic, feels the pleasing stir of its most stupid instincts and believes that Mr. Joad has made them reasonable. The mass-Englishman applauds this exposition of his own ignorance. The Americans are like that — he knows it because he too reads the newspapers, and has seen the picture of American millionaires dining with lions, and has read lurid accounts of Chicago hold-ups and of the Sacco-Vanzetti trial. He can confirm Mr. Joad's statements from absolute fourth-hand information. He has, of course, never been to America. He wouldn't go if his passage were paid for him. He knows too much. If you were to talk to him of the intellectual and spiritual forces which are leavening the terrific and confused mass of American life, and which, together with their like all over the world, are making a heroic stand against the universal tide of materialism, he wouldn't believe you. The newspapers don't print that sort of thing. And what isn't in the newspapers isn't true.

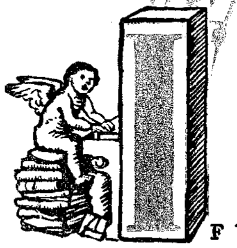
And on the American side the mass-American sees in Mr. Joad the typical and detested Englishman, as presented to him by the cheap anti-British press. Accordingly, his instinctive hatred for the unknown herd across the water is by that much reënforced. Given sufficient reënforcement of that sort by our respective Joads, plus a few gentlemen to whom war would be a financial asset, and the two herds will be at each other's throats.

I admit that the Joads of this world have the best of it at present. They are very numerous and very active. And as far as personal enjoyment is concerned, they are to be envied. What they don't know doesn't worry them. And it is great fun to hate: hatred includes such a fine sense of righteousness and superiority. It is a pity, from this point of view, that it should have become idiotic.

Your Child and his MUSIC

Drawings by Allen Lewis

by FRANK H. RICHARDSON, M.D.



IF YOUR EARS are assaulted by the notes of some infant demon picking his tortuous way through the maze of a scale in B flat, do not fancy that his tiny soul is being wafted to the heights of lyric tranquillity on the wings of song. On the contrary, it is likely that he is going through torments far worse than your own, as a result of which he will probably be found in a doctor's office a few months hence, suffering from some mental or nervous trouble. It may be an annoying twitch or grimace, it may be a conduct disorder, or it may be something as serious as St. Vitus' Dance, from which it will take him months to recover — if he ever does recover completely.

From this it may be seen why I, as a doctor, have presumed to intrude on the æsthetic preserves of the music lesson. Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast only when it is applied judiciously. If it is rammed down the young savage's throat, as it has been for years, the effect is anything but soothing. The popular hot-house method of forced musical development produces more nervous disorders than infant prodigies, and even where it has no unfortunate physical effect, it is at least likely to cause the victim to shy at a musical instrument forever after. Those who have come through the old one-two-three school of discipline and still retain a love of music, may be said to have done so in spite of the lessons rather than because of them. From the point of view both of the doctor and the musician, then, there seems to be a sour note somewhere in musical education.

Naturally, I am most concerned with its harmful effects on the mental and nervous system. Why should anything apparently so simple frequently result in emotional breakdowns? If the adult who studied music in the good old days will search his memory honestly and carefully, he will have little difficulty in answering this question. He may remember, first of all, his disappointment when, in approaching what he anticipated as the delightful experience of making tunes come out of a piano, he was brought up against the amazing realization that taking music lessons did not mean any such delightful thing. On the contrary, it meant cramming his head with all sorts of unfamiliar and quite meaningless facts about little dots and straight lines that held no earthly interest for him. It meant cramping his little fingers into painful positions and using them in unfamiliar ways until they ached. It meant the repetition of anything but de-

lightful half hours at the piano, making unmusical and altogether undesirable sounds — an endless repetition of stupid scales and idiotic little exercises that seemed to have no relation to the tunes he knew and the songs he liked to sing. Was it any wonder that he grew to hate everything connected with music lessons — perhaps even music itself, which he had looked forward to with such joyful anticipation?

Just what had happened? A psychologist would say that he had been "conditioned against" music, just as surely as if his parents and his teacher had conspired to make him loathe it, instead of honestly wanting him to love and appreciate it. They had accomplished this by associating with it a number of disagreeable sensations and by excluding all of the pleasurable experiences in which music is naturally so rich. Or, to express it another way, he had been suffering from that bane of all good pedagogues, "divided interest" — wanting to do one thing while being forced to do another. His interest, being split between the two, was consequently diminished in each. The result was failure and an enormous waste in time, effort, and expense, if not actual emotional harm.

The average child is not sent to a music teacher with the idea that he is to become an expert performer. In this day of excellent but inexpensive music through mechanical means — such as the phonograph, the radio, the player-piano — the ability to be "the life of the party" no longer has the inducement it once had. What most sensible people want for their children is musical appreciation — the very thing, as I have shown above, that the old music lesson did its evil best to condition him *against*.

Certainly it must be possible to teach music without defeating our purpose at the very start. However, before developing a new method, it is first necessary to discover the specific faults in the old one. To me the most glaring error appears to be the illogical manner in which children are first launched on their musical careers. What instrument shall Junior play? Most parents answer instinctively, "Why, the piano, of course." A few, for some sentimental reason, choose the violin. It almost never occurs to them to suggest any other instrument.

Now as a matter of fact, the instruments chosen are the two least adapted to the uses of the child. The piano is undoubtedly the most artificial, the most mechanical, the most complicated of our musical instruments; it interposes more mechanism between the player and the music he produces than does any other instrument. And the violin is conceded to be the most difficult, technically, and the one that offers the most possibilities for the production of distinctly unmusical sounds. Further, in choosing these we have been guilty of the pedagogic sin of jumping to the complex, ignoring the simple steps which should lead up to it. We have overlooked the host of simple instruments naturally adapted to the child and have prescribed something designed for adult hands and adult abilities.

No one will deny that musical skill and appreciation develop as a growth, an unfolding, a building up from the simple into the complex. Before one can be expected to play by note, he ought at least to know what he will produce; in other words, he ought to be able to speak before he is asked to read. And surely he cannot be expected to speak through the medium of an instrument before he knows how to sing and is familiar at least with some simple melodies. He cannot sing without a sense of rhythm; and a sense of rhythm is expressed, and for that matter is best learned, by movements of the body such as dancing, or marching, or beating time. Not a hint of this simple, logical, self-evident progression is to be detected in the orthodox teaching of music.

The modern music teacher takes the child when he is very young and begins by teaching him matters more fundamental than singing or dancing; even these are too advanced for the infant novice. She first teaches him rhythm by the obvious method of letting him *feel* rhythm by walking, running, and skipping to music. She plays for him simple melodies that call for a variety of pulses, and progresses from the simple to the more complicated as rapidly as he is ready for the advance — but no more so.

The next step — though it may coincide with the study of rhythm — is the teaching of simple melodies. Folk songs are especially suitable for this — our negro melodies, the Stephen Foster tunes which are so popular, old German, English, and French songs of the soil. In singing and dancing these, the child finds real enjoyment while, in accordance with a sound pedagogic principle, he is learning through the channels of hearing and feeling (or, to be more exact, through his muscle sense). The result is a double appeal, as compared with the usual method of learning through only one of the senses.

When the child has developed a sense of rhythm and melody, he is then ready to take up an instrument — but only the very simplest. Suitable for a child at this stage are the primitive rattle and drum of the savage, the triangle, the cymbal, and the humble "bones" of the minstrel. These are not to be sneered at, for the expression of rhythm by means of an instrument, however lowly, is a distinct advance over the rhythmic dance; it is the first bit of real "instrumental" music that our future performer is ready for.

It is not too soon to call the child's attention to the differences in tone produced by some simple instrument. This may be illustrated by means of a two or three-toned set of "musical glasses," which are easily made by filling tumblers with the proper amounts of water to produce such a succession of notes. Let no one laugh at what such an instrument can produce; "Three Blind Mice" rendered on home-made glasses may be sweeter than a sonata of Beethoven's extracted from the radio! If a more elaborate instrument is desired, the xylophone or "orchestra bells" may take the place of glasses.

It will be seen that these "percussion instruments" are a distinct advance over the simple drum or cymbal, in that they combine tone with rhythm; but they are still fairly primitive as a class. A more sophisticated family is that of the wind instruments. The toy flageolet, or penny tin whistle with its six holes, can produce perfectly true and distinctly sweet tones. The fife is decidedly harder to blow; but its six stops yield similar changes in tone. The piccolo is not so far above the fife as to deny it a bowing acquaintance, and from that to the dignified flute is not a difficult step when the time comes. Because their evolution is so similar, it is not necessary to trace the progression by which the more exalted of the reed instruments and the brasses of high degree derive from humble antecedents. Among the stringed instruments one may ascend from the depths of the ukelele, through the mandolin, banjo, and guitar, to the dizzy heights of the violin or piano.

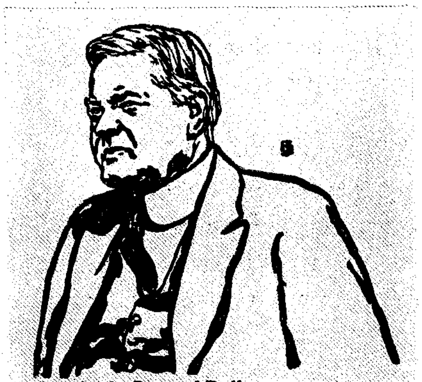
In this breathless survey of the vast number of possibilities from which the teacher and pupil may choose, the reader may have wondered just what connection this has with music lessons. The connection is not as purely theoretical as it may at first seem. In the preface to her book, *Creative Music for Children*, Mrs. Satis N. Colman says: "Somewhere along the path of Music's development there lies an instrument suited to the capacity of every child." She points out that many of the great musicians and composers of the past have played not only the embryonic pianos of their time but every instrument in the orchestra as well. The child who has developed along the lines indicated so sketchily here, passing through experimentation with many instruments in succession, has a knowledge of music far greater than that of his less fortunate father and mother for whom the piano or violin was chosen arbitrarily, with no consideration of inherent tastes and abilities. Many a child who goes through this evolutionary form of instruction finds an instrument much better suited to him than either the violin or piano. It may be the flute, one of the horns, or a reed instrument. Whatever it is, why should he not be allowed to perfect himself in it, rather than go through the motions of learning to perform on something that holds no appeal for him and gives him no inward satisfaction?

All this sounds so very theoretical and even visionary that it may surprise the reader to learn that the method outlined is already in operation. It has been incorporated, with considerable success, in a definite programme of teaching at the Lincoln School in New York. Through a variety of experiments the children discover that music exists all about them; that it can be walked, marched, danced, sung, and played on a multitude of instruments. They are encouraged to make their own simple instruments and to improvise tunes. There is nothing stilted or made-to-order about their compositions; their freshness and spontaneity give them a value that is lacking in many more mature efforts. To these children, music has become a familiar language, and when they have something to express in it, they are able to do so easily and naturally.

But neither a school nor a professional teacher are necessary with this method. It can be carried out successfully by any parent, and with far less effort and greater hope of success than under any of the more orthodox, but less logical, systems of teaching. The idea of present evil in preparation for future good, which never appealed to any child, is supplanted by constant enjoyment as the lessons progress. For a child so inducted into the realm of musical appreciation, the future takes care of itself; it is the present in which he is interested. No hounding will be necessary to get him to practise half an hour a day, for he has an incentive in doing what seems to him eminently worth doing; and because it has captured his whole-souled interest, he will work far harder at a difficult bit that he knows he must master than the most hard-hearted teacher would ask.

Under any circumstances, the mastery of a musical instrument is a difficult task. When lack of interest is added to the difficulty, there is little hope of accomplishing anything. Music can be made a joy to everyone who approaches it; and when it is not, it is the teacher who must answer for it. The child will respond if given the right stimulus.

A NEW Latin-American Policy



Drawing by Bertrand Zadig

by RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL

THE PREDICTION that Herbert Hoover would make no conventional President has already proved true. He has paid a visit to Latin America — a unique occupation for a President-elect, and one from which great good may result. His journey took him to Costa Rica, which has recently expressed concern over the Monroe Doctrine; to Nicaragua, where we have lately supervised an election; to Peru and to Chile, where several years ago we attempted unsuccessfully to hold a plebiscite; to Argentina, which has been a centre of anti-American feeling, largely because of our tariff policy; and to other Central and South American countries that have been vitally affected by the foreign policy of the United States.

Mr. Hoover's notable voyage has made possible a new understanding with Latin America. His speeches have breathed good will, and he has formed personal contacts with the leaders of governments with whom he will soon deal officially. But if a new understanding is to be permanently realized, it must be based upon a reorientation of our Latin-American policy. The political, economic, and cultural differences between the United States and Latin America are too deep-seated to be wiped out merely by an exchange of official courtesies. President Coolidge went to Havana to open the last Pan-American Conference, and he took with him an exceptionally strong delegation. While the Cubans outdid themselves in covering the President with hospitality, his visit did nothing visibly to lessen the intensity of the debates at that conference, nor perceptibly to change the relations between the United States and Latin America. Since that visit Argentina has disavowed the Monroe Doctrine and has declined to participate in the Pan-American Arbitration Conference; Costa Rica has asked the Council of the League of Nations for an official interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine; the A.B.C. powers have failed so far to adhere to the anti-war pact because of fear that, by some indirect means, it involves recognition of the Monroe Doctrine. If Mr. Hoover's journey is to be more fruitful than Mr. Coolidge's, we must match our words with deeds.

The United States and the republics to the south have a common political origin: all achieved freedom from European masters a hundred years or so ago. Nevertheless the United States and the Latin-American countries have a radically different cultural and racial background. The United States is predominantly Anglo-Saxon; South and Central America are predominantly Latin. And where has the one culture really understood the other? Except for the Civil War, the United States has led a placid internal existence in contrast to some of our southern neighbors, who have lived in a chronic state of revolutions, *coups d'états*, dictatorships, and wars. If nations could live an existence of complete isolation, such turmoils would be merely of domestic concern. But the export of capital from one country to another has made isolation impossible. When a state in South America (or in Europe) repudiates its debts, a bondholder in Iowa may suffer.

Investors realize that the risk in politically backward countries is greater than the risk at home, and they accordingly demand a higher rate of interest. Yet few of them voluntarily take a loss when it actually occurs; instead they exert pressure upon their governments to bring the defaulting state to terms. Thereupon arises the problem of intervention or "diplomatic protection," to use a term which covers many contingencies.

The extent to which a government should protect the interests of its nationals abroad has been hotly debated. At one time, when the doctrine of state equality and sovereignty was strong and when the dictum of let-well-enough-alone held sway, an alien could expect no better treatment than a citizen of a country in which he chose to reside. Secretary William Jennings Bryan once said, "When you go abroad, you have to take your chances." Going to the opposite extreme, President Coolidge stated in his United Press speech that "The person and property of a citizen are a part of the general domain of a nation even when abroad, and it is not only a right but a duty of the American Government to protect these interests wherever they may be found." The leading trait of the foreign policy of the last several administrations at Washington has been the protection of American interests abroad. Every government is obliged, we have virtually asserted, to pay the same respect to American property rights as is guaranteed such rights in the United States by the Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments to our Constitution.

"CAMELS" OF THE ANDES

Drawings by F. González Gamarra

UNCLE SAM, CONSTABLE

This policy of protecting American interests abroad is applied in Europe, in Asia, in Latin America — in any part of the world where American interests are in need of aid. But our policy in Latin America differs from our policy elsewhere: in both the Americas we have virtually assumed the duty of protecting not only our own interests but those of other foreign nationals as well. Theodore Roosevelt stated the doctrine — which is still followed at Washington — in these words:

> Chronic wrongdoing, or an impotence which results in a general loosening of the ties of civilized society, may in America, as elsewhere, ultimately require intervention by some civilized nation, and in the western hemisphere the adherence of the United States to the Monroe Doctrine may force the United States, however reluctantly, in flagrant cases of such wrongdoing or impotence, to the exercise of an international police power.

He declared that the only way to prevent foreign governments from temporarily occupying American territory to secure the payment of obligations is "that we must ourselves undertake to bring about some arrangement by which as much as possible of a just obligation shall be paid." If we should allow a non-American state to intervene upon the American continent in behalf of its interests, it is argued that such a state might not withdraw its forces upon fulfilling the ostensible object of intervention, but, instead, convert a temporary occupation into annexation, and thus eventually threaten the security of the United States.

Since the opening of the Panama Canal, our fears have become more sensitive than ever as far as Central America and the Caribbean are concerned. It was the fear of imminent European intervention which led us to establish a financial receivership in Santo Domingo in 1907 and to form military governments in Haiti and Santo Domingo during the World War. Our naval officers and State Department officials have feared that Germany or France might take advantage of revolution to secure naval bases at the Mole St. Nicholas or Samana Bay. It was the fear that Nicaragua might lease canal rights to Germany or to Japan which led us to negotiate the Bryan-Chamorro treaty of 1914 giving us a canal monopoly; and it was the same fear which, in part, prompted us to put an end to the revolution in Nicaragua in 1926. To stamp out all pretext for European intervention, the United States has virtually assumed the duty of seeing to it that throughout the American continent there shall be no wars, no chronic revolutions, no flagrant bankruptcies. We have become the constable of a hemisphere.

In some cases we have been open and honest about it. Thus we induced Cuba to accept the Platt Amendment in 1903, and we induced Haiti to accept a treaty in 1915 giving us a suspended right of intervention. We attempted to impose such a treaty on Santo Domingo, only to have it rejected by the Dominicans. We attempted to make such a treaty with Nicaragua, only to have it rejected by the United States Senate. But the absence of a treaty right of intervention has not kept us from intervening in other countries when disorder prevailed.

NOBLE ENDS, FAULTY MEANS

In assuming the right of policing the American continent, the United States has acted not only on behalf of its own interests but to protect the Latin-American states against European aggression. A hundred years ago the Monroe Doctrine offered these states a genuine shelter against European colonization. But because we have converted the Monroe Doctrine from a doctrine of non-intervention into a doctrine of intervention at our pleasure, Latin America now fears European aggression less than she fears that of the United States. The leading American states, such as Argentina, Chile, Brazil, and Mexico, have reached, or are rapidly reaching, political maturity. They feel able to protect themselves; they resent the implied tutelage imposed by the Monroe Doctrine, as at present interpreted. And sooner or later, some of these states may use the League of Nations at Geneva to protest against this tutelage.

Despite our demands upon certain American countries, we have not, I am convinced, been imperialistic in the sense that we have lusted for more territories to rule. Mr. Hughes was absolutely sincere when he stated at Havana that "Nothing could be happier for the United States than that all the countries in the region of the Caribbean should be strong, self-sufficient, fulfilling their destiny, settling their problems, with peace at home and the fulfillment of their obligations abroad." We have stated that all we demand from Latin America is respect for the principles of international law. Yet we have arrogated to ourselves the definition and application of these principles and we have reserved to ourselves the determination of when intervention on behalf of these principles shall take place. No one has conferred this right upon us, and in its exercise we recognize no international accountability. Our aim has been peace and stability — a wholly praiseworthy end. But the exclusively nationalistic means of realizing this end has been at fault.

How may our technique be changed? Is there any better method of promoting peace and stability upon the American continent and of securing respect for international obligations than the method we have employed in the past? Our policy has been animated, as I have tried to point out, by a desire to forestall European aggression and to protect our interests. But is it necessary to claim the right to police a continent in order to forestall the danger of European aggression? Is this danger still real?

DESCENDANT OF THE INCAS

The vast majority of the states of the world have accepted solemn obligations under the Covenant of the League of Nations and the Anti-War Pact to settle disputes by pacific means and not to embark upon aggressive war. These states may break their promises and commit acts of aggression upon Latin-American territory; but until they do, I cannot see any possible justification of an intervention policy whose chief end is to forestall a possible, if not wholly imaginary, interference from Europe later on. The use of force in the Caribbean and elsewhere in order to prevent other states from using it in the future is really a variation of Von Moltke's discredited doctrine of "preventive wars" — of attacking the enemy before he attacks you. Even Bismarck could not stomach this doctrine; yet we apply a variation of it in dealings with our southern neighbors.

There is, perhaps, a possibility that out of pique, if for no other reason, some Central or South American state may lease a naval or air base, say, to Great Britain, France, or Germany, which might directly menace the security of the United States as well as other American countries. There is a possibility that some state may cede canal rights to a non-American power which might injure the economic and political position of the Panama Canal. Yet if Great Britain really wants new naval bases in this hemisphere, she need not lease foreign territory for this purpose; she has merely to increase her fortifications at Jamaica and elsewhere. The same principle applies to other European powers holding territory in the Caribbean. What would they gain from a deliberate affront to the United States?

A MOUNTAIN SEÑORITA

Nevertheless, there are some minds — official and otherwise — which are still haunted by these strategic fears, and they are quick to demand intervention to prevent these fears from possible realization. Whenever disorder occurs in Central America, they demand that marines be landed in order to keep out European or Asiatic marines. In order to remove, or at least reduce, these fears, I propose an inter-American agreement providing that no state shall cede or lease to a non-American state a naval or air base or any rights to build a canal. Such an agreement should remove these strategic fears to which I have referred and correspondingly remove the causes which have prompted our intervention in the past. The violation of such an agreement would give us a juridical basis for intervention which, in the absence of such an agreement, we do not have.

The occasions for intervention in the Caribbean and elsewhere would also be reduced by a change in our policy of recognition. In order to discourage revolution, the United States, in 1907, adopted a policy of declining to recognize any government in Latin America which came into power as a result of a revolution. President Wilson applied this policy to General Huerta in Mexico, and more recent Presidents have applied it to President Ayora of Ecuador, General Carias in Honduras, and General Chamorro in Nicaragua. President Ayora was strong enough to ignore the State Department and he has since remained in office, finally being recognized by Washington last fall. But General Carias and Chamorro, living in countries more dependent upon American influence than Ecuador, bowed to Washington and gave up the offices which they had won by force.

Well-meaning as our policy of recognition has been, its results have been unsatisfactory. In laying down rules of eligibility for presidents and presidential candidates, it becomes necessary for us to apply these rules to particular cases; and we thus become embroiled in purely internal affairs of other peoples. A policy of disbarring revolutionists from the presidency excludes strong men from office. The weaker sisters are the only eligibles, and they are often kept in power by the moral and physical aid of the United States.

Moreover, our anti-revolutionary policy is not democratic. In a number of countries to the south, elections are rigorously controlled by the *ins* in order to perpetuate themselves in office. Revolution is the only means by which the people may obtain a new government. Yet when the United States throws its weight against a government born of revolution, it simply aids in the perpetuation of dictatorship. In a few cases we have emerged from this unhappy dilemma by undertaking to supervise elections in the country concerned, so that the people may have a fair opportunity of choosing a government by pacific means. Yet the Latin-American countries, or even the Caribbean countries, would never accept this régime as a permanent policy; and no official in Washington has expressed the desire of generally assuming such a responsibility. Inevitably the defeated party at a supervised election blames the supervising government, and thus more unjust abuse is heaped upon the United States.

Nevertheless, as long as we follow our present policy of recognizing only constitutional governments, we must choose between the maintenance of dictatorships and the supervision of elections. If our present recognition policy had been successful in preventing revolutions, there might be some justification for maintaining it; but, as recent events in Nicaragua show, revolutions are not prevented by legal theories. If we wish to remove one fruitless cause for interfering with our southern neighbors — a cause which, as much as anything else, took us into Nicaragua in 1926 — we should frankly abandon our present policy of recognizing only "constitutional" governments and recover our freedom to recognize any government that seems able to govern the country and meet its obligations.

How to Protect American Interests

While the removal of the strategic considerations above discussed and the abandonment of our present recognition policy would diminish the reasons for intervention, the question of the protection of American interests would still remain. In the past, many disputes have arisen with Latin-American countries over the impairment of American property rights. In some instances, legislation has been enacted restricting or confiscating these rights; in others, revolution has done them damage. Although there are many questions affecting states as such which are not suitable for arbitration, there is no legitimate reason why disputes affecting individual property rights should not be submitted to some form of international tribunal. In a convention signed in 1902 the United States accepted the principle that pecuniary claims should be settled by arbitration; and it has frequently referred such claims to *ad hoc* commissions. But at present no machinery exists for handling these claims as they arise. Instead, they are frequently the subject of long, drawn-out diplomatic controversy, in which ill feeling on both sides is frequently generated. In these controversies the United States has cited in its behalf the rules of international law. But these rules have been challenged by other governments; and under this system each state attempts to be judge and party to the same cause. My third suggestion for a new Latin American policy, therefore, is the establishment of arbitration machinery to settle all disputes involving the impairment of property rights of aliens upon the American continent, whether this impairment occurs through legislation or revolution.

We may arbitrate losses of property, but the question is asked, "May we arbitrate losses of human lives?" When a revolution in a Latin-American country threatens to destroy an American colony, should the government do nothing except demand reparation after lives have actually been lost — lives which might have been saved by preventive action? As a matter of fact, this is our present policy under certain circumstances. We do not march an army over the Rio Grande every time a bandit kills an American in Mexico; we ask for compensation. Only when a formidable revolution-

A BAREFOOTED GRANDEE

ary movement threatens a large number of our citizens are we justified in taking preventive action involving the use of armed force. The principle of protecting our nationals from destruction may be sound, but we must remember that no government can wipe out all risks, as the number of deaths from murders and from automobile accidents in the United States shows. We must be very sure that a real danger exists. And the chief difficulty with our present system of intervention is that the determination of whether the circumstances justify intervention in effect often rests with the minister on the spot and a bureau in the State Department at home. While these officials are well-meaning and sincere, in the past they have sometimes acted in haste and without adequate information. They have not had to submit their case to any other nation, nor even to our Congress.

WANTED — A HOOVER DOCTRINE

There are those who advocate a policy of complete non-intervention. I am convinced that in these days of an integrated society, a policy of non-intervention is neither possible nor desirable. But a policy of intervention is tenable only if it is subjected to the conscience of the international community. Do you still remember the French occupation of the Ruhr? In January 1923 France claimed that Germany had violated her obligations under the Treaty of Versailles, and perhaps Germany had. Still, the occupation of the Ruhr by France brought forth a storm of criticism, and in the Dawes Plan — negotiated more than a year later — it was provided that neither France nor any other nation could go into the Ruhr or otherwise invade German territory without first submitting its claims to the outside world and getting an impartial judgment upon their validity.

Whether it be in Europe or in Latin America, the time is past when any one state is strong enough or wise enough to decide for itself whether another part of the world is living up to its obligations. We may make profession after profession, but as long as we follow our present nationalistic policy of intervention, our motives will be suspected and our good will and trade will suffer. Self-interest demands that we internationalize our intervention policy, unless we are prepared to give it up altogether. The obligation of modifying this policy becomes all the greater in view of the ratification of the Anti-War Pact. That document prohibits war as an instrument of national policy and provides for the settlement of disputes by pacific means. This pact may therefore be interpreted to prohibit any act of force by a single state to protect individual interests abroad. But it does not prohibit an international police power.

This theory of coöperative intervention is not new. President Roosevelt applied it when he and President Diaz of Mexico jointly coöperated in restoring peace in Central America in 1906. President Hoover would carry his visit to South America to a logical conclusion and would take a place in the history of the world similar to that held by President Monroe if he would declare that the United States will not undertake the exercise of any police power on the American continent without first consulting with representatives of the other leading American states.

The following, therefore, are four possible planks in a new Latin-American policy:

1. An inter-American agreement prohibiting the sale or lease of any territory to a non-American state for the construction of naval or air bases or a canal.
2. The abandonment of our present policy of recognition in favor of a policy of recognizing any government which is a government in fact and is able to meet its obligations.
3. The establishment of arbitral machinery to settle all disputes over the impairment of alien property rights on the American continent.
4. A Hoover Doctrine to the effect that the United States will never exercise any police power on the American continent without consulting with representatives of the other leading American states.

In view of Mr. Hoover's journey to Latin America and of Mr. Morrow's quiet but vital work in Mexico, the United States is closer to an understanding with Latin America than it has been at any time in the recent past. I close, then, as I began: if a new understanding is to be permanently realized, it must be based upon a reorientation of our Latin-American policy. We must match our words with deeds.

Next month Salvador de Madariaga will consider our relations with Latin America as a Spaniard sees them.

The School of WOMEN

by ANDRÉ GIDE

II

WHEN Eliane Delaborde first fell in love with Robert D., she began to keep a diary which was to contain, she hoped, only the record of her happiness. She wrote a glowing account of their meeting in Florence, of their hours together in the art galleries, of his final proposal of marriage. To her he was talented, generous, powerful; all his instincts were noble and his high-flown phrases were genuine expressions of a beautiful nature. But her father believed him to be a poseur; he objected to their marriage, though he did not forbid it.

They were engaged and Robert took her to innumerable social affairs and introduced her to his friends. Among others, there was the gruff and ill-mannered Dr. Marchant, and Bourgweilsdorf, a struggling young painter who was attractive but shockingly disrespectful toward Robert.

Eliane's ecstacy lasted seven weeks. Then came the first hint of unhappiness — a bit of trivial dishonesty on Robert's part which did not quite fit in with the noble portrait she had drawn of him. With that she determined to close her journal forever; but here we find her opening it again.

TWENTY YEARS AFTER

Arcachon, July 2nd, 1914.

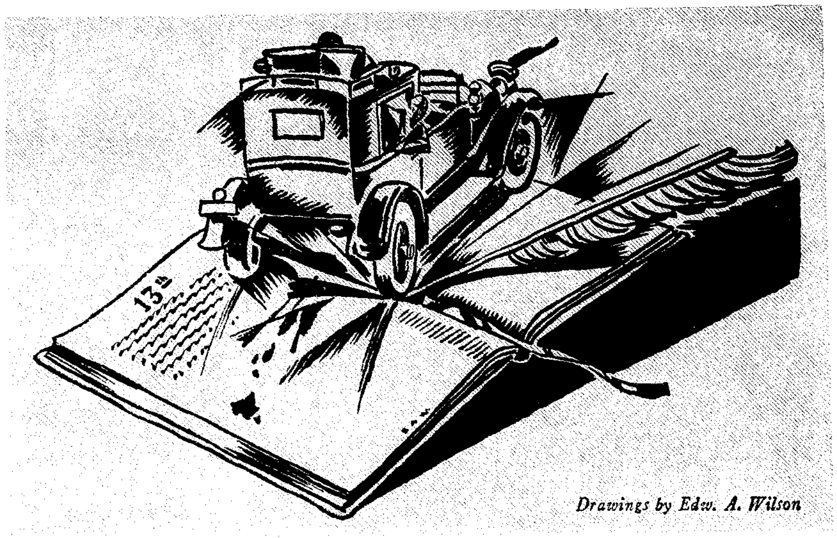
I BROUGHT THIS book away with me as one brings a piece of needlework — to serve as an occupation during the idle hours of a cure. But if I am beginning to write in it again, it is no longer, alas, for Robert, who thinks he knows all I am capable of feeling and thinking; it is to help me put my thoughts in order, to help me see clearly in my own mind and, like Corneille's Emilie, to consider

Et ce que je hasarde et ce que je poursuis.

When I was young, I could see nothing in this line but mere redundancy; it seemed ridiculous, as things often seem that one fails to understand — as the same line seemed ridiculous and redundant to my son and daughter when I made them learn the speech by heart. No doubt it calls for experience to understand that we can only hope to attain the things we *pursue* in life by *risking* what may be very dear to us. What I am now pursuing is my deliverance; what I risk is the esteem of the world and of my two children. The world's esteem, I try to pursuade myself, I do not care about. My children's esteem is very dear to me; and as I write, I feel more deeply than ever how dear it is. I even wonder whether it is not especially for them that I am writing. If, later on, they happen to read these lines, I should like them to find in them a justification, or at any rate an explanation, of my conduct; for they will no doubt be taught to judge me with severity — to condemn me.

Yes, I know. I repeat it to myself continually. By leaving Robert, I shall put myself, to all appearance, entirely in the wrong. I know nothing of the law, but I am afraid that my refusal to continue living with him may entail the forfeiture of my maternal rights. I hope the lawyer I mean to consult on my return to Paris may enable me to avoid this. It would be intolerable. I cannot consent to give up my children. But neither can I consent to go on living with Robert. The only way I can escape hating him is never to see him any more. Oh! above all, never to hear him talk any more.

As I write this, I feel that I hate him already; and in spite of the odiousness of these words, I think it was the need to write them that made me open this book again, for this is a thing I can say to no one. I remember the time when Yvonne shrank from talking to me for fear of casting a shade over my happiness. It is now my turn to be silent. And for that matter, would she understand me? It is more likely her husband would — the man I judged at first as selfish and vulgar, and whom I now know to have so warm a heart. I have sometimes detected in Dr. Marchant, who is a really superior man, an indescribable contempt for Robert. I remember, for instance, an occasion when Robert was repeating a conversation he had had, in which, of course, he gave himself the *beau rôle*, and after quoting his own words in his self-complacent way, added:



Drawings by Edw. A. Wilson

"I thought that was what I ought to say to him."

"And what did he think he ought to answer you?" asked Dr. Marchant.

Robert looked slightly dashed for a moment. He feels that Marchant sizes him up and he finds it extremely unpleasant. I think it is for my sake that Marchant refrains from deriding him openly; for I have sometimes known him to be exceedingly caustic to certain persons whose conceit drove him irresistibly to crush them. He is certainly not deceived by Robert's high-sounding sentences. It has even occurred to me more than once that if it were not for his affection for me, he would have cast Robert aside long ago. And that evening I felt a kind of relief at knowing I was not the only one to be exasperated by the habit Robert has fallen into of always saying "he thinks he ought" to do what he does simply because he wants to do it, or more often still, because he thinks it opportune. Lately he has improved even upon this; he now says, "I consider it my duty to —", as if he never acted except from the highest moral considerations. He has a way of talking of duty which is enough to make one take a loathing to all "duties," a way of making use of religion which casts suspicion on all religion, and of so playing on noble sentiments as to disgust one with them forever.

July 3rd

I HAD TO interrupt this to take Gustave to the doctor's. Thank God, the result of the consultation was very reassuring. Fortunately, Marchant had alarmed us so that the trouble was taken in hand early enough. The doctor here, who is attending Gustave very carefully, even declares that there will soon be no reason to fear any future relapse. He thinks that at the end of the holidays Gustave will be able to go back to the lycée, so that this scare will not have set him back in his studies.

I am not very well pleased with what I wrote yesterday. I let my pen run on, I think, because of a need for recrimination which, until I have explained myself better, may appear very vain. We all have our faults, and I know that harmony cannot be maintained between a married couple without indulgence and small mutual concessions. How is it that I find Robert's faults so intolerable? Is it because the thing that exasperates me to-day is just the very thing I formerly found so beguiling — the very thing that charmed me and seemed so praiseworthy?

Oh! I must admit it: it is not he who has changed, it is I. The judgments that I form to-day are different, so that even my happiest memories are marred. Ah! from what a heaven I have fallen! In order to understand the change that has come over me, I have reread what I wrote in this very book years ago. Only with the greatest difficulty am I able to recognize myself in the candid, confiding, little simpleton of a girl I was then! I can still hear those remarks of Robert's that filled me with such joy and love and pride — but now I interpret them differently. I try to retrace to its beginning that distrust from which I am now suffering. I think it began on a certain day, not long after our marriage, when my father was exclaiming over the perfection of Robert's system of filing, and asked him whether he had discovered it himself; and Robert answered in an indefinable tone, which was at once superior and modest, profound and detached:

"Yes, I discovered it by dint of searching."

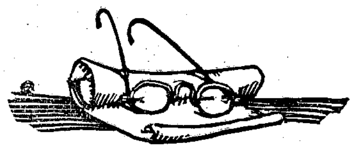
Oh! it was hardly anything, and at the moment I attached no importance to it. But since I knew that this improved system of filing came out of a stationer's shop in the Rue du Bac, where I had just been to pay a bill, it did perhaps occur to me that there was no occasion for the inspired, the almost agonized look, the inventor's look, that he "thought he ought to" put on when he said, "I discovered it." Yes, yes, I know, my dear; you discovered it in the Rue du Bac. Why say "by dint of searching"? Or then you should have added, "searching for envelopes in a stationer's shop." It flashed upon me then that a man of science, after making a real discovery, would never think of saying, "I discovered it by searching," for that would be a simple matter of course; and I saw that those words in Robert's mouth served only to dissemble the fact that he had invented nothing himself. My poor, dear Papa was perfectly blind to all this. And as for me, everything I have just said only became clear to me later on. At the time, I simply felt instinctively that there was something or other that rang false. For that matter, Robert did not say the words with any intention of deceiving Papa. The little sentence escaped him unconsciously; but that is just what made it so self-revealing. It was not Papa he was taking in — it was himself.

For Robert is no hypocrite. He imagines that he really feels the sentiments he expresses. And I think, even in the long run, that he actually does feel them, that they come at his call — the finest, the most generous, the most noble, always the most fitting sentiments for every occasion — those that it is advantageous to have.

I doubt, however, whether there are many people who are taken in by them, though they behave as if they were. A kind of convention is established; and perhaps it is not so much that people are really duped as that they pretend to be duped for convenience' sake. Papa, who first of all seemed clear-sighted enough, at the very time when I was most dazzled, and whose opinion of Robert distressed me so much during my engagement, now seems to have come completely round to him. In every one of my disagreements with Robert, he always takes sides against me. He is so good-hearted, so weak! And Robert is so clever! — As for Mamma. . . .

There are days when I feel terribly lonely. I can only say what I think in this book, and I have begun to be attached to it as to a discreet and docile friend to whom I can at last confide my most secret and most painful thoughts.

Robert thinks he knows me; he does not suspect that I may have a life of my own, apart from him. He no longer considers me as anything but a dependent of his. I am part of his comfort. I am his wife.



July 5th

WHEN ANYONE new appears on the scene, I feel that Robert's first concern is to find out how to get around him — how to get hold of him. Even in those of his acts which are apparently the most generous and in which he shows himself the most obliging to other people, I feel at the back of his mind the desire to lay other people under an obligation. And how naïve he is about it! How natural! In the early days, before he had learned to be suspicious of me, remarks would escape him of the most telltale nature, such as, "I have had a very poor reward for my kindly feelings" — as if kindly feelings should expect a reward from others. And I used to shudder when I heard him say, "After what I have done for So-and-So, he can refuse me nothing."

This was the whole aim and object of the review that Robert edited for four years, and that he gave up only a year ago, after he had changed his red ribbon into a rosette. Under an appearance of impartiality, it was merely a kind of mutual aid and benefit society. Every complimentary article was considered by Robert as equivalent to a letter of credit. He is extraordinarily clever, too, at seeming to do people a service when, in reality, he is making use of them. What would the few articles he contributed to the review have been like without that young secretary of his who put them on their feet, rewrote them — rethought them, so to speak? But when he speaks of that charming, discreet, remarkably gifted, exquisitely mannered young man, I have heard him exclaim: "What would that young fellow be now, if it hadn't been for me?"

To listen to Robert, the review's only object was to assist artists of unrecognized talent, to make them known, "to impose them on the public," as he phrased it; but at the same time it also helped him to push himself. Yes, no doubt Robert did a great deal to bring Bourgweilsdorf's extraordinary talent to light — Bourgweilsdorf, who combined so much pride with such exquisite modesty, and so sincerely despised the favor of the public. But the astonishing increase in the value of his pictures, due to the campaign so adroitly organized by the review after Bourgweilsdorf's death, enabled Robert to sell two canvases of what he calls "his gallery" for a great deal more than he paid for all the others together. Now they have all been taken out of their cupboards, where he kept them for so long, and paraded on the walls, so that Robert can solemnly say to his son, "It is seldom, indeed, that God in the long run fails to recompense us."

Ah! how I wish I could see him, if only for once, defend a cause for which he would really have to compromise himself, experience sentiments from which he could derive no advantage, have convictions which would be of no benefit to him!

When he invited Papa and our de Berre cousins and even the dear and simple-hearted Bourgweilsdorf, who was still so badly off, to invest money in the printing company, which afterward failed so miserably, it seemed as though he were doing them a favor. "The shares were very much sought after; he could only dispose of a limited number which, as a special favor, he could let his friends benefit by." The whole thing was so cleverly presented that we all thought, "How kind Robert is!" For neither I nor anyone else then understood that all these shares which he got his friends to take assured him a majority, increased his importance, and were tantamount to assets of real value.

And after the failure, what fine phrases he found to excuse himself in his own eyes for the heavy losses which his imprudence had brought on them! "My poor, dear friends. They have had a fine reward for the confidence they put in me. That's what comes of trying to help other people. It is enough to disgust one altogether with doing good."

Without more ado, it would have been so simple to reimburse Bourgweilsdorf, at any rate, who had only risked his money in this affair because of Robert's insistence and Robert's guarantee. As for Robert, *he* managed to get out of it with the minimum of loss, having "liquidated his situation," as he admitted to me later on, in the nick of time. And when he saw me inclined to be indignant that he had not first thought of protecting his friends' money, he gave me a confused explanation of how it was impossible to sell their shares without a power of attorney, which he had not had time to ask them for; and that, moreover, the sudden sale of too great a number of shares might have created a scare and made their value fall. I think I never despised him so thoroughly as on that day; but I took care not to let him see it, and he could not suspect it, for everything he had said appeared so natural to him, that he was unable to imagine that anyone in similar circumstances would not have acted exactly as he did.

July 6th

It was Dr. Marchant who first made me realize that Gustave is like his father. All the illusions I nourished so long about Robert I continued till a few months ago to have about Gustave — so difficult is it for us to judge a creature we love. As I fell out of love with Robert, I imagined I had become exceedingly perspicacious, and when I transferred my thoughts and hopes to Gustave, I began by saying to myself, "*He* at any rate . . . ." For Robert's faults reappear in Gustave, but recast, so to speak; they manifest themselves differently, but now I recognize them. Though under a new aspect, they are the same; it is impossible to mistake them. And even certain traits of Robert's character are now made clear to me by observing them in his son. I do not like to see him at school neglecting everything in his studies which he is not afraid of being actually questioned about. He never learns anything out of a simple desire to learn, and cares less about knowing a thing than about giving the impression he knows it. I have had great difficulty in checking a habit he had when he was little, of constantly asking apropos of everything, "What use is it?" At first I attributed this to a charming curiosity. True, he does not say it now, but I would rather he did, for I know he is thinking it and that he despises everything that is of no *use*.

And to think that at first, simpleton that I was, I congratulated myself on his choice of companions. "Gustave will only make friends with the best boys," I said to Yvonne; and Marchant smiled. Last year, when I gave a children's party, at Gustave's request and by Robert's advice, we had a cabinet minister's son, a senator's nephew, a young count — in short, not a single child whose parents were not either exceptionally wealthy, powerful, or well known. Robert himself could not have chosen better. Gustave has, indeed, one other friend — a boy who has taken a scholarship. His parents are teachers; they are poor. Gustave gave me to understand that it would not be suitable to invite him with the others. At first I tried to imagine it was tactfulness on his part. Now I think Gustave was simply afraid his friend would put him to shame. He likes to be with him — but it is in order to dazzle him, to show his superiority. As for me, I prefer him to any of the others; he is the only one who seems to have any real personal value. He is a warm-hearted boy and adores Gustave; and when I see him enthusiastic over his friend's sayings and doings, I feel inclined to warn him, to say:

"My poor boy, don't deceive yourself. It is not you Gustave is fond of, it's your devotion."

"But Mummy, it is such a pleasure to him to do things for me," Gustave answers when I reproach him for making his friend do something which he might easily have done for himself. "It amuses him and it bores me." So, finally, it is the other boy who thanks him.

July 9th

The pleasure I take in covering the pages of this book seems a very vain one, but it cannot be denied. And yet I let my pen carry me away less than formerly. I do not precisely take trouble to write well; but as I reflect more, it seems to me I write better. The best instruction I ever received was trying to instruct my children. In order to help them better to understand the authors they had to study at school, I tried first of all to understand them better myself — which is the reason why my tastes have greatly changed and why many of the books which formerly interested me I now find empty and insipid, while others which I at first read as a task, and in which I found nothing but tediousness, have grown to be full of life and light. The great writers of the past, in whom at first I saw nothing but fine language and frigid pomposity, have now become a solace to me in their wisdom, so that I have made some among them my secret counselors, my friends; and it is with them that I seek refuge, to them that I go to be cheered and consoled, which I sometimes have great need to be, for I feel terribly lonely.

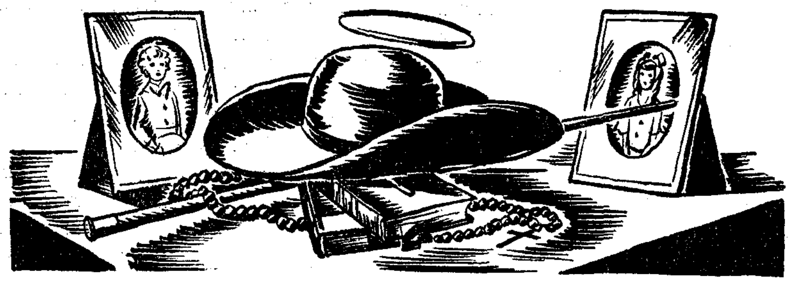
July 11th

Abbé Bredel, who has been at Bordeaux, where he was summoned by a family bereavement, came yesterday to spend the latter part of the day with me. He knows me so well — in the old days I got on so well with him — that I confided my troubles to him, a thing I had not done for many a long day, for I have very much neglected my religious duties for a long time past. Robert's show of practising his has, so to speak, disaffected my heart; the exhibition of his piety has made me doubt the sincerity of mine. The sight of his ostentatious genuflections has dried up the springs of prayer in my heart. But yesterday, weakness, the sickness of solitude, the need for sympathy drove me irresistibly to talk to the Abbé, who always taught me to look on him more as a friend than as a priest. But at the end of our interview, I felt beaten down, bewildered, discouraged, with as little confidence left in myself as in Robert.

The Abbé began by saying that it is not always true that "speech cometh out of a full heart"; and, as in prayer the outward act often precedes the inward grace, I ought to accept the fact that with Robert the expression of a feeling is not always accompanied by the real feeling, and to hope that it shortly, that it eventually, would be. The important thing, according to the Abbé, is not that one should say what one thinks (for one often thinks what is wrong), but what one *ought* to think; for in the most natural way possible, and almost in spite of oneself, one ends by thinking what one has said.

In short, he violently defended Robert, denied me all right to doubt his sincerity, and refused to see in my grief and what he called my "selfish" complaints, anything but a manifestation of the most lamentable pride — a pride which the neglect of my religious duties had fostered and developed. And gradually — so great is the influence the Abbé has assumed over me — I ceased to see at all clearly what it was I was complaining of, or to understand what I was reproaching Robert with. I was nothing but a recalcitrant, recriminating child. I protested through my sobs that I felt none of the rebelliousness which he saw in me, only a deep desire to devote myself — but to devote myself to something real, and that Robert's specious outside hid nothing but emptiness.

"Well," said he gravely, and in a voice which had grown suddenly softer, "in that case, my child, your duty is to



help him to hide that emptiness — from all eyes," he added more gravely still, "and especially from your children's. It is of the utmost importance that they should continue to respect, to honor their father. It is for you to help them by covering, hiding, and palliating his deficiencies. Yes, that is your duty as a Christian wife and mother — a duty you cannot shirk without impiety."

Half prostrated at his feet, my face covered with my hands, I tried to hide my sobs, my flushed cheeks, my confusion. When I raised my head, I saw tears in his eyes and felt in his heart a deep and sincere pity, which touched me more than his words had done. I said nothing; I found nothing to say; but he understood that I had submitted.

I have been very near tearing up all that I have written during the last few days; but no — I want to be able to reread it, if only to make me feel ashamed.

July 12th

ALL THAT remains for me to do is to place myself at the service of a being for whom I have neither love nor esteem left; a being who will feel no gratitude for a sacrifice he is incapable of understanding and will not even notice; a being of whose mediocrity I have become aware too late; a lay-figure whose wife I am! That is my object, my lot, my *raison d'être;* and I have no other horizon left in life.

It was in vain that the Abbé pointed out the beauty of renouncement. "In the eyes of God," he said. And in the midst of my distress, I suddenly realized that I had ceased to believe in God at the same time that I ceased to believe in Robert. The idea of seeing Robert again in another world, as the wretched recompense of my fidelity, fills me with horror — a horror so great that my soul refuses the thought of eternal life. And if I am not more terrified by immortality, it is because I feel that I do not believe in it, that I no longer believe in it. Yesterday I spoke of submission; but it is not true. I feel nothing but despair, revolt, indignation. "Pride," said the Abbé. . . . Very well. Yes. I believe I am worth more than Robert; and the moment I humble myself most before him will be the very moment when I shall be most conscious of my worth and feel the proudest. The Abbé warns me against the sin of pride; but does he not understand that on the contrary he is driving me into it, and that the only motive he can appeal to of sufficient strength in me to evoke humility, is the motive of pride?

Pride! Humility! I have repeated these words so often that I have ceased to understand them, as if my conversation with the Abbé had emptied them of all meaning. And there rises in me a thought which I repulse in vain, which has been torturing me since yesterday, and which discredits in my mind both the Abbé and everything he has been trying to convince me of — the thought that in reality the church and he care only for the outside of things. The Abbé is very much better pleased with a sham that is of service to him than with my sincerity, which disturbs and irks him. Robert has managed to win him over, as he manages to get around everybody. Praise for him — reproaches for me. Little he cares whether there is anything or not beneath the outward act. The outward act is enough for the Abbé; it is enough for everyone; and it is I who am foolish to refuse to content myself with it. What I seek beyond it has no importance, no existence, no reality. Very well! Since it seems we must be satisfied with appearances, I will put on the appearance of humility, without feeling any real humility in my heart.

But this evening, on my knees, I cry to God in my distress, as I have not done for many years: "Dost Thou indeed exact this from me, O Lord?"

July 13th

A TERRIFYING telegram has just come from my father summoning me to Paris. Robert has had a motor accident — not serious, the telegram says, but still I am wanted back. If Robert's condition were very serious, my father would ask for Gustave to come back also. This is what I say to reassure myself.

I am feeling frightful remorse for what I have written during the last few days. Fortunately, Gustave is well enough for me to be able to leave him alone here for a few days without anxiety. The head of the pension has promised to look after him, and the doctor, who was here at the moment I received the telegram, has agreed to send me a daily bulletin of his health. I am going back home, therefore, by the first train.

Paris, July 14th

THANK GOD, Robert is alive. Dr. Marchant and the surgeon declare there is no need for anxiety. But how can I help taking this accident as a warning from Heaven? Abbé Bredel, whom I found at Robert's bedside, said so to me at once. The wheel of the car which knocked him down and which might have run over him, by some miracle only passed over his left arm, causing a double fracture of the upper arm, which, however, will be very easy to heal, says Marchant.

What alarmed me most when I saw Robert was a bandage which hid part of his face. But according to Dr. Marchant, there is no damage there, but a few insignificant contusions. Robert, however, is suffering from violent pains in the head which he bears with really admirable courage and resignation. After all I have already written, I must add that I was very anxious as to what he would say to me, or rather, as to the irritation I was afraid I might feel. But at his first words I felt I had not ceased to love him.

"I beg your pardon for all the trouble I am giving everyone," he said simply. And as I bent over him, "No, don't kiss me; I am too ugly," he added, smiling in spite of his sufferings. I fell on my knees at the foot of the bed, weeping, and silently thanked God for not having heard my impious complaints, for having refused me the criminal liberty which I am ashamed of having desired — for which I beg God's forgiveness with all my heart.

I should feel more profoundly that God is putting my constancy to the test, if the Abbé did not try so hard to convince me of it. It is his words now that arouse my antagonism when I should otherwise be submissive; it is as though the spirit of rebellion, which I so imprudently harbor, and which I now cast from me, had fallen back on this meagre prize. I leave it this bone to gnaw. But I understand to-day how right the Abbé was to accuse me of pride in my recent rebellious temper; indeed, it is true that there is a great deal of pride in the mean irritation I feel when he preaches to me a duty which I have accepted and which he has no longer any need to harp upon. I accuse myself of that too, O Lord, and I will humble myself to the point of emulating Robert, whose merits I have misjudged.

Mamma has offered to look after Gustave for me and is leaving for Arcachon this evening.

July 16th

ROBERT CONTINUES to complain of pains in the head; but the x-ray which was taken yesterday has completely reassured Marchant, who at first feared a fracture of the skull. As for his arm, he declares it is merely a matter of patience; in a month Robert will have recovered the use of it. I am reassured too. But alas! why should anxiety have been necessary to draw me near to Robert and call from him accents to which my heart can respond? I think he was afraid of dying, and no doubt it was that fear which, for the first time in his life, drew from him a genuine reaction. But now that he no longer has that apprehension, he has begun to *act* it and to invent sublime "last, dying words." And now that I no longer have any anxiety about him, I observe all this coldly.

The sound of his own voice moves him to tears, and we should all be driven to shed them too if we did not know for certain that he is out of danger. He is too sharp, however, not to understand that with some of us his efforts are useless, so that he varies his effects in proportion to the amount of credit he feels he possesses. He hardly tries it at all with Dr. Marchant, with whom he adopts the humorous attitude of an *esprit fort*. He reserves the pathetic line for the Abbé, who considers him "edifying," and for Papa, who considers him a martyr and goes out of the room stifling his sobs. I think he does not feel at his ease with me and seems afraid of giving himself away, for he makes a great effort to be simple, which, for him, is the most unnatural thing in the world.

But I am astonished to see that there is one person with whom he is even more careful — and that is Genevieve. Yesterday, at some of her father's words, which were not so very pompous, I saw a kind of smile hover on her lips — an ironical curl — and her eyes sought mine, though I immediately put as much severity into them as I could. We cannot prevent our children from judging us, but it is intolerable to me for Genevieve to hope that I shall condone her ill humor.

July 17th

MARCHANT cannot understand Robert's condition, for he continues to complain of pains in his head. In reality, I am wrong in saying he complains, but every now and then he silently contracts his features and clenches his teeth, like someone in violent pain trying to control himself; and then, if he is asked whether he is in pain, he makes a sign that he is, not even by nodding his head, but by what he no doubt thinks more eloquent — simply blinking his eyelids with the look of a person in the very act of expiring. Marchant maintains there is nothing the matter with him, and without positively saying so, remains somewhat skeptical as to the genuineness of these agonies — puzzled, at any rate, and watchful. He has called a consultation with another doctor, who has discovered nothing further and assures me there is no cause for anxiety about his condition.

But I feel that Robert does not like being reassured, or rather he dislikes *our* being reassured. "Man's science is highly precarious," he said oracularly after the doctor had gone, adding, so as to be more impressive, "And that is why the most learned men are the most modest." But yesterday he refused to take any food, closed his door to troublesome visitors, of whom there are a great many, and this morning asked that my mother and Gustave should be asked to return from Arcachon. A telegram tells us to expect them this evening.

The difficulty for Robert consists in avoiding the repetition of famous death-bed utterances. He is perfectly aware of this, and therefore speaks little. One does not have an unlimited supply of sublime and original sayings always at hand. But one of his latest inventions is to assume a highly disparaging tone in talking about himself. This is marvelously successful with the Abbé, who takes it all for Christian humility and contrition. When Robert sees him at his bedside, he shuts his eyes and murmurs: "This is the moment to compare the little good one has done with all the good one might have done." Then, as we all remain silent, he goes on: "I have bestirred myself a great deal — and for very little." Turning his head toward the Abbé, he adds: "Let us hope that God does not measure man's effort by the smallness of the results he obtains."

At this moment, I pour him out a dose of some calming medicine; after which, he goes on again: "Running water is a bad mirror; but when water is still, one can see one's face in it."

Then he stops to take breath, turns to the wall as if to avert his eyes from a sight that is too abject, and starts afresh in a louder voice and in a tone of reproach, grief, disgust, scorn, and deep desolation: "I see in it nothing but foolishness, spite, conceit."

The Abbé interrupts him: "Come, come, my friend; God, who reads the secrets of all hearts, will be able to see other things as well."

As for me, alas! all *I* can see in it is histrionics.

July 18th

MAMMA CAME back last night with Gustave. Before receiving his son, Robert desired to make his toilet; but he insisted on keeping on the useless bandage which covers half of his forehead. Under pretense that the lamp tired his eyes, he had it placed in such a way that his face was in shadow. Papa had gone down to see my mother and Gustave in the drawing room, and to give them the very reassuring news; Genevieve stayed with me in the room, as well as Charlotte, who was putting away the toilet things. We looked as if we were preparing a *tableau vivant*. When everything was ready, Genevieve called the others in.

It would have been the natural thing for Gustave to run up to the bed and give his father a kiss; but this was too simple for his father's taste. He kept his eyes shut and his face had taken on such a majestic expression that Gustave stopped, petrified. Papa and Mamma followed him into the room. Robert began: "Closer, closer, for I feel very weak."

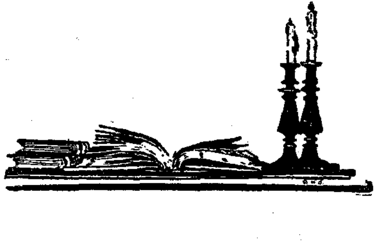
He opened one eye and saw Charlotte, who started to retire discreetly. "No, no, my dear Charlotte, there is no reason why you should go."

After all the "last words" we have had lately, I was rather curious to see what more he would be able to invent, for paternal affection might afford a fresh theme. So, addressing himself especially to Genevieve and Gustave, who, like well-trained actors had drawn close to his bedside, he began: "My children, it is your turn now to take up the torch which. . . ."

But he was not able to finish his sentence. Genevieve, as though she could not contain herself, suddenly interrupted him in a clear, almost playful voice: "Why, Father, you talk as if you were going to leave us. And you are nearly well, you know; you will be able to get up in a few days. You see Charlotte is the only person you have succeeded in making cry. Anyone coming into the room would think she was the only person who had any heart."

"Master Gustave can see that his Papa is crying too," said Charlotte (and in fact the tears were running down Robert's cheeks as he spoke); then, going a little nearer to the bed, and encouraged by our silence, she went on: "If you are feeling so weak, sir, perhaps it's just because you want a little something. I'll go and fetch you some beef tea."

After which, there was nothing left for Robert to do but to inquire whether Mamma had had a good journey and whether Gustave had liked Arcachon.



TO BE CONTINUED

DOUBLE Birthday

Continued from page 82

of fast horses. This passion for the voice had given him the feeling of distinction, of being unique in his profession, which had made him all his life a well-satisfied and happy man, and had left him a poor one.

One morning when the Doctor was taking his customary walk about the Park before office hours, he stopped in front of the Allegheny High School building because he heard singing — a chorus of young voices. It was June, and the chapel windows were open. The Doctor listened for a few moments, then tilted his head on one side and laid his forefinger on his pear-shaped nose with an anxious, inquiring squint. Among the voices he certainly heard one Voice. The final bang of the piano was followed by laughter and buzzing. A boy ran down the steps. The Doctor stopped him and learned that this was a rehearsal for Class Day exercises. Just then the piano began again, and in a moment he heard the same voice, alone:

"*Still wie die Nacht, tief wie das Meer.*"

No, he was not mistaken; a full, rich soprano voice, so easy, so sure; a golden warmth, even in the high notes. Before the second verse was over he went softly into the building, into the chapel, and for the first time laid eyes on Marguerite Thiesinger. He saw a sturdy, blooming German girl standing beside the piano; good-natured one knew at a glance, glowing with health. She looked like a big peony just burst into bloom and full of sunshine — sunshine in her auburn hair, in her rather small hazel eyes. When she finished the song, she began waltzing on the platform with one of the boys.

Doctor Albert waited by the door, and accosted her as she came out carrying her coat and schoolbooks. He introduced himself and asked her if she would go over to Mrs. Engelhardt's for lunch and sing for him.

Oh, yes! she knew one of the Engelhardt boys, and she'd always wanted to see that beautiful window from the inside.

She went over at noon and sang for them before lunch, and the family took stock of her. She spoke a very ordinary German and her English was still worse; her people were very ordinary. Her flat, slangy speech was somehow not vulgar because it was so naïve — she knew no other way. The boys were delighted with her because she was jolly and interested in everything. She told them about the glorious good times she had going to dances in suburban Turner halls, and to picnics in the damp, smoke-smeared woods up the Allegheny. The boys roared with laughter at the unpromising places she mentioned. But she had the warm bubble in her blood that makes everything fair; even being a junior in the Allegheny High School was "glorious," she told them!

She came to lunch with them again and again, because she liked the boys, and she thought the house magnificent. The Doctor observed her narrowly all the while. Clearly she had no ambition, no purpose; she sang to be agreeable. She was not very intelligent, but she had a kind of personal warmth that, to his way of thinking, was much better than brains. He took her over to his office and poked and pounded her. When he had finished his examination, he stood before the foolish, happy young thing and inclined his head in his peculiar fashion.

"Miss Thiesinger, I have the honor to announce to you that you are on the threshold of a brilliant, possibly a great career."

She laughed her fresh, ringing laugh. "Aren't you nice, though, to take so much trouble about me!"

The Doctor lifted a forefinger. "But for that you must turn your back on this childishness, these sniveling sapheads you play marbles with. You must uproot this triviality." He made a gesture as if he were wringing a chicken's neck, and Marguerite was thankful she was able to keep back a giggle.

Doctor Engelhardt wanted her to go to New York with him at once, and begin her studies. He was quite ready to finance her. He had made up his mind to stake everything upon this voice.

But not at all. She thought it was lovely of him, but she was very fond of her classmates, and she wanted to graduate with her class next year. Moreover, she had just been given a choir position in one of the biggest churches in Pittsburgh, though she was still a schoolgirl; she was going to have money and pretty clothes for the first time in her life and wouldn't miss it all for anything.

All through the next school year Doctor Albert went regularly to the church where she sang, watched and cherished her, expostulated and lectured, trying to awaken fierce ambition in his big peony flower. She was very much interested in other things just then, but she was patient with him; accepted his devotion with good nature, respected his wisdom, and bore with his "stagey" manners as she called them. She graduated in June, and immediately after Commencement, when she was not quite nineteen, she eloped with an insurance agent and went to Chicago to live. She wrote Doctor Albert: "I do appreciate all your kindness to me, but I guess I will let my voice rest for the present."

He took it hard. He burned her photographs and the foolish little scrawls she had written to thank him for presents. His life would have been dull and empty if he hadn't had so many reproaches to heap upon her in his solitude. How often and how bitterly he arraigned her for the betrayal of so beautiful a gift. Where did she keep it hidden now, that jewel, in the sordid life she had chosen?

Three years after her elopement, suddenly, without warning, Marguerite Thiesinger walked into his office on Arch street one morning and told him she had come back to study! Her husband's "affairs were involved"; he was now quite willing that she should make as much as possible of her voice — and out of it.

"My voice is better than it was," she said, looking at him out of her rather small eyes — greenish yellow, with a glint of gold in them. He believed her. He suddenly realized how uncommonly truthful she had always been. Rather stupid, unimaginative, but carried joyously along on a flood of warm vitality, and truthful to a degree he had hardly known in any woman or in any man. And now she was a woman.

He took her over to his sister-in-law's. Albert, who chanced to be at home, was sent to the piano. She was not mistaken. The Doctor kept averting his head to conceal his delight, to conceal, once or twice, a tear — the moisture that excitement and pleasure brought to his eyes. The voice, after all, he told himself, is a physical thing. She had been growing and ripening like fruit in the sun, and the voice with the body. Doctor Engelhardt stepped softly out of the music room into the conservatory and addressed a potted palm, his lips curling back from his teeth: "So we get that out of you, *Monsieur le commis voyageur*, and now we throw you away like a squeezed lemon."

When he returned to his singer, she addressed him very earnestly from under her spring hat covered with lilacs: "Before my marriage, Doctor Engelhardt, you offered to take me to New York to a teacher, and lend me money to start on. If you still feel like doing it, I'm sure I could repay you before very long. I'll follow your instructions. What was it you used to tell me I must have — application and ambition?"

He glared at her; "Take note,

Gretchen, that I change the prescription. There is something vulgar about ambition. Now we will play for higher stakes; for ambition read aspiration!" His index finger shot upward.

In New York he had no trouble in awakening the interest of his friends and acquaintances. Within a week he had got his protégée to a very fine artist, just then retiring from the Opera, a woman who had been a pupil of Pauline Garcia Viardot. In short, Doctor Engelhardt had realized the dream of a lifetime: he had discovered a glorious voice, backed by a rich vitality. Within a year Marguerite had one of the best church positions in New York; she insisted upon repaying her benefactor before she went abroad to complete her studies. Doctor Engelhardt went often to New York to counsel and advise, to gloat over his treasure. He often shivered as he crossed the Jersey ferry; he was afraid of Fate. He would tell over her assets on his fingers to reassure himself. You might have seen a small, self-important man of about fifty, standing by the rail of the ferry boat, his head impressively inclined as if he were addressing an amphitheatre full of students, gravely counting upon his fingers.

But Fate struck, and from the quarter least under suspicion — through that blooming, rounded, generously molded young body, from that abundant, glowing health which the Doctor proudly called peasant vigor. Marguerite's success had brought to his office many mothers of singing daughters. He was not insensible to the compliment, but he usually dismissed them by dusting his fingers delicately in the air and growling; "Yes, she can sing a little, she has a voice; *aber kleine, kleine!*" He exulted in the opulence of his cabbage rose. To his nephews he used to match her possibilities with the singers of that period. Emma Eames he called *die Puritan*, Geraldine Farrar *la voix blanche*, another was *trop raffinée*.

Marguerite had been in New York two years, her path one of uninterrupted progress, when she wrote the Doctor about a swelling of some sort; the surgeons wanted to operate. Doctor Albert took the next train for New York. An operation revealed that things were very bad indeed; a malignant growth, so far advanced that the knife could not check it. Her mother and grandmother had died of the same disease.

Poor Marguerite lived a year in a hospital for incurables. Every week-end when Doctor Albert went over to see her he found great changes — it was rapid and terrible. That winter and spring he lived like a man lost in a dark morass, the Slave in the Dismal Swamp. He suffered more than his Gretchen, for she was singularly calm and hopeful to the very end, never doubting that she would get well.

The last time he saw her she had given up. But she was noble and sweet in mood, and so piteously apologetic for disappointing him — like a child who has broken something precious and is sorry. She was wasted, indeed, until she was scarcely larger than a child, her beautiful hair cut short, her hands like shadows, but still a stain of color in her cheeks.

"I'm so sorry I didn't do as you wanted instead of running off with Phil," she said. "I see now how little he cared about me — and you've just done everything. If I had my twenty-six years to live over, I'd live them very differently."

Doctor Albert dropped her hand and walked to the window, the tears running down his face. "*Pourquoi, pourquoi?*" he muttered, staring blindly at that brutal square of glass. When he could control himself and came back to the chair at her bedside, she put her poor little sheared head out on his knee and lay smiling and breathing softly.

"I expect you don't believe in the hereafter," she murmured. "Scientific people hardly ever do. But if there is one, I'll not forget you. I'll love to remember you."

When the nurse came to give her her hypodermic, Doctor Albert went out into Central Park and wandered about without knowing where or why, until he smelled something sweet which suddenly stopped his breath, and he sat down under a flowering linden tree. He dropped his face in his hands and cried like a woman. Youth, art, love, dreams, true-heartedness — why must they go out of the summer world into darkness? *Warum, warum?* He thought he had already suffered all that man could, but never had it come down on him like this. He sat on that bench like a drunken man or like a dying man, muttering Heine's words, "God is a grimmer humorist than I. Nobody but God could have perpetrated anything so cruel." She was ashamed, he remembered it afresh and struck his bony head with his clenched fist — ashamed at having been used like this; she was apologetic for the power, whatever it was, that had tricked her. "Yes, by God, she apologized for God!"

The tortured man looked up through the linden branches at the blue arch that never answers. As he looked, his face relaxed, his breathing grew regular. His eyes were caught by puffy white clouds like the cherub-heads in Raphael's pictures, and something within him seemed to rise and travel with those clouds. The moment had come when he could bear no more. . . . When he went back to the hospital that evening, he learned that she had died very quietly between eleven and twelve, the hour when he was sitting on the bench in the park.

Uncle Doctor now sometimes spoke to Albert out of a long silence: "Anyway, I died for her; that was given to me. She never knew a death-struggle — she went to sleep. That struggle took place in my body. Her dissolution occurred within me."

IV

OLD DOCTOR ENGELHARDT walked abroad very little now. Sometimes on a fine Sunday, his nephew would put him aboard a street car that climbs the hills beyond Mount Oliver and take him to visit an old German graveyard and a monastery. Every afternoon, in good weather, he walked along the pavement which ran past the front door, as far as the first corner, where he bought his paper and cigarettes. If Elsa, the pretty little granddaughter of his housekeeper, ran out to join him and see him over the crossings, he would go a little farther. In the morning, while Mrs. Rudder did the sweeping and dusting, the Doctor took the air on an upstairs back porch, overhanging the court.

The court was bricked, and had an old-fashioned cistern and hydrant, and three ailanthus trees — the last growing things left to the Engelhardts, whose flowering shrubs and greenhouses had once been so well known in Allegheny. In these trees, which he called *les Chinoises*, the Doctor took a great interest. The clothes line ran about their trunks in a triangle, and on Mondays he looked down upon the washing. He was too near-sighted to be distressed by the sooty flakes descending from neighboring chimneys upon the white sheets. He enjoyed the dull green leaves of his *Chinoises* in summer, scarcely moving on breathless, sticky nights, when the moon came up red over roofs and smokestacks. In autumn he watched the yellow fronds drop down upon the brick pavement like great ferns. Now, when his birthday was approaching, the trees were bare; and he thought he liked them best so, especially when all the knotty, curly twigs were outlined by a scurf of snow.

As he sat there, wrapped up in rugs, a stiff felt hat on his head — he would never hear to a cap — and woolen gloves on his hands, Elsa, the granddaughter, would bring her cross-stitch and chatter to him. Of late she had been sewing on her trousseau, and that amused the Doctor highly — though it meant she would soon go to live in lower Allegheny, and he would lose her. Her young man, Carl Abberbock, had now a half-interest in a butcher stall in the Allegheny market, and was in a hurry to marry.

When Mrs. Rudder had quite finished her work and made the place neat, she would come and lift the rug from his knees and say, "Time to go in, Herr Doctor."

V

THE NEXT EVENING after dinner Albert left the house with a suitcase, the bag that used to make so many trips to New York in the opera season. He stopped downstairs to ask Elsa to carry her sewing up and sit with his uncle for a while, then he took the street car across the Twenty-second Street Bridge by the blazing steel mills. As he waited on Soho Hill to catch a Fifth Avenue car, the heavy, frosty air suddenly began to descend in snow flakes. He wished he had worn his old overcoat; didn't like to get this one wet. He had to consider such things now. He was hesitating about a taxi when his car came, bound for the East End.

He got off at the foot of one of the streets running up Squirrel Hill, and slowly mounted. Everything was white with the softly-falling snow. Albert knew all the places; old school friends lived in many of them. Big, turreted stone houses, set in ample grounds with fine trees and shrubbery and driveways. He stepped aside now and then to avoid a car, rolling from the gravel drives on to the stone-block pavement. If the occupants had recognized Albert, they would have felt sorry for him. But he did not feel sorry for himself. He looked up at the lighted windows, the red gleam on the snowy rhododendron bushes, and shrugged. His old schoolfellows went to New York now as often as he had done in his youth; but they went to consult doctors, to put children in school, or to pay the bills of incorrigible sons.

He thought he had had the best of it; he had gone a-Maying while it was May. This solid comfort, this iron-bound security, didn't appeal to him much. These massive houses, after all, held nothing but the heavy domestic routine; all the frictions and jealousies and discontents of family life. Albert felt light and free, going up the hill in his thin overcoat. He believed he had had a more interesting life than most of his friends who owned real estate. He could still amuse himself, and he had lived to the full all the revolutions in art and music that his period covered. He wouldn't at this moment exchange his life and his memories — his memories of his teacher, Rafael Joseffy, for instance — for any one of these massive houses and the life of the man who paid the upkeep. If Mephistopheles were to emerge from the rhododendrons and stand behind his shoulder with such an offer, he wouldn't hesitate. Money? Oh, yes, he would like to have some, but not what went with it.

He turned in under Judge Hammersley's fine oak trees. A car was waiting in the driveway, near the steps by which he mounted to the door. The colored man admitted him, and just as he entered the hall Mrs. Parmenter came down the stairs.

"Ah, it's you, Albert! Father said you were coming in this evening, and I've kept the car waiting, to have a glimpse of you."

Albert had dropped his hat and bag, and stood holding her hand with the special grace and appreciation she remembered in him.

"What a pleasure to see you!" he exclaimed, and she knew from his eyes it was. "It doesn't happen often, but it's always such a surprise and pleasure." He held her hand as if he wanted to keep her there. "It's a long while since the Villa Scipione, isn't it?"

They stood for a moment in the shrouded hall light. Mrs. Parmenter was looking very handsome, and Albert was thinking that she had all her father's authority, with much more sweep and freedom. She was impulsive and careless, where he was strong and shrinking — a powerful man terribly afraid of little annoyances. His daughter, Albert believed, was not afraid of anything. She had proved more than once that if you aren't afraid of gossip, it is harmless. She did as she pleased. People took it. Even Parmenter had taken it, and he was rather a stiff sort.

Mrs. Parmenter laughed at his allusion to their summer at Mrs. Sterrett's, in Rome, and gave him her coat to hold.

"You remember, Albert, how you and I used to get up early on fête days, and go down to the garden gate to see the young king come riding in from the country at the head of the horse guards? How the sun flashed on his helmet! Heavens, I saw him last summer! So grizzled and battered."

"And we were always going to run away to Russia together, and now there is no Russia. Everything has changed but you, Mrs. Parmenter."

"Wish I could think so. But you don't know any Mrs. Parmenter. I'm Marjorie, please. How often I think of those gay afternoons I had with you and your brothers in the garden behind your old Allegheny house. There's such a lot I want to talk to you about. And this birthday—when is it? May I send your uncle some flowers? I always remember his goodness to poor Marguerite Thiesinger. He never got over that, did he? But I'm late, and father is waiting. Good-night, you'll have a message from me."

Albert bent and kissed her hand in the old-fashioned way, keeping it a moment and breathing in softly the fragrance of her clothes, her furs, her person, the fragrance of that other world to which he had once belonged and out of which he had slipped so gradually that he scarcely realized it, unless suddenly brought face to face with something in it that was charming. Releasing her, he caught up his hat and opened the door to follow her, but she pushed him back with her arm and smiled over her shoulder. "No, no, father is waiting for you in the library. Good-night."

Judge Hammersley stood in the doorway, fingering a bunch of keys and blinking with impatience to render his service and have done with it. The library opened directly into the hall; he couldn't help overhearing his daughter, and he disliked her free and unreproachful tone with this man who was young when he should be old, single when he should be married, and penniless when he should be well-fixed.

Later, as Albert came down the hill with two bottles of the Judge's best champagne in his bag, he was thinking that the greatest disadvantage of being poor and dropping out of the world was that he didn't meet attractive women any more. The men he could do without, Heaven knew! But the women, the ones like Marjorie Hammersley, were always grouped where the big fires burned — money and success and big houses and fast boats and French cars; it was natural.

Mrs. Parmenter, as she drove off, resolved that she would see more of Albert and his uncle — wondered why she had let an old friendship lapse for so long. When she was a little girl, she used often to spend a week with her aunt in Allegheny. She was fond of the aunt, but not of her cousins, and she used to escape whenever she could to the Engelhardts' garden only a few doors away. No grass in that garden — in Allegheny grass was always dirty — but glittering gravel, and lilac hedges beautiful in spring, and barberry hedges red in the fall, and flowers and bird cages and striped awnings, boys lying about in tennis clothes, making mint juleps before lunch, having coffee under the sycamore trees after dinner. The Engelhardt boys were different, like people in a book or a play. All the young men in her set were scornful of girls until they wanted one; then they grabbed her rather brutally, and it was over. She had felt that the Engelhardt boys admired her without in the least wanting to grab her, that they enjoyed her æsthetically, so to speak, and it pleased her to be liked in that way.

VI

ON THE AFTERNOON of the first of December, Albert left his desk in the County Clerk's office at four o'clock, feeling very much as he used to when school was dismissed in the middle of the afternoon just before the Christmas holidays. It was his uncle's birthday that was in his mind; his own, of course, gave him no particular pleasure. If one stopped to think of that, there was a shiver waiting round the corner. He walked over the Smithfield Street Bridge. A thick brown fog made everything dark, and there was a feeling of snow in the air. The lights along the sheer cliffs of Mount Washington, high above the river, were already lighted. When Albert was a boy, those cliffs, with the row of lights far up against the sky, always made him think of some far-away, cloud-set city in Asia; the forbidden city, he used to call it. Well, that was a long time ago; a lot of water had run under this bridge since then, and kingdoms and empires had fallen. Meanwhile, Uncle Doctor was still hanging on, and things were not so bad with them as they might be. Better not reflect too much. He hopped on board a street car, and old women with market baskets shifted to make room for him.

When he reached home, the table was already set in the living room. Beautiful table linen had been one of his mother's extravagances (he had boxes of it, meant to give some to Elsa on her marriage), and Mrs. Rudder laundered it with pious care. She had put out the best silver. He had forgotten to order flowers, but the old woman had brought up one of her blooming geraniums for a centerpiece. Uncle Albert was dozing by the fire in his old smoking jacket, a volume of Schiller on his knee.

"I'll put the studs in your shirt for you. Time to dress, Uncle Doctor."

The old man blinked and smiled drolly. "So? *Die* claw-hammer?"

"Of course *die* claw-hammer! Elsa is going to a masquerade with Carl, and they are coming up to see us before they go. I promised her you would dress."

"Albert," the Doctor called him back, beckoned with a mysterious smile; "where did you get that wine now?"

"Oh, you found it when she put it on ice, did you? That's Judge Hammersley's, the best he had. He insisted on sending it to you, with his compliments and good wishes."

Uncle Albert rose and drew up his shoulders somewhat pompously. "From my own kind I still command recognition." Then dropping into homely vulgarity he added, with a sidelong squint at his nephew, "By God, some of that will feel good, running down the gullet."

"You'll have all you want for once. It's a great occasion. Did you shave carefully? I'll take my bath, and then you must be ready for me."

In half an hour Albert came out in his dress clothes and found his uncle still reading his favorite poet. "The trousers are too big," the Doctor complained. "Why not *die* claw-hammer and my old trousers? Elsa wouldn't notice."

"Oh yes, she would! She's seen these every day for five years. Quick change!"

Doctor Engelhardt submitted, and when he was dressed, surveyed himself in his mirror with satisfaction, though he slyly slipped a cotton handkerchief into his pocket instead of the linen one Albert had laid out. When they came back to the sitting room, Mrs. Rudder had been up again and had put on the wine glasses. There was still half an hour before dinner, and Albert sat down to play for his uncle. He was beginning to feel that it was all much ado about nothing, after all.

A gentle tap at the door, and Elsa came in with her young man. She was dressed as a Polish maiden, and Carl Abberbock was in a Highlander's kilt.

"Congratulations on your birthday, Herr Doctor, and I've brought you some flowers." She went to his chair and bent down to be kissed, putting a bunch of violets in his hand.

The Doctor rose and stood looking down at the violets. "Hey, you take me for a Bonapartist? What is Mussolini's flower, Albert? Advise your friends in Rome that a Supreme Dictator should always have a flower." He turned the young girl around in the light and teased her about her thin arms — such an old joke, but she laughed for him.

"But that's the style now, Herr Doctor. Everybody wants to be as thin as possible."

"Bah, there are no styles in such things! A man will always want something to take hold of, till Hell freezes over! Is dat so, Carl?"

Carl, a very broad-faced, smiling young man with outstanding ears, was suddenly frightened into silence by the entrance of a fine lady, and made for the door to get his knotty knees into the shadow. Elsa, too, caught her breath and shrank away.

Without knocking, Mrs. Parmenter, her arms full of roses, appeared in the doorway, and just behind her was her chauffeur, carrying a package. "Put it down there and wait for me," she said to him, then swept into the room and lightly embraced Doctor Engelhardt without waiting to drop the flowers or take off her furs. "I wanted to congratulate you in person. They told me below that you were receiving. Please take these flowers, Albert. I want a moment's chat with Doctor Engelhardt."

The Doctor stood with singular gravity, like someone in a play, the violets still in his hand. "To what," he muttered with his best bow, "to what am I indebted for such distinguished consideration?"

"To your own distinction, my dear sir — always one of the most distinguished men I ever knew."

The Doctor, to whom flattery was thrice dearer than to ordinary men, flushed deeply. But he was not so exalted that he did not notice his little friend of many lonely hours slipping out of the entry-way — the bare-kneed Highland chief had already got down the wooden stairs. "Elsa," he called commandingly, "come here and kiss me good-night." He pulled her forward. "This is Elsa Rudder, Mrs. Parmenter, and my very particular friend. You should have seen her beautiful hair before she cut it off." Elsa reddened and glanced up to see whether the lady understood. Uncle Doctor kissed her on the forehead and ran his hand over her shingled head. "Nineteen years," he said softly. "If the next nineteen are as happy, we won't bother about the rest. *Behüt' dich, Gott!*"

"Thank you, Uncle Doctor. Good-night."

After she fluttered out, he turned to Mrs. Parmenter. "That little girl," he said impressively, "is the rose in winter. She is my heir. Everything I have, I leave to her."

"Everything but my birthday present, please! You must drink that. I've brought you a bottle of champagne."

Both Alberts began to laugh. "But your father has already given us two!"

Mrs. Parmenter looked from one to the other. "My father? Well, that is a compliment! It's unheard of. Of course he and I have different lockers. We could never agree when to open them. I don't think he's opened his since the Chief Justice dined with him. Now I must leave you. Be as jolly as the night is long; with three bottles you ought to do very well! The good woman downstairs said your dinner would be served in half an hour."

Both men started toward her. "Don't go. Please, please, stay and dine with us! It's the one thing we needed." Albert began to entreat her in Italian, a language his uncle did not understand. He confessed that he had been freezing up for the last hour, couldn't go on with it alone. "One can't do such things without a woman — a beautiful woman."

"Thank you, Albert. But I've a dinner engagement; I ought to be at the far end of Ellsworth Avenue this minute."

"But this is once in a lifetime — for him! Still, if your friends are waiting for you, you can't. Certainly not." He took up her coat and held it for her. But how the light had gone out of his face; he looked so different, so worn, as he stood holding her coat at just the right height. She slipped her arms into it, then pulled them out. "I can't, but I just will! Let me write a note, please. I'll send Henry on with it and tell them I'll drop in after dinner." Albert pressed her hand gratefully and took her to his desk. "Oh, Albert, your Italian writing table, and all the lovely things on it, just as it stood in your room at the Villa Scipione! You used to let me write letters at it. You had the nicest way with young girls. If I had a daughter, I'd want you to do it all over again."

She scratched a note, and Albert put a third place at the table. He noticed Uncle Doctor slip away, and come back with his necktie set straight, attended by a wave of *eau de cologne*. While he was lighting the candles and bringing in the wine cooler, Mrs. Parmenter sat down beside the Doctor, accepted one of his cigarettes, and began to talk to him simply and naturally about Marguerite Thiesinger. Nothing could have been more tactful, Albert knew; nothing could give the old man more pleasure on his birthday. Albert himself couldn't do it any more; he had worn out his power of going over that sad story. He tried to make up for it by playing the songs she had sung.

"Albert," said Mrs. Parmenter when they sat down to dinner, "this is the only spot I know in the world that is before-the-war. You've got a period shut up in here; the last ten years of one century, and the first ten of another. Sitting here, I don't believe in aëroplanes, or jazz, or Cubists. My father is nearly as old as Doctor Engelhardt, and we never buy anything new; yet we haven't kept it out. How do you manage?"

Albert smiled a little ruefully. "I suppose it's because we never have any young people about. They bring it in."

"Elsa," murmured the Doctor. "But I see; she is only a child."

"I'm sorry for the young people now," Mrs. Parmenter went on. "They seem to me coarse and bitter. There's nothing wonderful left for them, poor things; the war destroyed it all. Where could any girl find such a place to escape to as your mother's house, full of chests of linen like this? All houses now are like hotels; nothing left to cherish. Your house was wonderful! And what music we used to have. Do you remember the time you took me to hear Joseffy play the second Brahms, with Gericke? It was the last time I ever heard him. What did happen to him, Albert? Went to pieces in some way, didn't he?"

Albert sighed and shook his head; wine was apt to plunge him into pleasant, poetic melancholy. "I don't know if anyone knows. I stayed in Rome too long to know, myself. Before I went abroad, I'd been taking lessons with him right along — I saw no change in him, though he gave fewer and fewer concerts. When I got back, I wrote him the day I landed in New York — he was living up the Hudson then. I got a reply from his housekeeper, saying that he was not giving lessons, was ill and was seeing nobody. I went out to his place at once. I wasn't asked to come into the house. I was told to wait in the garden. I waited a long while. At last he came out, wearing white clothes, as he often did, a panama hat, carrying a little cane. He shook hands with me, asked me about Mrs. Sterrett — but he was another man, that's all. He was gone; he wasn't there. I was talking to his picture."

"Drugs!" muttered the Doctor out of one corner of his mouth.

"Nonsense!" Albert shrugged in derision. "Or if he did, that was secondary; a result, not a cause. He'd seen the other side of things; he'd let go. Something had happened in his brain that was not paresis."

Mrs. Parmenter leaned forward. "Did he *look* the same? Surely, he had the handsomest head in the world. Remember his forehead? Was he gray? His hair was a reddish chestnut, as I remember."

"A little gray; not much. There was no change in his face, except his eyes. The bright spark had gone out, and his body had a sort of trailing languor when he moved."

"Would he give you a lesson?"

"No. Said he wasn't giving any. Said he was sorry, but he wasn't seeing people at all any more. I remember he sat making patterns in the gravel with his cane. He frowned and said he simply couldn't see people; said the human face had become hateful to him — and the human voice! 'I am sorry,' he said, 'but that is the truth.' I looked at his left hand, lying on his knee. I wonder, Marjorie, that I had the strength to get up and go away. I felt as if everything had been drawn out of me. He got up and took my hand. I understood that I must leave. In desperation I asked him whether music didn't mean anything to him still. 'Music,' he said slowly, with just a ghost of his old smile, 'yes — some music.' He went back into the house. Those were the last words I ever heard him speak."

"Oh dear! And he had everything that is beautiful — and the name of an angel! But we're making the Doctor melancholy. Open another bottle, Albert — father did very well by you. We've not drunk a single toast. Many returns, we take for granted. Why not each drink a toast of our own, to something we care for." She glanced at Doctor Engelhardt, who lifted the bunch of violets by his plate and smelled them absently. "Now, Doctor Engelhardt, a toast!"

The Doctor put down his flowers, delicately took up his glass and held it directly in front of him; everything he did with his hands was deft and sure. A beautiful, a wonderful look came over his face as she watched him.

"I drink," he said slowly, "to a memory; to the lost Lenore."

"And I," said young Albert softly, "to my youth, to my beautiful youth!"

Tears flashed into Mrs. Parmenter's eyes. "Ah," she thought, "that's what liking people amounts to; it's liking their silliness and absurdities. That's what it really is."

"And I," she said aloud, "will drink to the future; to our renewed friendship, and many dinners together. I like you two better than anyone I know."

When Albert came back from seeing Mrs. Parmenter down to her car, he found his uncle standing by the fire, his elbow on the mantle, thoughtfully rolling a cigarette. "Albert," he said in a deeply confidential tone, "good wine, good music, beautiful women; that is all there is worth turning over the hand for."

Albert began to laugh. The old man wasn't often banal. "Why Uncle, you and Martin Luther —"

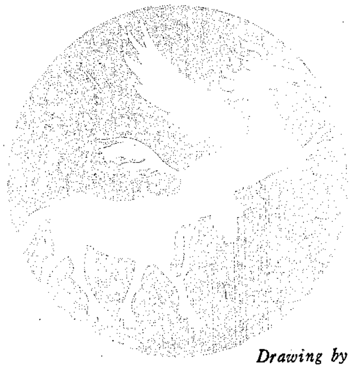
The Doctor lifted a hand imperiously to stop him, and flushed darkly. He evidently hadn't been aware that he was quoting — it came from the heart. "Martin Luther," he snapped, "was a vulgarian of the first water; cabbage soup!" He paused a moment to light his cigarette. "But don't fool yourself; one like her always knows when a man has had success with women!"

Albert poured a last glass from the bottle and sipped it critically. "Well, you had success to-night, certainly. I could see that Marjorie was impressed. She's coming to take you for a ride to-morrow, after your nap, so you must be ready."

The Doctor passed his flexible, nervous hand lightly over the thick bristles of his French hair-cut. "*Even in our ashes,*" he muttered haughtily.

FOOTPATH and Highway

Day-Dreams



Drawing by Johan Bull

by THE PEDESTRIAN

I REMEMBER, I remember a school where I was bored. A jocose reader may indulge the hope, very ill-placed indeed, that I am about to add a line ending in "snored." But the fact is, I didn't snore, didn't even sleep, though to the undiscerning teacher I no doubt looked vacuous enough; and he probably intended no very figurative meaning when he roared "Wake up!" Of course I was dreaming — dreaming in a way that I believe is very common among children, and perhaps valuable, too, to their development.

In my own case at least (and I believe my experience was not unusual) there was a kind of day-dreaming which was very different from the active, castle-building type; very different, too, from the intuitive insight which probably uses resources acquired but unrecognized in the past; different, again, from the sort of vision which seems to tap a subconscious race-knowledge. In fact, my busy little identity, which somehow belonged with my mental mechanism and my physical emotions, and which was active enough in my compensatory, hero-type dreams, was in this type singularly absent. Nor was there any resurgence of a former identity, even vaguely recognized; nor any translation in time or space. I just *was;* and hardly that, for there was not particularly any *I.*

Of course there was nothing remarkable in the conditions which released me from active consciousness. They are not peculiar to schoolrooms. Any monotonous performance in which you take no interest may set your fancies free. I have had the experience in a barber's chair, often on a railroad train, most frequently, perhaps, when alone in the woods. The important thing to note is that the mere setting free of your fancies does not of itself produce the type of day-dream I have in mind. Much of the time, like any boy, I wandered off castle-building, or just played truant, mentally. At other times, no doubt, when I seemed lost in a vague blessedness, I was really enjoying nothing more than animal torpor. Even plain, unadulterated vacuity — my good preceptor's invariable diagnosis — may have accounted for much. It is not these instances which seem to me important, though they are the types which have chiefly attracted the experiments of psychologists. Quite as normal, though unhappily rare, were the day-dreams in which I lost identity, nor took on a temporary identity, but after which I was conscious of a kind of blessed, timeless participation in a life larger than mine.

Very soon, as I passed through adolescence, I learned to describe it to myself with externally acquired formulas — such as "Immortality," "Soul," "Eternal Life," "Communion" — but I hesitate to use such terms, partly because they have connotations which do not fit, even remotely; partly because they lead too easily to a sort of *ex post facto* proof. I am not attempting to prove anything, nor do I mean to picture an unusual experience; rather, I am seeking merely to remind others of what I believe is a very common experience, especially in childhood. If I am contentious at all, my contention, later, will be that our present way of life does not take sufficient account of day-dreams.

Looking back on such experiences, it is easy of course to invent and introduce characteristics which were not present at the time of the dreams; to magnify, in memory, their blessedness — or their cursedness! Wordsworth, who had them to an uncommon degree, felt sure that they were blessed. He felt (and others have felt the same, though they can't *reason* it out very satisfactorily) that he had been lost in "an immortal sea," had touch with reality (as opposed to actuality), had acquired, indeed, a sense of eternal verities, which

> Nor man nor boy,
> Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
> Can utterly abolish or destroy.

NOW, OF COURSE, the moment you mention dreams, everybody begins to glance nervously at the psychologists.

Personally (not to put too fine a point upon it), I can no longer get a reliable opinion as to what a psychologist is; but a great many people who get called psychologists have been very busy with dreams. Some of their findings have obvious scientific value; some discoveries may have value that an arrant amateur like myself cannot discern; others are obviously the special pleading of quacks. In most cases, however, they do not get at a satisfactory analysis of the sort of dreaming I have in mind.

For I am not at present concerned with "the cursed thoughts that nature gives way to in repose," but with day-dreaming; and there is an important aspect of it which, so far as I know, is blithely ignored by most of the "psychologists." "Release," "compensation," "inferiority complex," even "*glands*" fail to touch the root of the matter. It is true, of course, that psychologists who are not off on a biological or behavioristic jag do take account of this sort of day-dreaming; but, like poets and philosophers, they are forced to describe it in poetic, analogical terms, rather than in scientific, logical terms, for the very reason that what seems essential in it baffles intellectual analysis. A careful, scientific mind therefore tends either to reject it or, recognizing it, to set it aside as "mystical" and outside his province.

This phase of dreaming, as a result, often becomes the rather disreputable stock-in-trade of spirit-mongers and psychic prestidigitators. There is no question, too, that the understanding of spiritual communion has been much confused by the rhapsodies of romantics, the emotion-mongers. Still making allowance for them and the gland-mongers, making allowance, also, for those who, quite violently personal, mistake psychic manifestations for spiritual — and *then* multiplying by two — there still remain, curiously valid, those moments of large tranquillity, that haunting

> Presence which is not to be put by.

To deny its validity, as Mr. Darrow does, is really more arrogant than the assumption of immortality; it is to assume that there is nothing beyond the reach of our wrangling mental mechanisms and our ganglia. Even Hume, after disproving *everything*, couldn't quite let go.

Whatever *views* certain theorists may hold, however, the common *practice* of mankind nowadays is to treat day-dreams as vicious truancies of the intellect. People are largely controlled by the customs of the world in which they live, and ours is a sternly matter-of-fact world. Day-dreaming has been given up perforce. The man who indulges in it in the street meets swift retribution at the hands of a motor car; he who goes innocently to the park for a little dreaming gets his pocket picked; or, if he goes home, the telephone rings and the radio sings. Of course there has never been a time, I suppose, when grown-ups, with custom "heavy as frost" upon them, have been able to do much day-dreaming; the run of mankind leaves that to cranks and invalids and old people. Formerly it was the young men who saw visions and the old men who dreamed dreams. But now we are changing even that. If we can rejuvenate the old men, we shall knock them out of their vicious practices, and we have already safeguarded the children. Even the tots must watch their step as they are herded remorselessly into the little stockade of actuality; woe to him who looks lingeringly and wonderingly at a chance lure above the stockade!

In fact, the great cry of educators is "adjustment to environment." If the environment is wrong, busy social reformers are fixing that up. And once the environment is right, what could be more sweetly reasonable than the adjustment of the child to it? To be sure, individual differences are noted and encouraged; and wayward impulses are not suppressed, but are humored into self-expression. This philosophy of education, in other words, must not be supposed a rigid, mechanistic regimentation; in many ways it is just the opposite. But — and this never seems to occur to the zealots who organize play as well as work — *no* environment, good or bad, is right for those moments in which the first requisite is escape from *all* environment.

"What!" cry the efficient educators, "set the child free on the off chance that a few of his dreams may have spiritual value, with the dead certainty that most of them will not?" No, I suppose not; not precisely that; but there must be some sort of margin for day-dreams, I suspect, if the thoughts of youth are to be something better than terribly short, short thoughts.

THE TROUBLE, of course, is not with the educators primarily, but with the thinking of the world which makes them — a world which has come more and more to substitute the actual for the real. In such a world a vagrant fancy, like a vagrancy in clothes or in customs, is cause for suspicion. In fact, the dangers of excessive dreaming are appalling — in such a world. One shudders to think what subversive tendencies might develop; we might become as indifferent to bath tubs and sanitation and prosperity as India or the Middle Ages. True, we might throw off a Gandhi or a Dante now and then, but think of the squalor! Our President-elect assures us that culture is built on a broad base of prosperity, so perhaps it is safer to throw off Babbitts and bath tubs.

Well, there is unquestionably a deal of rubbish talked, not only about culture, but about the beautiful holiness of other times and places. Still, condemn the rubbish as we may, we have to reflect that this bang-up "civilization" of ours, though it may have said the last word in bath tubs, has literally abolished silence. Try to explain to an Oriental, or even to an old-time Quaker, that on Armistice Day about ten per cent of us stopped buzzing for two full minutes (gross). Of course he might tell us (perhaps more in sorrow than in mockery) that anything short of five minutes was of no value whatever (except as a self-righteous gesture) and that anything short of half an hour was not likely to be of great value. Then try to think of New York City — or even of little Comankipank — following his advice; think of every clacking gadget stopped for half an hour; think, if you can, of every man, woman, and child stopped dead, sitting down with folded hands. Five minutes would produce shrieks; half an hour, raving insanity. Better not stop! But it is difficult not to wonder, as we hurry on, whether Lincoln fidgeted and buzzed through those long hours in the Kentucky and Indiana woods. Perhaps it seems a trifle absurd to be so proud of our Lincoln and yet to set so busily about killing the silence which nourished his boyhood.

In fact, the more you think of it, the more you grow to feel that silence, and perhaps even day-dreaming too, are essential to any real inner growth. It might be worth while, for the sake of them, to risk a few wayward fancies. The Quakers have taken the risk and so far they don't seem to be positively conspicuous for squalor and crime. It is perfectly true, of course, that the Quaker, who waits in silence for the spirit of God to move him, may be moved by the Devil — sometimes is! But he takes the risk; he knows that if he shuts out all chances for the Devil to enter in, he shuts out all chances, too, for what he calls the Inner Light to enter in.

NOW, THOUGH my plea just at present is not primarily for silence, but for day-dreaming, the same way of life that kills the one kills the other. Moreover, day-dreaming, like silence, is fraught with perils. If the child is allowed time in which to invite his soul, he may invite his belly. I suppose there must be moderation; history seems to suggest that there is a fire as well as a frying pan. There is no reason, just because we have been eating too much, so to speak, that we should give up eating altogether. Still, one exhilarating truancy may atone for many idle excursions. In things of this sort, the quality of the moment, not the elapsed time, seems to be what counts; just as ten minutes of white-hot teaching, in spite of an otherwise wasted hour, carries further than the "purposeful" impacts of tepid instruction.

Obviously, I do not favor reviving the dear old class-room monotony, though it did provide excellent opportunities for day-dreaming. But how about afternoon and Saturdays and Sundays? Leave the poor kid alone! Even if his blessed communion turns out to be nothing more than animal torpor, at least it may save him from the clacking valves of the flivverous mind.

— *Walter S. Hinchman*

OUR ROSTRUM

The Editor will be glad — space permitting — to publish in these columns brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in THE FORUM.

The Kellogg Treaty

At the time this goes to press (late December) it appears that the Kellogg-Briand treaty outlawing war as an instrument of national policy may be approved by the Senate without further obstruction. The Editor of The Forum is, and has been from the start, a strong advocate of the ratification of this treaty because he believes that its importance in mobilizing public opinion for peace cannot be overestimated. The Editor regrets that limitations of time make it impossible to publish an able reply to Mr. Frank H. Simonds' arguments in the January issue, though one was written by Mr. John Foster Dulles of New York.

The following letter in answer to Mr. Simonds is from the Socialist candidate for President in 1928.

To the Editor:

Mr. Frank Simonds' article is interesting and provocative. My first reaction to it is that no harm and possibly some good might come from the type of additional reservation to our signature to the Kellogg Treaty which Mr. Simonds wants the Senate to impose. At the same time I doubt if the danger of foreign misunderstanding at this particular point is as great as he fears.

On the other hand, if anything, he understates the psychological effect, both at home and abroad, of the Senate's refusal at this late date to ratify the treaty initiated by our Secretary of State. I am therefore an earnest advocate of ratification of the treaty.

But even more earnestly have I been insisting, for reasons stated by Mr. Simonds and for other reasons, that the treaty, practically, will do very little to avert war unless promptly backed up by a considerable variety of treaties and arrangements. There is a great danger that the Kellogg Pact will be remembered as one of mankind's principal monuments to hypocrisy. Certainly this will be true if, as the price of its ratification, the United States should follow President Coolidge's advice to enter a new race in naval armament with Great Britain. The price of peace is no mere incantation or pious resolution. And I am inclined to think it the outstanding tragedy of the last political campaign that the efforts which the Socialist Party and I personally made to compel the old party candidates seriously to discuss a programme of international relations leading to peace came to almost nothing. Candidates can dodge these great issues; the Hoover Administration cannot. It is still possible that by indirect pressure intelligent American opinion can force upon the Administration and Congress a more adequate programme for peace than either of the old parties has yet discussed.

But this you may think is wandering from Mr. Simonds' article. I repeat that I am inclined to favor his programme of ratifying the treaty with what now seems to me a legitimate reservation. At any rate, I think the treaty should be ratified, not because in itself it will do much good, but because failure to ratify it at this stage will result in such misunderstandings in Europe and such large increase of fear and suspicion. I should not, however, willingly swap ratification of the treaty for a big navy bill. It is too big a price and an aroused public opinion can make it an unnecessary price.

NORMAN THOMAS

New York City

Educational Standards

As always, Professor Babbitt stimulates thought to such an extent that commenting letters swell The Forum's mailbags. Although these three letters discussing "President Eliot and American Education" in the January issue are all that space permits now, we shall hope to present others in the March Rostrum.

To the Editor:

Professor Babbitt has a dramatic genius for being right in the wrong way. I think he is correct in what he says about Rousseau and utilitarianism, but he sees alternatives so sharply that one suspects that his thinking is in part determined by the all or none principle which is said to govern emotional response. He also has a way of confusing logical analysis with his personal prejudice, so that while the reader is obliged to give assent to his main conclusion, he is likely to find himself holding a ticket to a destination which is Professor Babbitt's rather than his own.

On his main issue I think Professor Babbitt is correct. He has chosen, fairly or unfairly, to make President Eliot a symbol of this issue. But the time has come when thoughtful people must demand that there be some relation between education and a decent philosophy of living. Education in any healthy civilization does maintain standards of value. This should be done by the method of inquiry rather than dogma, but education must lead, not follow the mob, nor be content in return for popular favor to teach efficiency in any vulgar trick that will give men material success. It must not, moreover, become the victim of every fad of the day, nor be required to justify plebeian trampling down of the values of civilization, as it now seems to be doing.

I think that the present tendency in education is to do all these things and that its votaries feel they are saving their intellectual integrity if only they do this pedantically. They seem to devote their efforts to a pseudo-academic technique in the methods of instruction, all the while lending themselves to the rationalization of the dominance of plebeianism in the modern world. It must be said that as men to-day wish to do things better, someone must teach them how to do this, and I can see no escape from the task. But beyond this necessary horse work there is need of leadership which education has now failed to give. There is need of reflection on value and principle. It is not enough to teach vulgarians how to put anything over; the educator must be a philosopher. He is responsible for what men think should be put over.

In this I agree with Professor Babbitt. The corrective is philosophical humanism, but it seems to me that the author turns humanism into a dogmatism which is contrary to its spirit. He seems to idealize the past rather than to seek wisdom from it; or rather, to make solutions once applicable to a leisurely and unworldly few the finalities for men living in a world whose material conditions he seems to ignore. I do not believe that any real humanist opposes spirit and matter in the way he tries to do, or would so shut off inquiry in the interest of dogmatic standards.

In the end, Professor Babbitt is a neo-scholastic. The early humanists whose conclusions he would make final were inquirers. Our universities should not yield to dogma either humanitarian or scholastic, but encourage inquiry. Such was the spirit of Socrates. I do not find this spirit in Professor Babbitt's article.

Everett Dean Martin
New York City

To the Editor:

Professor Babbitt will have all or nothing. His last statement is that between a religious-humanistic philosophy and a utilitarian-sentimental one there is no compromise or mediation, that by one or the other education must be entirely possessed. In the face of this alternative what is to be said for President Eliot?

President Eliot was certainly not ignorant of, or indifferent to, the claims of religion and humanism. He was, however, quite skeptical of the application of the formal educational process to the inculcation of such a philosophy. When he began his career, the old-fashioned prescribed curriculum, inherited from the renaissance, was in force. I do not think that Professor Babbitt will maintain that it was producing the religious-humanistic results which he himself values. Religion and humanism are matters of the inner life, of spiritual apprehension. They cannot be enforced from without by prescription and convention. The attitude which they imply must be self-developed. The elective system, as Mr. Eliot conceived it, undoubtedly was a crude form of *laissez-faire*. Mr. Babbitt is undoubtedly right in pointing out that its machinery provided inadequate guidance to the immature. Since President Eliot's day his successors have been busy with the problem of organization which he left unsolved. But it did introduce the principles of freedom, of responsibility, of self-development. It made a place for the idea that what the student learns of most importance is self-taught.

What then is the immediate and attainable result of the formal educational process? President Eliot thought it was to teach men to live together in a commonwealth. He had abandoned the puritan conception of theocracy for the liberal doctrine of democracy. As Professor Babbitt notes, he was much preoccupied with the problem of happiness. He knew as well as Professor Babbitt's French authority that happiness exists within ourselves, but he adhered to a somewhat ancient belief, formerly known as the ethical paradox, that it is to be sought only outside ourselves in coöperation with others. Now this coöperation is properly a subject of education; its achievement is the basis for progress, in which Professor Babbitt does not believe; and not only this but in a world such as ours, it is the only alternative to destruction. Somewhere President Eliot lays down four objectives of education in a democracy, somewhat as follows: 1. A belief in freedom of speech. 2. Skepticism in regard to propaganda. 3. Trust in the guidance of experts. 4. A sense of dependence on, and obligation to, others. This sufficiently contradicts Professor Babbitt's assertion that "the crucial assumption of President Eliot appears to be that the material efficiency promoted by utilitarian effort will be used altruistically." Quite the contrary, it is the function of education to see that it is used altruistically — to apply exactly this safeguard of coöperation. And however remote these objectives may seem to be from the humanism of Mr. Babbitt, they are specifications of the conditions of survival which it is perhaps the primary business of civilization to secure.

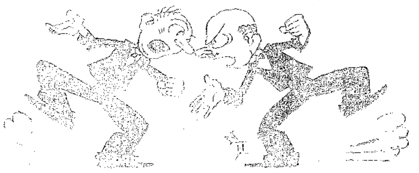
Robert Morss Lovett
New York City

To the Editor:

Again thanks must be given The Forum for presenting the ideas of Irving Babbitt to that portion of our population that believes in taking thought. His ideas — and one can say this of few of our critics — have appreciable size and weight. Probably no American who attempts to criticize culture has more mental muscle than Professor Babbitt. If he were the central figure in all the critical wars now being fought in America, it would be to everyone's benefit, and most of all his opponents would gain, for they would have to extend themselves and measure up to major issues.

Professor Babbitt should, for one example, stimulate more hard thinking among those who are following recent developments in psychology. The strongest challenge to his position comes from the Behaviorists, and how very strong it is does not usually appear because of the clumsiness of its expositors. One is indeed put to it to meet their assertions, denials, and proofs. Professor Babbitt bases his opposition on the "immediate date of consciousness," but this, it may be retorted, is no more than a deep emotional conviction that, though Behaviorism is *almost* correct, it is yet possible to cultivate one's capacity for effort in the direction of freedom. But precisely how? By what clearly defined and clearly detailed technic? Here Humanism, strong though it is as ethics and as a system of critical ideas, leaves us asking for more; it is not well supplemented by psychological theory and technic. But anti-toxins are usually discovered for toxins, and perhaps somewhere the antidote for a purely mechanistic psychology is already being prepared. Gestalt psychology is not it, however.

Gorham B. Munson
New York City



Religion in Science

To the Editor:

I wonder if the god Professor Mather describes in the January Forum is really the God of Science? I get the impression that he is a kind of Mosaic Jehovah masquerading in a laboratory apron. He is not the ancient Arabian storm god, for he no longer gets angry; he is not the god of Christianity, since he cannot show benevolence. He is merely the personification of justice; and the mystic has no use whatever for a just god. What he wants is a comforter.

The scientist, it seems to me, should not re-define, in a wholly different manner, words which have come to have a particular meaning through long usage. Such a term is "god." The word is a theological symbol of considerable definiteness. To define God as "Universal Energy" is to do away with the necessity of the word. As a matter of fact, the scientist knows nothing about an "Administration of the universe." As La Place told Napoleon, there is no need of such an hypothesis. It is, in truth, silly. Natural laws are inherent properties of the universe. It is a refuge of primitive minds to assume the necessity of putting behind the scenes an Administrator who is to be concerned with promulgating these laws. The Administrator must be a self-starter and self-governor. Why not let these properties remain where we see them exhibited; *i.e.*, in the universe of experience?

The latter part of Professor Mather's essay is unintelligible in terms of science. What does he mean by his mystical phrase "spiritual energy"? Is this what the psychologist calls "intelligence"? Or is he speaking of the theologist's "soul"? And what has either word to do with God? Of course the world is "governed by ideas." And the intelligence which works with ideas is a fundamental property of organisms, or at least of certain organisms, for we do not know where it begins. But there are methods of studying intelligence objectively; there are ways of finding out how we get ideas. Is it not better to make such investigations rather than to make mysterious assertions about spiritual values?

E. M. East
Forest Hills, Mass.

Comparative Happiness

We could not resist the following late-arriving letters, which conclude the debate in the December issue.

To the Editor:

I cannot resist saying that as regards happiness I find myself in much closer agreement with Mrs. Corra Harris than with Mrs. Russell, whose point of view regarding happiness through free sex-expression I find hectic and unrepresentative. Happiness, in my view, is a grace, and exists or not rather independently of outward circumstances, while it is rarely found among sensualists or egoists.

Nevertheless, I believe the modern woman is, on the whole, happier than her grandmother, because, through education and opportunity, she has ceased to have all her eggs in one basket. Given health and a touch of spiritual grace, the wider the opportunities for development and expression, the greater should be the chance of being happy, if not in one walk of life, then in another. But you cannot cage the Blue Bird — it is shy and elusive, and, if clutched at, will always escape the grasp.

Beatrice Forbes-Robertson Hale
Surrey, England

To the Editor:

I have just read the debate, "Are We Happier than Our Grandmothers?" Thanks for giving Mrs. Harris the last word. That helps us to come through clean. Passing from Mrs. Russell's discussion to Mrs. Harris' is like going from a pig-pen into a parlor. It's great to get away from the stench and in where things are beautiful and sweet. The bright feature about Mrs. Russell's modern ladies is that the great Lord God Almighty of the universe hasn't yet vacated His throne; He has His hook in their noses and is leading them out where they won't do much harm. Living for pleasure, they are already as good as dead. A lovely and holy motherhood is beyond their capacity. The few babies they have will grow up to be like their mothers with the same hook in their noses. The world is safe enough. Such rot as Mrs. Russell spews out will not kill anybody much but the spewers and those they train to be like themselves. Mrs. Harris' (Heaven bless her kind!) article assures us that God still has millions of excellent women to build his world with, whose patience and loyalty, truth and purity is the beauty of the earth.

Albert Cartland
Lowell, Mich.

To the Editor:

I agree with both Mrs. Russell and Mrs. Harris in their main contentions. Mrs. Russell's ideas, with two exceptions, are the ones I have lived and advocated, and I am a grandfather. The two exceptions — and no one but has exceptions in grasp of truth — are easy divorce, whether reasonable or not, and toleration of infidelity. It reminds me of an old description of the difference between the idealist and the materialist. The former said, "No matter"; the latter retorted, "Never mind." Mrs. Russell places sex laws on the same level as democracy. The desire for easy morality has always had advocates, and they are limited in their thinking and experience of life as those who say "no matter" and "never mind." Easy morality and generous morality are the same thing. "No sacrifice"; "no duty." "No matter"; "never mind."

Mrs. Harris makes happiness a result. Pilate might have added, "And tell me what happiness is, as well as truth, while you re about it." She raises a complicated question. She and the Declaration of Independence disagree, for pursuit of happiness is our inalienable right in that instrument. Evidently there are varying standards of happiness. It may be mere physical comfort, mere emotion, pride of achievement, playing the game, and others still higher, such as unselfishness, devotion to duty, or the functioning of all of our nature under the guidance of the highest Known. The happiest people I have ever known were missionaries of Christ, and I never knew one of them to speak of being bored. It is a low order of happiness that can be bored.

As a grandfather, with a grandmother beside me, I am frank to say that there is not any difference between the happiness of this generation and mine; or between mine and my grandmother's — just different, that's all. But I ought to warn you that many of our friends avow that my wife and I have never grown up, while she herself asserts she has never grown old and never will.

Burton Alva Konkle
Swarthmore, Pa.

On Wings of Poetry

Questioning whether or not Arthur Ficke arrives at his goal in "The Return of Christ."

To the Editor:

If a poet wishes to soar to the skies, both imaginatively and intellectually, he will find the right theme in the return of Christ. Mr. Ficke has done this very thing, although his soaring is too high for most naked eyes to view with pleasure. However, his flying is not perfect. A heavy gale quickly sweeps him beyond his goal. He batters the storm with a fevered wing, but bravely sails on. Throughout the poem, it seems that Mr. Ficke makes a noble effort to have Christ speak and act in a most creditable manner, beyond the adverse criticism of the most thoughtful. However, we hear Christ calling Confucius "the Most Holy Teacher," with no regard for time or place. Did Christ not have a sincere conviction of the ever-increasing progress of mankind, when he said: "Greater things shall ye do"?

I should like Mr. Ficke to explain why Christ would first say, "There is not for man any hope, nor any assuagement, nor any salvation," and then later proclaim, "The heart of man may wander not in darkness, I beseech you to have courage . . . When you shall rise up free men." In one breath he says that there is not for man any hope, while in the next moment, he makes a plea that man shall have courage and hope to "rise up free men."

His first Commandment is a beautiful goal, toward which mankind can well afford to work. I would not aim beside the mark. "Be ye perfect," is the right motive. To be true to one's self may ultimately bring mankind to such heights that all men may know all things. Meanwhile, shall we not feel conscientiously justified in thinking some of Mr. Ficke's thoughts and in hoping that he may also think some of our thoughts after us? Does the publishing of his own poem for our benefit, oppose his will? I think not. Then shall we not hope that Mr. Ficke will be more consistent in the future?

William Sherman Minor
Claysville, Pa.

Foreign Relations

A well-balanced criticism of France's attitude toward the United States as described in the December Forum.

To the Editor:

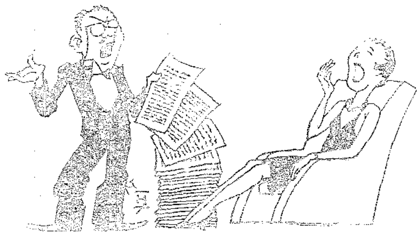
May I say that I have been particularly impressed by the validity of Pertinax's point of view, which I have frequently endeavored to present to the students in my classes. First, as regards the question of the continuity of our foreign policy, he believes that our country will sooner or later evolve a real foreign policy. I believe that it will have to do this, and I believe also that some progress is being made toward this end.

Students of American government have long pointed out the difficulties of enforcing treaty obligations under a federal system constructed like our own. Classic examples have been the inability of the Federal government to discharge satisfactorily its treaty obligations at the time of the Mafia incident in New Orleans, over the hindrances imposed by the authorities in Louisiana, and its inability to discharge its treaty obligations with Japan in the famous Japanese school case in California in 1906. It is sufficient to the ordinary American to know that the control over the administration of criminal justice rests in the hands of the states, but when Secretary Blaine attempted to explain this to the government of Italy, their natural reaction was to ask why, if we had a system of government which we ourselves admitted was unable to discharge the obligations that it had solemnly assumed, we did not change it so that it would be able to meet these obligations. Former Attorney-General Daugherty made a valuable suggestion as to the solution of this problem: namely, that

Congress should by law provide that all cases involving the interpretation of a Federal treaty should be taken into Federal courts, as courts of first instance. This would not require any amendment to the Constitution, and it would very greatly strengthen the hands of the Federal government in the enforcement of its treaty obligations. Such a provision would remove from the states the only power which they now have to hamper the Federal government in carrying out any foreign policy which it had determined to follow.

W. Brooke Graves

Temple University, Philadelphia, Pa.



Contemporary Literature

Is modern realism frankness or filth?

To the Editor:

This article in your December issue — "The Gutter — And Then What?" by Granville Hicks — is very aggravating, commanding as it does the front rank of the issue and, therefore, assuming an air of authority. And to think that way back on page 913 is hidden that restrained and profound bit from the pen of J. B. Priestley! Certainly the world is all topsy-turvy.

Let me explain myself. I am not a Puritan; I am not a reformer; I am not even a respectable member of any church; I am merely a tired business man — a young one, too — who spends a lot of time reading. I have read this All-World team of sensualists — Joyce, Huxley, Jeffers, O'Neil, Lawrence, etc. (Why not Sherwood Anderson, Mr. Hicks?) — and I rise to object to some of his statements and to marvel at others.

First of all — "Even the poets have turned aside from moonlight and jasmine," and he cites William Ellery Leonard. Has Mr. Hicks read *Two Lives?* Did he skip all the wealth of descriptive passages of the lake, of the meeting at the foot of the steps, of the old man in his study? Did he entirely overlook all of the last stanzas beginning:

> Oh, Earth and Autumn of the setting sun,
> She is not by to know my work is done.
> (*Quoted from memory*)

Is there no "moonlight and jasmine" in this, or has Mr. Hicks never seen an Indian Summer as Mr. Leonard has? And what of *Tristram* and *The King's Henchman?* Are these naughty?

And then he calls James Branch Cabell one of our minor writers! What a blow! Here I have always considered *Jurgen* one of America's greatest productions! Is Cabell too classical, is he too shocking, is he too pointed, or — and this cannot be — is it possible that Mr. Hicks takes him seriously? Certainly, with the possible exception of O'Neill, Cabell stands far above this All-World team in his saneness and profundity. He laughs to scorn those men who are sex-crazed adolescents, but who are old enough to exhibit some self-mastery; and he makes of them court jesters. Surely *Jurgen* is not misplaced on my shelves beside the well-thumbed Rabelais (unabridged)! But, perhaps Mr. Hicks takes Rabelais seriously? If so, the joke is on me.

And then Mr. Hicks discovers that these young men write about — sex. Before some kindly minister or doctor gets hold of him and tells him what sex really is, I should like to tell him the truth about it. Really, it is my duty to do this!

Sex — like kissing, eating, drinking, and grumbling — is a human habit practised by almost every ordinary individual. Like drinking soup, there is a disgusting side to it (the English method, for instance — that is, of drinking soup), and a perfectly decent side to it (the delicately poised little finger of the Four Hundred). Sex is accepted and practised among birds, beasts, and plants; but only among men is it considered indecent. It is a perfectly natural and human function of all living things; but only among men is it considered depraved and abnormal. Has Mr. Hicks ever observed young puppies just after they begin to feel the urge of life in their nimble limbs? But even young puppies grow away from their first indiscretions.

Man, too, grows out of his first adolescent cravings, Mr. Hicks. Joyce and his playmates (I do not think O'Neill belongs with them; he exhibits too much real power at times) may grow up some day to realize that sex is not a new scoop in literature. Chaucer, Dickens, Shakespeare, Anatole France used it; Knut Hamsun, Bojer, Arnold Bennet, Galsworthy use it; but these men are great literary artists, mature men, who have a true sense of proportion and decency. They admit sex in all its variations, but they know when it is appropriate. "There is a time for all things," said the very good St. Paul.

There was a time when drunken men wallowed in the gutters, while others, who admitted that they also drank, walked soberly and straight upon the sidewalks. There are those who wallow in the gutters of sex; there are many more who admit they practise the demands of sex but, nevertheless, walk proudly upon the sidewalks of life, proud that they are strong enough to stand on their feet. Surely there is nothing shocking about this! Surely this is no reason for founding a new school!

I repeat, Mr. Hicks, I am no Puritan. I do not believe Congress should prohibit the practise of sex. But I do believe that you and many others take all this adolescent raving of sex-crazed youths too seriously. Let 'em rave. It is perfectly normal. Think of the puppies — how they shock and embarrass us at times! I am Freudian enough not to want to suppress any emotions; but, for God's sake, don't put the poor kids on a pedestal! You spoil them before they have had a chance. Let us treat them kindly. They may embarrass, even shock us at times; but they will grow up some day and may even produce something of lasting value.

One example. I started reading D. H. Lawrence's *Rainbow* aloud to a friend not long ago. You remember the opening passages? Gorgeous! But then we came to the scene in the grain field. We both laughed so hard we could go no farther. It was a pity, too. I had almost hoped for something like *Sons and Lovers* or *The White Peacock*. So we dropped it and took up Tomlinson's *Sea and the Jungle*. What a difference! There is a real book by a mature man. Frankly, however, I think Lawrence is a greater genius than Tomlinson, but don't tell him I said so.

Do you remember those rather jagged lines from the Bab Ballads —

> Old heads upon young shoulders
> You must not expect to find?

And this? — "Get wisdom, but with all thy getting, get understanding."

Oh, well, Mr. Hicks, it's a good world anyway. Forgive me if I seem to swamp you in rhetorical questionings, but really I have nothing else to do this evening.

Eugene A. Bond

Seattle, Wash.

To the Editor:

I have read with interest Mr. Granville Hicks' article in your December number, and believe that I am in the main in agreement with him. There are one or two excellent points made by him which I think would bear a little heavier stress.

In any discussion of the frankness and realism, as it is called on the one hand, or the "filthiness," as it is called on the other, of contemporary literature, I think that the whole point is lost if the discussion is restricted to the question of propriety and decency. So far as my own work goes, I happen not to have a taste for such methods as those of Mr. Joyce or Mr. Lawrence, but I consider that merely a question of method, so that it is hardly more than a trifling accident that Joyce and Lawrence are censored and I am not. A certain number of books (not by Joyce or Lawrence) are produced which I deplore; but it is for the greater good that they should be allowed to circulate and sink by their own weight. Where I cordially support Mr. Hicks is in his alliance of the problem of decency in writing to a more general and more important problem. He remarks:

> The demise of the theory of progress, the skepticism about democracy, the decadence of liberalism — all these are evidence of the extent to which the old articles of faith are being questioned, even as were the articles they superseded.

This is the real point. The people whose work Mr. Hicks discusses are fighting — even when, like Mr. Huxley, they are doing so unconsciously and in spite of themselves — the battle which Arnold, in *Culture and Anarchy*, tells us that Newman was fighting against nineteenth century liberalism. I shall not expect the Roman hierarchy of Massachusetts, which, like the rest of Ireland, north and south, seems to be thoroughly Puritanized, to be able to understand this statement. But to my mind the phenomena that Mr. Hicks discusses are evidences of a transition, a revolt against the paganism of progress of the nineteenth century, toward a rediscovery of orthodox Christianity. Even "Freudianism," crude and half-baked as it is, is a blundering step toward the Catholic conception of the human soul. The religious faith which Mr. Hicks suggests has been destroyed by "science" was a faith much better destroyed. Perhaps the most interesting example, from the point of view from which we are looking at the matter, is the spectacle of the grandson of Thomas Huxley discovering that human nature is fundamentally corrupt. This seems to me a very healthy sign. Mr. Huxley is on the way toward orthodoxy.

Certainly, a healthy movement like this will carry along a great deal of rubbish with it, like the negligible work of Mr. Cabell; but oblivion will soon take care of that. And to paraphrase Mr. Hicks' words, one who thinks is only now justified in any surrender to church or to state, as the terminus of a voyage directed by "the courageous venturing of one's own spirit."

T. S. ELIOT

London, England

Let Freedom Ring

Advocating those same Spartan methods for the rearing of children that Dr. Book condemned in the January Rostrum.

To the Editor:

Dr. Hill's article about coddled children, in your November issue, touches a responsive chord in me. The bringing up of our three has been somewhat a crusade in sympathy with Dr. Hill's position. Once when we moved to a new city, no neighbor called on me during the whole first winter. When we became friends, they explained that they had agreed to boycott anyone so heartless as to let her little children play out in the snow protected only by cotton "coveralls" (they did not know that underneath were warm hand-knit woolen suits). To make matters worse, ordinarily the children had *bare knees!*

We have much to learn from the English about the benefits of sunshine and fresh air even in cold weather, but experience with English schools makes me rather indignant at Dr. Hill's assumption of entire superiority there. In general hygiene, food, and mental attitudes, I think American schools have much to teach them.

Among educated people here much blame attaches to impractical doctors — those whose whole training seems to be in *Materia Medica.* I know many mothers who are tying to have sturdy children and whose motto is "Have the doctor to *keep* the children well."

We mothers are preached at from every side and few of us have any criteria as to how to judge the relative values of these preachments. One great hope of the future lies in the modern nursery school. "Over-mothering," whether done by mother, father, or grandmother, is a great handicap. Overdoctoring is as bad. Luckily one great dogma of the modern child psychologist is not to overteach. A toddler of eighteen months, who spends from nine till four for six days a week in one of these modern schools under grown-up supervision and with but little interference, playing with a dozen other toddlers, learning to eat with the crowd all the wholesome things provided for his noonday meal, lying down with them for a long afternoon nap, and learning for himself to put on rubbers and all the other necessary garments for jolly outdoor play, really has his "charter of freedom" while at school, and is likely to claim it at home, too.

LUCY G. MORGAN

Yellow Springs, Ohio

What is a Gentleman?

Forum Definitions

Twenty years ago the *Baltimore Sun* offered a prize of the best definition of a gentleman. The answer chosen was as follows:

"The true gentleman is the man whose conduct proceeds from good will and an acute sense of propriety, and whose self-control is equal to all emergencies; who does not make the poor man conscious of his poverty, the obscure man of his obscurity, or any man of his inferiority or deformity; who is himself humbled if necessity compel him to humble another; who does not flatter wealth, cringe before power, or boast of his own possessions or achievements; who speaks with frankness, but always with sincerity and sympathy, and whose deed follows his word; who thinks of the rights and feelings of others rather than of his own; who appears well in any company, and who is at home what he seems to be abroad — a man with whom honor is sacred and virtue safe."

The conception of a gentleman does not appear to have changed greatly in the last two decades. THE FORUM's readers nearly all agreed on the prime requisites of a gentleman: first, consideration of the rights and feelings of others; second, self-control; third, honesty. Some added a fourth qualification — refinement, though the diamond-in-the-rough had many enthusiastic backers.

The following were chosen not because their ideas were unique, but because they were expressed clearly and tersely.

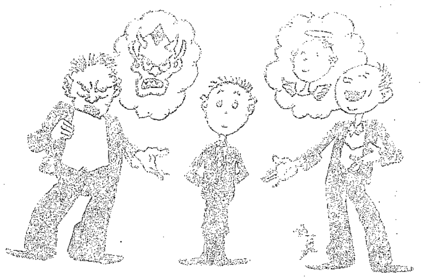
1. A gentleman is one who is actuated by a high sense of honor and truth, who observes with scrupulous regard the rights and feeling of others, and who is characterized by refinement in his dress, manners, acts, and words. (*Washington Catlett, Wilmington, N. C.*)

2. A gentleman is a man who has an innate sense of honesty, fairness, gentleness, and chivalry, all of which he brings into practice in his everyday life. (*Mrs. O. D. Elliott, Los Angeles, Calif.*)

3. A gentleman is a man of self-control who practises honesty as a principle and not as a policy; who considers decency in his behavior toward his fellow men a privilege and not a duty; and whose respect for womankind is predicated upon conviction and not convention. (*Walther Raster, Chicago, Ill.*)

4. A gentleman is one who appreciates and respects the sensibilities of others; one who controls his emotions and passions so as not to injure the feelings of his fellow man. (*William Bartow, Cincinnati, O.*)

Next word to be defined: — CULTURE. *Definitions, typewritten and not exceeding 100 words, must reach the Editor by February 25. Prizes of $5.00, or any book mentioned or advertised in The Forum (value not exceeding $5.00), for each winning definition.*



Is Democracy a Failure?

The American public comments on Dr. Durant's confirmation and the mayors' denial of democracy's failure as discussed in the January Forum.

If it is any consolation to an enlightened government, present politicians and statesmen may be glad to know that there seems to be an intense and general conviction that democracy, as such, is not a failure in these United States. Dr. Will Durant, in the January FORUM, presented his own ideas regarding the once virile brain-child of Thomas Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton. He bemoaned the loss of the attributes which these gentlemen established as the fundamental tenets of democracy. He regretted that in the failure of its primary purpose it had not even substituted a greater one; and came to the conclusion, albeit sadly, that America is immersed in a reign of almost insurmountable mediocrity.

American mayors who disputed Dr. Durant's ideas felt, in general, that he was overstating his case, and each was quite eager to assure him that, as far as his own town was concerned, Dr. Durant's indictments were unfair. The country at large would seem, if commenting letters may be taken as proof, to uphold the mayors' views. From these letters one may, strangely enough, perceive the reasons for Mr. Hoover's overwhelming election. There is in them a fear of change, a mistrust of innovation, and a horror of the political machine, indefinitely expressed but obviously referring to Tammany.

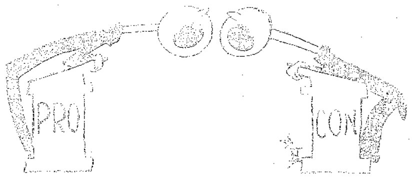
Since the letters themselves are the greatest proofs, they should be presented. They seemed most logically to divide themselves into three groups: those who felt that democracy either is breaking or has never existed, those who felt that democracy is the only governmental policy for the U. S. and that it is growing stronger, and those intermediate ones who could see both sides and had various remedies to suggest.

DEMOCRACY DOOMED

Henry Tyrrell of *The World* staff is firmly convinced that democracy's days are numbered, and he gives the following reasons: We have inherited and developed sinister platitudes: (1) all revolutions are sacred, as destroying only what is bad and fostering everything that is wise and good; (2) science and reason rule, religion being merely a survival of superstition; (3) the people hanker after equality; (4) we are at the dawn of a universal brotherhood; (5) man is naturally virtuous and orderly, but demoralized through society, government, and culture. Mr. Tyrrell goes on to say, "We started out, 150 years ago, on assets of poverty and idealism, with the hopeful good will of all nations. Now we have all the world's money and most of its hatred. As for ideals, they must shift for themselves. In Europe, to-day, democracy expresses itself in the plain terms of dictatorship and devastation. To America it brings an even deadlier menace of prosperity (I forbear the obvious irony of quotation marks)."

Cale Young Rice, poet and dramatist, whose home is in Louisville, Ky., believes that in a hundred localities in America democracy is not only breaking down, but has done so — at least temporarily. "The ideal of self-government is so ingrained in the American mind," says Mr. Rice, "that I can see no probability of a resort to an autocracy or dictatorship; but political corruption is so pervasive that one must be capable of a great deal of self-delusion to fancy that we are really controlling ourselves democratically."

Two educators expressed their belief in Democracy's failure. Bertram E. McProud, Dean of the Teachers' College of Nebraska Wesleyan University at Lincoln, stated his belief that in the great congested centres, with their tremendous diversity of population, democracy is breaking down, but in another large portion of our country, less congested and more homogeneous, democracy is succeeding. Dr. McProud adds another cogent idea — that nobody knows whether democracy is or is not showing signs of failure. J. E. McCullough, Executive Secretary of the School of Religion at Vanderbilt University in Nashville, Tenn., says, "The breakdown in the spirit of democracy in this country is apparent in the indifference of the public to inefficiency and corruption in public office. It is almost unbelievable that some of our cities could be governed by the type of demagogue that we see in many places to-day. The failure of these communities speedily to awake and put an end to the inefficiency and corruption is sufficient proof that the spirit of democracy is degenerating in those centres. This, however, is not the worst aspect of the situation. The lack of moral indignation on the part of our highest officials, shown by their silence and their inaction and the failure of the public adequately to resent such inaction on the part of their representatives, is the most serious evidence that could be offered against our democracy as it functions to-day."



Charles L. Knight, publisher of the *Akron Beacon Journal*, of Akron, Ohio, offers the following reason for Democracy's degeneracy: "Under the primaries it was inevitable that groups and blocks, easily used by the commercial politician, should become the dominant factor in selecting candidates. That, of itself, has driven out of public life practically all first rate intelligence, for few able and courageous people are willing to make the compromises and to suffer the indignities necessary to get into office. Consequently, in a few years, we have passed from the wise representative democracy given us by our fathers to the rule of mobocracy which always has eventually destroyed. People destroy liberty in the name of more liberty."

THE "IF" IN THE CASE

Some there were who refused to concede unqualifiedly that democracy no longer exists. *If* democracy is gone, it is the result of some definite, traceable cause. Tom D. McKeown, Congressman from Oklahoma, credits the "apparent breakdown" to the disappearance of individuality in America. He finds it an unwholesome sign that the tendency is to leave rural communities and to congregate in villages, towns, and cities, and he also finds that with modern inventions and means of communication people are acting *en masse* rather than as individuals. Dr. Ralph W. Sockman, of the Madison Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church in New York City, is of much the same opinion. He says, "The transfer of our population from the soil to the city has put a terrific strain on America's institution of democracy. By increasing the complexity of living, this trek to the city is making inadequate many of the old governmental methods. By submerging the individual in the crowd, it lessens his sense of civic responsibility and thus opens the way for political machines which thrive better in urban than in rural conditions. The political machine is not the root of the trouble, as Dr. Durant says, but rather the fruit of the trouble."

Others found an explanation for the apparent disintegration of democracy in the people themselves, while still others blamed it on corruption in politics. Dr. B. E. P. Prugh, Chairman of the Prohibition State Committee in Harrisburg, Pa., says that perhaps the beginning of the decline is found in the promulgation of the principle "To the victors belong the spoils." He believes that public office is no longer held by a majority of office holders as a public trust but rather as an opportunity to profit from the public. He also says that the establishment of the pre-election primary has served only to enable the corrupt machines to tighten their grip on the throats of the people. Sumner Salter, of New York City, is directly opposed to Dr. Prugh. He says, "In spite of the noisy hue and cry about political chicanery and corruption, and the undoubted prevalence of it in great political centres, I believe it exists less to-day than it did in the past, taking into account the growth of cities in population and wealth; and the same I believe to be true of Federal and State government in general. If democracy has failed or is failing, it is because fundamental moral principles are violated and the people are faithless to their duties and responsibilities to themselves as well as to others. At the bottom of this shirking is selfishness, standing aloof, preferring escape from a small share in civic duty, with its consequent acceptance of whatever evil results, thus inviting usurpation of power and dishonest administration of government."

Democracy a Success

Those who felt either directly or qualifiedly that democracy was a failure were far outnumbered by those who could see no need for worry. To these latter ones the institution of democracy, although it has various phases which could be improved, is nevertheless the only government possible, probable, or profitable for the American people. Some of those who felt most strongly in this connection were: Otis E. Randall, Dean of Brown University at Providence, R. I.; Arthur R. Robinson, Indiana Chairman of U. S. Senate Committee on Pensions; A. D. Shawel, Physiologist of the U. S. Dept. of

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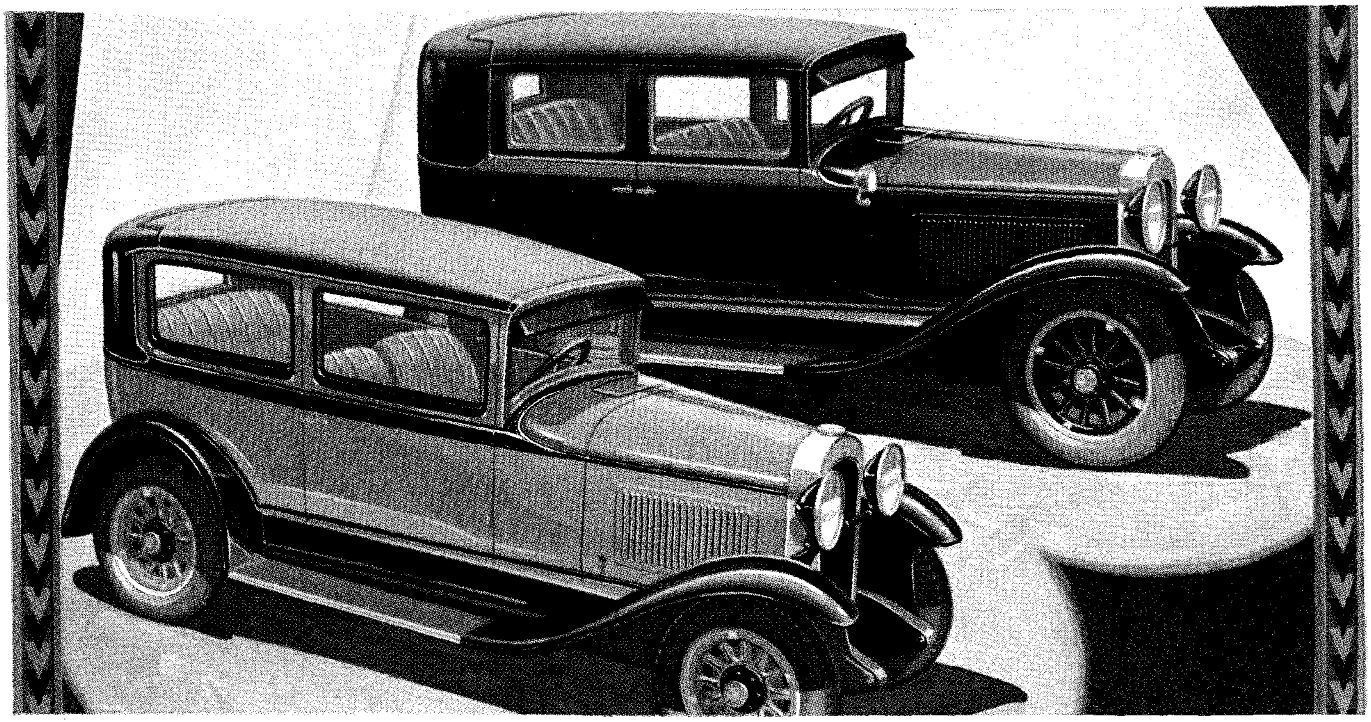

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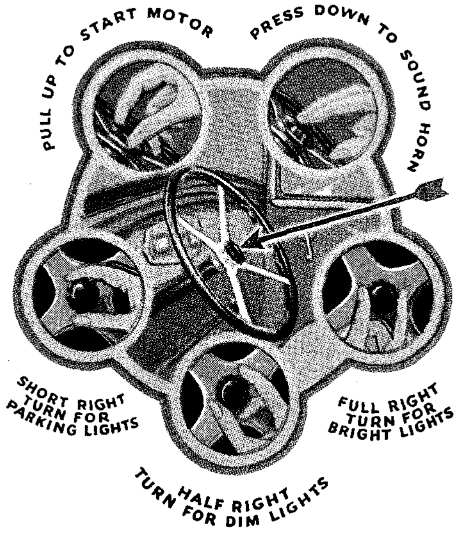
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"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES

Lieutenant General
Robert Lee Bullard
who was in command
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on Armistice Day,
November 11, 1918

Reach
for a
Lucky
instead
of a
sweet.

"An army man must keep fit - *reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet*"

Robert Lee Bullard

Lieutenant General
Robert Lee Bullard

"General de Braack, one of Napoleon's greatest cavalry leaders, said: 'Smoke yourself and teach your men to smoke. It will comfort you and them under the greatest strain.' One hundred years after de Braack, one million Americans fighting at the front in France and smoking Lucky Strikes found it to be true. Of course, I say reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet. An army man must besides keep fit and not be overweight."

ROBERT LEE BULLARD

The modern common sense way—reach for a Lucky instead of a fattening sweet. Everyone is doing it—men keep healthy and fit, women retain a trim figure.

Lucky Strike, the finest tobaccos, skilfully blended, then toasted to develop a flavor which is a delightful alternative for that craving for fattening sweets.

Toasting frees Lucky Strike from impurities. 20,679 physicians recognize this when they say Luckies are less irritating than other cigarettes. Athletes, who must keep fit, testify that Luckies steady their nerves and do not harm their physical condition. That's why Luckies have always been the favorite of those men who want to keep in tip-top shape and realize the danger of overweight. That's why folks say: "It's good to smoke Luckies."

A reasonable proportion of sugar in the diet is recommended, but the authorities are overwhelming that too many fattening sweets are harmful and that too many such are eaten by the American people. So, for moderation's sake we say:—

"REACH FOR A LUCKY
INSTEAD OF A SWEET."

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation-No Cough.

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Agriculture at Riverside, California; Marion Talbot, Dean of Women and Professor Emeritus of the University of Chicago; Isaac O. Winslow, Sup't. of Education of Providence R. I.; G. W. A. Luckey, educator, of Washington, D. C.; Samuel M. LePage, of the Dept. of Government and History of Ottawa University in Kansas; Professor Ashley H. Thorndike of Columbia University; Francis H. Sisson, Vice-President of the Guaranty Trust Company of N. Y.

It is Doctor Randall's contention that the spirit of democracy prevails as strongly to-day as ever. While there are those who are not able to correlate the great changes which have taken place in American civilization and who are likely to interpret present tendencies as an indication of breakdown, nevertheless, the American people at heart, he believes, are firmly convinced of the value of a democratic government and would be aroused to action were they persuaded that we were tending toward any other form.

Mr. Robinson is more vehement in his disagreement with Dr. Durant. He says — "Do I believe democracy is breaking down in America? Emphatically no! The American Republic is the hope of the world and the constitutional Republic in this country is just as potent to-day as it has ever been."

Marion Talbot says, "Democracy is not dead in this country. It sometimes sleeps or is in a state of torpor, but it can be aroused, as witness the recent elections and especially the overthrow by the people of an indescribably powerful political machine in Chicago." Isaac O. Winslow: "Democracy is so firmly established in the United States that there is no real danger that it will be abandoned or overthrown. We have too much forward momentum. There is no possibility of pure democracy on this side of the millennium. We must be satisfied with oligarchical democracy. The paramount influence of a comparatively small number of leading spirits cannot be overcome or rejected. In a practical sense this is not to be regretted. Society should have the benefit of the leadership of the wisest and most capable citizens. The difficulty is to secure the selection of such citizens." G. W. A. Luckey: "Democracy as conceived by our forefathers, improved and practised through all the intervening years by their children, is the best, most pliable, effective form of government and the one most amenable to improvement of any that have yet been tried. Its virtues are more appreciated, more intelligently utilized, more faithfully administered to-day than in any other period of its hundred and fifty years of existence." Samuel M. LePage: "It is taken for granted that social changes will necessitate changes in government. This, however, does not invalidate the principle of democracy. Neither does the fact that the government is in the hands of a few invalidate that principle. In the beginning a few managed the government; to-day the few control, and in the future this will still be true. Human characteristics make this inevitable." Prof. Ashley H. Thorndike: "I do not see any indications that democracy is breaking down in the United States. Unquestionably it is meeting difficulties and will have to adjust itself to new conditions, especially in the management of political parties." Francis H. Sisson: "I do not think democracy is breaking down in America unless one assumes that it has been broken down from the beginning and that it is not the form of government best adapted to human society as it is now constituted. Failures have attended the whole course of democracy, but so have they attended every other form of human government. What Dr. Durant says is undoubtedly true, but what better case could he make out for any other form of government over a long period of years? Human nature is weak and fallible, and so are its institutions. Through the pages of history we find autocracy, oligarchy, aristocracy, plutocracy, the tyranny of the few and the tyranny of the many, the rule of might, the rule of superstition, and the rule of wealth, all breaking down sooner or later in their efforts to perfect a scheme of government. Out of it all has emerged modern democracy, weak, unintelligent, inefficient, and frequently unable to cope with the problems it faces, and yet, in spite of it all, it seems to me to be the best scheme of government which society has yet devised for the preservation and protection of its interests. To-day the business man is coming into power. At the head of the two greatest democracies in the world stand Baldwin in England and Herbert Hoover in the United States. Business men of high degree will guide the course of their people. In that trend I see progress."

Among the many who cite the recent election as proof of democracy's strength were: F. Schuyler Mathews, author and illustrator, of Cambridge, Mass.; Frederick Boyd Stevenson, editor and writer, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Paul G. Miller, educator, of New York City; Charles E. Locke, Mass. Institute of Technology, Cambridge, Mass.; Alexander Wilbourne Weddell, Foreign Service Officer, of Richmond, Va.; Daniel L. Marsh, President of Boston University.

Says Mr. Mathews: "Dr. Durant is apparently afraid of an overwhelming power for evil exerted by vast numbers of mediocre men! It will never happen so long as the intelligence and virtue of our great nation manifest themselves in the public vote as they did in the last election. Though a good man in that issue suffered defeat, the people of these United States showed their determination to follow the safer and wiser policies as represented by another leader of great executive ability who was absolutely unhampered by the 'machine.'"

This same avoidance of the political machine was referred to by Mr. Stevenson, who claims that is the root of the trouble. He says: "The American people gave a decided answer to the proposition advocated in the last presidential election when the Democratic committee suggested a reversal of the old Confederate idea of 'States Rights' with the prohibition question as the opening wedge in breaking up a centralized Federal government, which, of course, would mean the breaking up of the Union, and these same American people positively asserted in this election that they could not be dictated to or controlled by a political machine run by a few selfish leaders under the guise of 'Democracy.'"

Paul G. Miller describes the recent election as a plain case of Main Street against Wall Street, with Main Street winning.

"There is a great deal of talk about lawlessness, disregard of the rights of others, economic unfairness, industrial injustice, domestic instability, etc.," says Dr. Marsh, "but to a student of history and to one who is acquainted with conditions in undemocratic countries, all that is said against democracy in America is not very impressive. I do not believe that democracy is breaking down in America. The results of the recent election show that, take it by and large, one can still trust the intelligence and the conscience of the majority of voters in this country."

And Alexander Weddell is as sure of this: "The recent elections, wherein old party lines were largely forgotten and the Democratic political machine went to pieces, are a proof of the power of bigotry and prejudice to sway the crowd, but at the same time demonstrate a growing tendency on the part of the people to pick their own candidate. In other words, for good or ill, the voter of the future will vote for candidates rather than for principles embodied in party platforms, and while the field is ripe for the sowing and reaping of the demagogue, at the same time I believe that in the final analysis the underlying good sense of the American people will save the country from calamity."

Suggested Changes

Many letters came from those who suggested or advocated certain changes. Others analyzed and explained. Still others prophesied. Again we regret our inability to publish complete letters, but we feel that these suggestions and quotations must be given.

Joseph Lee believes that there is one thing which the bosses stand for to which democracy must pay more attention, namely, the personal element in government. "No country, no institution of any sort," he says, "can be expressed in law. Even in its routine affairs the important part of government, especially in cities, is administration, and administration means a man. More important still, every living institution has a soul, a personality. Above all it must have a man to represent the part of it that cannot be reduced to prose. What we most need to learn is the place of the king in a democracy — the leader, chosen, understood, and trusted by the people, and representing in his person something of the purpose and ideal our country stands for."

Charles A. Shull would seem to agree to a certain extent with Mr. Lee. He says: "Democracy goes to sleep at the switch occasionally, but is capable of very vigorous expression, and is thoroughly capable of safeguarding the moral and spiritual and physical welfare of our nation. We do not have the best representative democracy in America as our government now runs. The English system in which the program, not the party, is paramount is superior to our own. It would have a very salutary effect on Senators and Congressmen if they knew that they would face new elections if they failed to put across the program upon which they were elected."

Referring again to the idea of rural migration, William E. Mullen gives some explanation of this situation. He says: "While many of our eighteenth century concepts of democracy as developed in rural communities, are unsuited to our present complexities of government, the fact should be considered as some evidence of progress rather than of a gradual breaking down of the system by so-called political machines. The situation would seem to call for an effective method for the breaking down of the political machines. We are living in an economic age. The struggle for existence is more acute than in former generations. The uncertainties of tenure and inferior compensation that go with public office, are generally unattractive when compared with the opportunities of private employment. A cult of inefficiency, insincerity, and greed has gained an influence in our politics that has caused some indifference to civic duty. But that will be remedied as time goes on, by the democratization of industry and trade, profit sharing through stock and bond participation, lessons of the World War, and the great educational movement now in progress."

Dr. Ira S. Wile explains that one must distinguish between the forms and the spirit of democracy. Many of the forms originally created appear to have been worn out, particularly in large cities for which they are not adequately adapted. He says: "The spirit, however, is far from destroyed. The reversals of the last election indicate that the general group mind is functioning, that the ballot is expressing opinions of the mass, whether these opinions be right or wrong. The failure of Mr. Smith to carry for Presidency the State of New York, which he had carried several times for Governorship, indicates the movement of democracy as representative of the thinking of the demos."

Frank Webster Smith gives his opinion that democracy works slowly and conservatively because ideas must penetrate before they issue in objective facts. Progressive ideas must filter through large masses before they emerge in sure and stable gains. "But," he says, "once they have compassed this process they are safe from inconsiderate reversal and revolution. Modifications and improvements are in order to meet just criticisms and new conditions, but the ideas move forward undisguised. Nothing requires such patience as democracy. Its slowness is often exasperating, but I doubt whether democracy, considering present conditions, is any more discouraging than it was 150 years ago, and 150 years is a brief span; in fact, I suspect it is far less discouraging. Democracy is rich in prophecy. It has not yet reached the promised land, but it is not in the wilderness. Our new immigration policy insures better conditions. Democracy is a penetrating and steadying force." And he adds, "The November election was one of the most encouraging illustrations of democracy in action we have ever had."

Two others have given two points of view equally divergent. Sinclair Lewis says: "I do not believe that there has ever been a break-down of democracy in the United States because I do not believe that there has ever been democracy in the United States. I do not find the country-club sets who felt superior to Al Smith very different from the Tories of the Revolutionary War, the polite circles who felt superior to Andrew Jackson, the polite circles who felt superior to Abraham Lincoln, or the literary gentry of Boston who were shocked when Mr. Samuel Clemens of Boston dared to exhibit his Missouri humor at the dinner table."

Lyman Beecher Stowe says: "It is, of course, both true and a truism that the government of our cities is the weakest spot in our democracy, but in my opinion even they have improved in the last twenty years. There are certainly many encouraging elements in the state and in the nation. With the exception of Governor Dix we have had especially honest and able governors of New York for the past fifteen years, and Franklin D. Roosevelt will surely be no anti-climax. In the nation I suppose we never had a presidential campaign in which the two great parties were represented by such able and highly trained men as Smith and Hoover."

Much as we regret the lack of space, it has been impossible to quote from all letters, but we are most grateful to the following for their views and their opinions: Agnes C. Laut, Wassaic, N. Y.; John J. Leary, New York City; Dr. John E. Lind, Washington, D. C.; Dr. F. E. Lloyd, Montreal, Canada; Wm. C. Loring, Boston, Mass.; Richard R. Lyman, Salt Lake City, Utah; John R. MacArthur, New York City; J. T. Marshman, Delaware, Ohio; Nelson McClary, Empire, Mich.; Edwin T. Merrick, New Orleans, La.; Geo. A. Merrill, Redwood City, Calif.; Dr. Hugh Miller, Schenectady, N. Y.; Kelly Miller, Washington, D. C.; Olin H. Moore, Columbus, Ohio; W. A. Noyes, Urbana, Ill.; Mrs. I. B. Oakley, Philadelphia, Pa.; Arthur Peabody, Madison, Wisc.; John S. Penman, Cambridge, Mass.; Dr. R. H. Rivenburg, Lewisburg, Pa.; Robert Roberts, Burlington, Vt.; Edgar E. Robinson, Stanford University, Calif.; Rt. Rev. W. B. Rogers, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Dunbar Rowland, Jackson, Miss.; Dr. George Royal, Des Moines, Iowa.; William Lawrence Saunders, New York City; Nathaniel Schmidt, Ithaca, N. Y.; Rt. Rev. W. B. Shaw, New Orleans, La.; Wallace M. Short, Sioux City, Iowa.; Frank M. Sparks, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Dr. G. A. Tawney, Cincinnati, Ohio; Dr. S. S. Visher, Bloomington, Ind.; E. Wegmann, New York City; Dr. Ernest Weltmer, Nevada, Mo.; D. E. Wheeler, New York City; Dr. Albert P. Weiss, Columbus, Ohio; Dr. Max E. Witte, Clarinda, Iowa.

A Ballade of Books

The counters groan beneath the weight
Of books that come by truck and dray.
The presses work from dawn till late
To print the trite, the sad, the gay.
Yes, I have marvelled (as you may)
That all the world finds time to pile
Just words on words, the same old way!
A thousand books — and one worth while!

The critic, if he choose, may wait
The *tour de force*, and then display
The cunning of his craft, and date
The birth of genius from that day.
But chances are he cannot say,
With all the "blurbs" to cramp his style,
What is a *tour de force*, or nay.
A thousand books — and one worth while!

It seems to be an author's fate
That pretty tastes in titles play
A major part; but what I hate
The most is the deceptive sway
The paper wrapper wields; I'd pay,
For one without the lure and guile,
A fancy price. But stores array
A thousand books — and one worth while!

To literary gods I'd pray
(And for an answer walk a mile!)
For this per cent, at least, alway —
A thousand books — and one worth while!

James Owen Tryon
New York City

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Your bond holdings should also originate in as many localities as feasible, to spread the risk geographically. Should one locality or industry have a setback, the securities of others will act as a support, possibly displaying added strength as an offset. Maturities should be divided between long and short term; salability, yield, even security, should be arranged for proper balance—the ratios depending on your circumstances.

Diversification is simple in principle. In practice it is often complex. But it may be readily accomplished through a connection with an experienced investment house, operating on a nationwide scale and originating a diversity of issues in the important fields of investment. Such a house is in a strong position to advise and apply diversification.

¶ This subject—along with other basic principles to guide investors—is more fully discussed in our booklet, "Essentials of a Sound Investment Policy." *Write for booklet* FO-29

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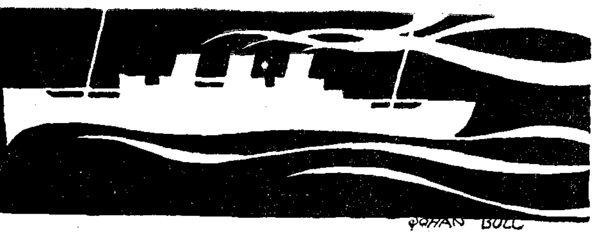


On the Trail of Contrast

by HENRY H. KINYON

WHAT IS THE best time to visit Japan? One of my friends says April, and another, October."

"I've always wanted to take a trip to the West Indies; but I live in North Dakota, and I'm afraid the heat would be unbearable. When would it be safe for me to go?"

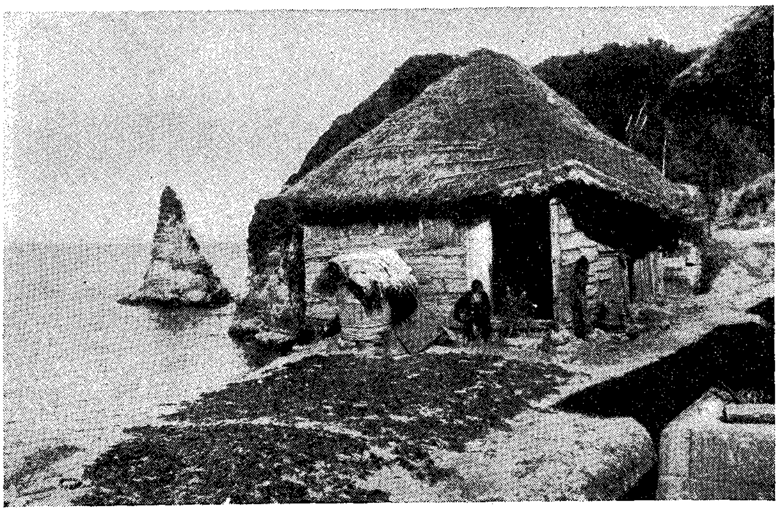
To both of these, and all other similar questions, one answer may be given — "Now. Do it now. The sooner you can go the better."

Each country does, of course, have some season when travel is most popular, such as cherry-blossom time in Japan, in April, or June—like January in the West Indies. But what a wondrous time is the autumn and early winter in Sunrise Land! And how surprisingly comfortable one can be, even in summer, in tropical islands luxuriantly shaded and swept by cool breezes fresh from the sea! Weather is a fickle thing the world over, and it's less important that you take your trip in the "best season" than that you take it at the first opportunity.

The world is pretty much the same all the way around in one respect — it's all changing, and it's all getting more and more alike. In some places the change is rapid, and in others it may be scarcely noticeable as yet. But in the places most visited, the change is fastest, so that the injunction holds good — go now, before the charm of things that are different fades any further. Even in the Orient, where everything is supposed to be topsy-turvy, things are turning right side up at an alarming pace — alarming, because it means the end, or at least the waning, of many picturesque characteristics of people and country.

Japan, as we have all been told so many times, has changed and is changing amazingly; but the change is even faster and greater than most people realize. The same is true, though in lesser degree, of nearly all the rest of the Orient. The industrialization and Westernization of Japan goes on apace. Those who understand the extraordinary adaptability of the Japanese will not be surprised to see in the next generation changes as revolutionary as the last has produced. These most progressive of Orientals will not be satisfied until in all important respects they have the same things to show as do the Occidentals. The vast development of their naval and military power will be — is being — repeated in their industrial and commercial power. This corresponds to the Japanese custom of building at the top first. And who can deny that by this method Japan has achieved her place in the sun much more quickly than she could ever have done in the traditional Western way?

Automobiles and street cars are taking the place of ricksha travel, and trucks are replacing hand-carts. Subways now roar their way between the principal centres of Tokyo. Steel and concrete have proved that even young skyscrapers are safe in this land of earthquakes. Seven and eight-story modern department stores with plate-glass show-windows have replaced many of the fascinating little open-front shops, where kimono-clad men and women knelt on straw-mat floors to wait on their customers. Steam shovels bite great foundation holes and steam pile drivers puff and snort where tight-trousered coolie women used to pull on long ropes to the tune of a shrill labor chant.



A Typical Japanese Seaside Village

Apartment houses are coming in where it has been a tradition that each family should have its own separate estate, be it large or small, closed in from the rest of the world. There has been talk of filling in some of the quaint old moats and tearing down some of the great stone walls to make more room for the building of homes and offices, many of them in most unattractive Western style. Narrow, winding streets are being straightened out and widened to accommodate the demands of faster and heavier traffic. These changes, and many more that might be mentioned, are merely forerunners of a general transformation. All this spells progress. At the same time it spells the doom of much of Japan's native charm.

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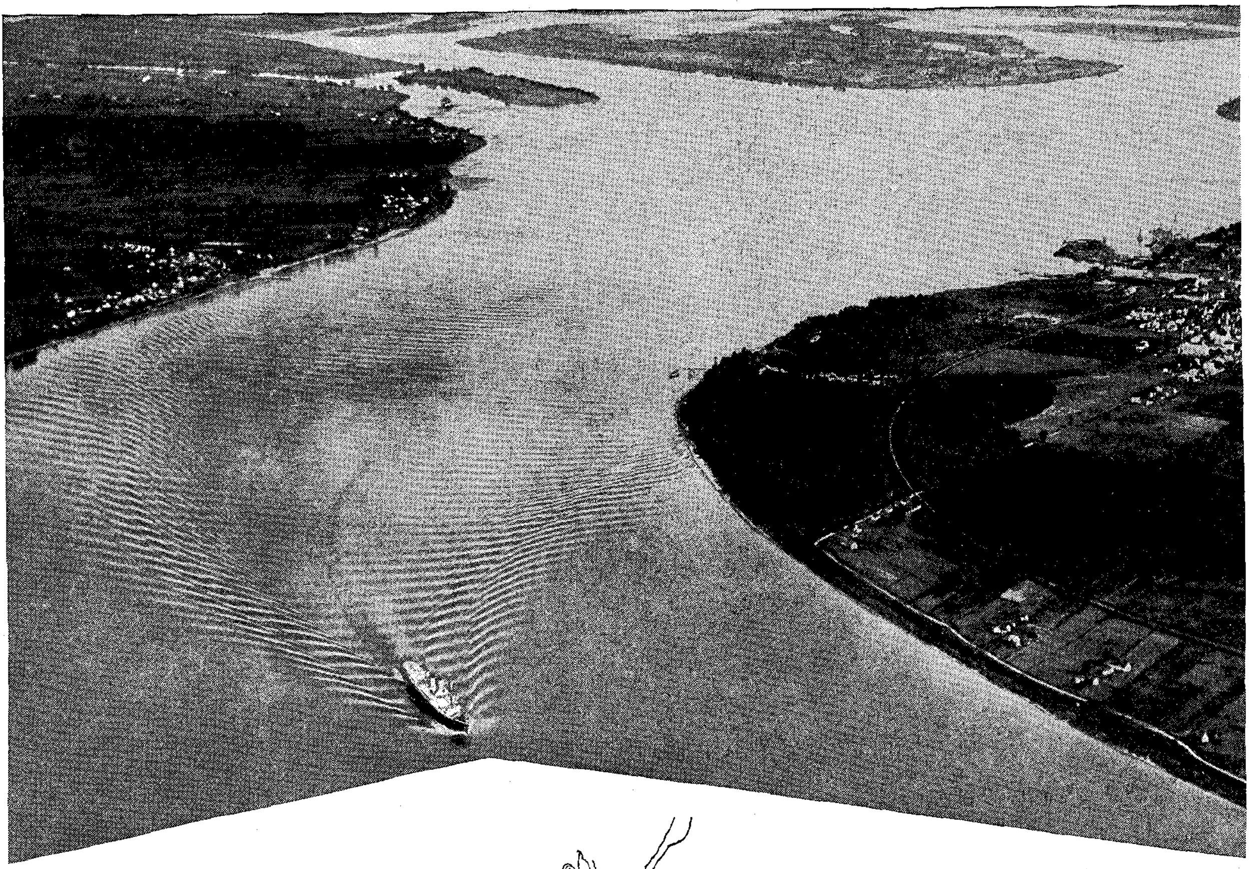

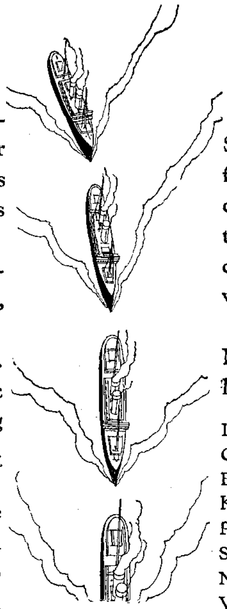

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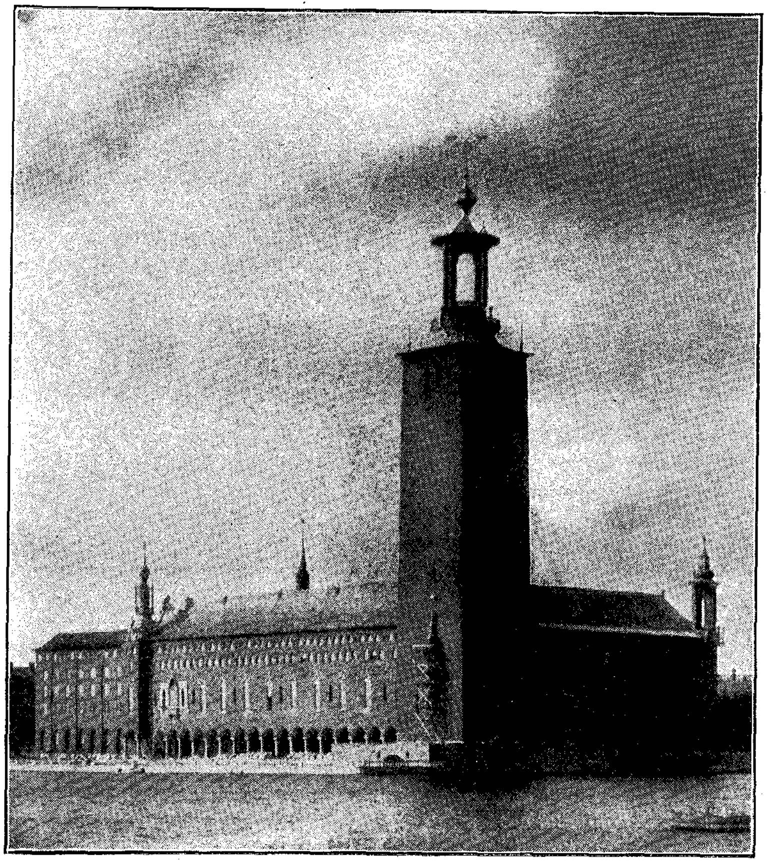

The New Town Hall in Stockholm

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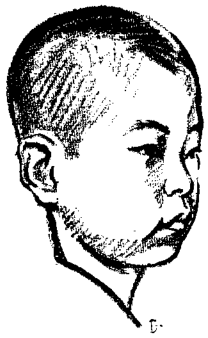
SWEDEN

looking for something different, these changes have not yet penetrated back into the interior to any great degree. Outside the larger port cities, one will find life still lived very much as it was in the "good old days." There the foreign visitor will find that he — or she, even more — is an object of curious interest, and mutual curiosity adds something of the thrill of adventure to the trip. At least a little of it is necessary to make any trip abroad a success.



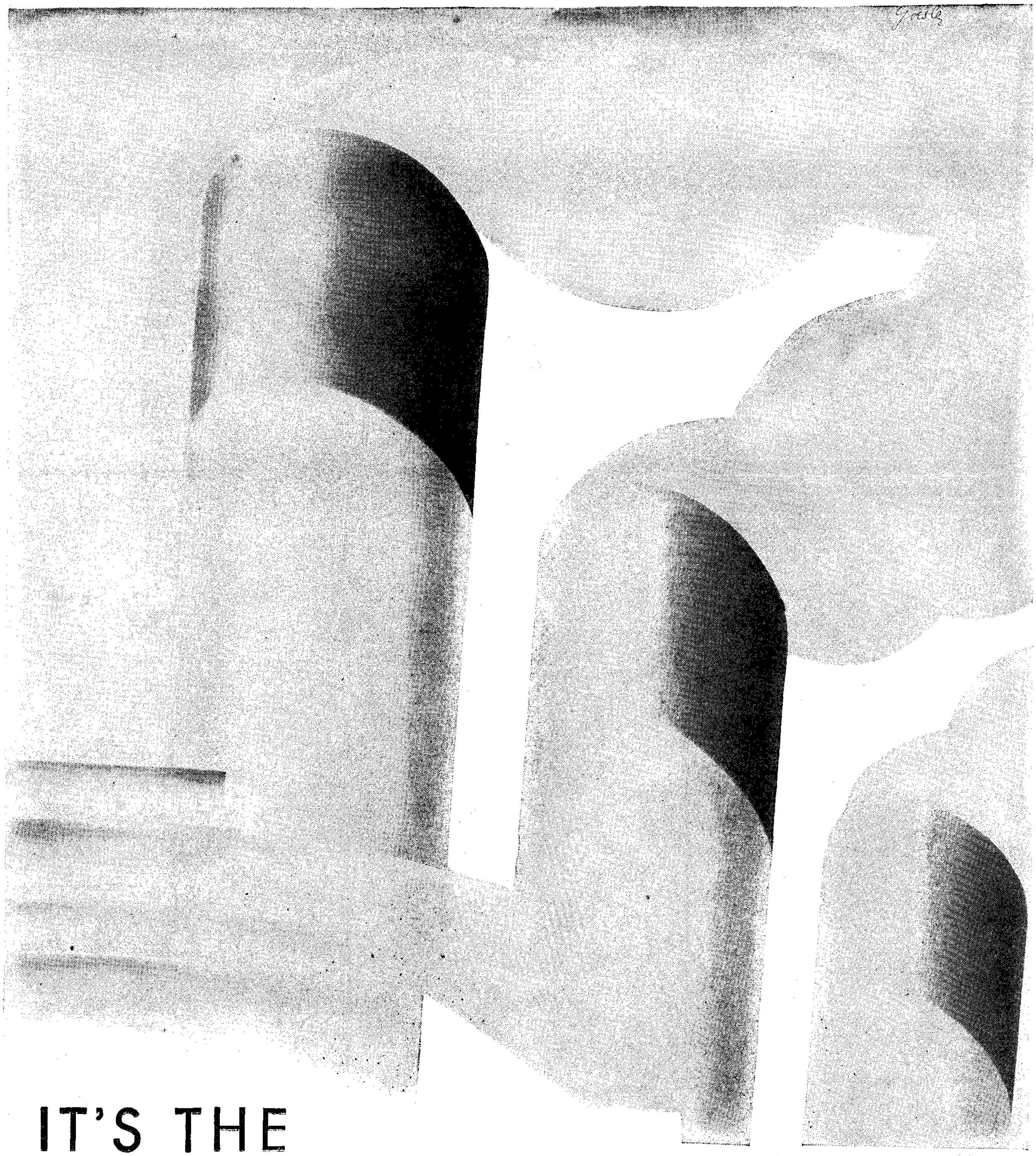
Drawings by C. Le Roy Baldridge

This feeling was accentuated for me by the small Japanese boy who ran along beside my ricksha crying "*Ketojin! Ketojin!*" which means "hairy foreigner," or "strange barbarian," or something like that. It was in one of the inland villages, where foreign visitors are by no means so numerous as in Tokyo or Yokohama. That was the only time I heard this term applied to myself or anyone else, and a missionary friend, to whom I mentioned the incident, told me that in twelve years' residence he had never heard it used. In the earlier years of Japan's intercourse with the outside world it was a common designation for the foreigner.

It is one of the delights of a stroll through the streets of Tokyo to be greeted by laughing, pointing children with cries to each other of "*Ejin!*" or "*Seojin!*" But these are of much more complimentary connotation, the former meaning something like "person from another place," the latter, "a different person." No doubt I should now have to go a long way back into the out-of-the-way places to be called "*Ketojin.*" But it would be worth while.

The great earthquake and fire of 1923 gave impetus to this movement of change. Much that was old and typically Oriental was destroyed, and will never be replaced — nor should be, for the sake of safety. When pine and paper houses tumbled and flared, while steel and concrete structures escaped with only a crumbled cornice here and there, the Japanese had borne in upon them a lesson they will never forget.

Along with the changes in style of buildings and means of travel and transport, go changes in dress, gradual departures from the traditional politeness and formality, even changes in diet. Ever since these changes began, they have been deplored by many of the older Japanese,



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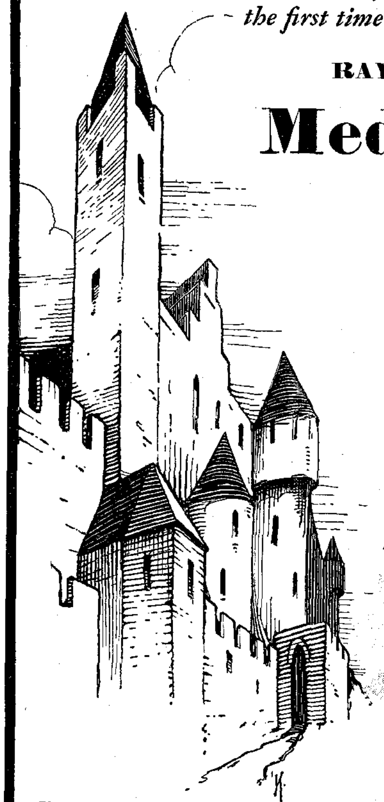

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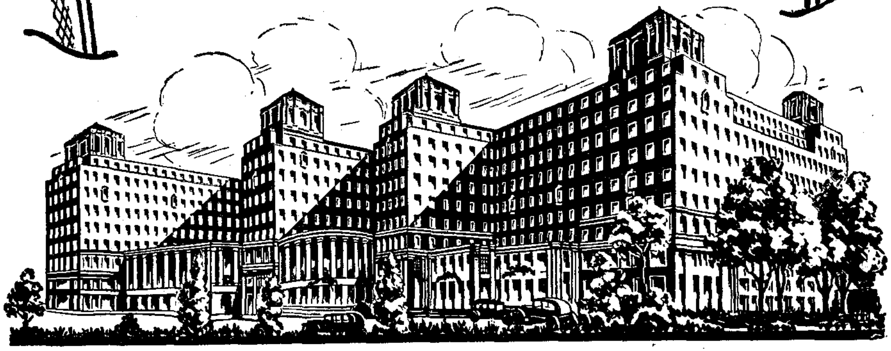

just as our elders denounce the ways of our own youth, and with the same effect. The good old days and the good old ways are gone, but perhaps we may find a bit of consolation in the fact that ours are the "good old days" of the future. Our children's children will no doubt envy us the romance and adventure whose absence we now so often bewail.

"Unchanging" China is changing too; not so fast, nor in just the same way, but just as surely. The coolies in the big port cities are beginning to dream of riding to their jobs in cars, but for their own sake it may be hoped that their dreams won't come true right away. Too quick a change is rarely healthful. Some foreign residents are advocating a gasoline diet for the camels, but they are thinking of trade rather than travel.

Parts of China show amazing changes. Shanghai is, of course, already more foreign than Chinese, though there is still the native city to supply local color. Canton has undergone a far-reaching transformation, the old city walls being replaced by electric car lines and motor roads.

CHINA, OLD AND NEW

IN THE Manchurian provinces, where Japanese influence is dominant, the change has been most rapid and thorough. Dairen, the chief port, is as a whole the most modern city of the Orient, and its modernity is not Oriental but Western, with paved streets, electric car lines, large brick and concrete office buildings, busy factories, and beautiful hotels. The old Manchu capital of Mukden might be taken for a booming Western American town if one sailed over it in an airplane too high to note the kind of life and traffic that moves about its substantial buildings, its spreading switch-yards, and wide, tree-lined streets.

But there is, of course, another side to the picture. There are the ancient and imposing temples, the towering pagodas, the vast and castellated walls. There are still the camel caravans, the curious costumes, the teeming, colorful pageantry of the streets. There are the shops and the bazaars and the "thieves' markets," where relics and curios from all over the East come together in the most fascinating disorder. These supply in abundance that difference which makes an Oriental trip the consummation of travelers' dreams.

The desire for "something different" which is the power behind our great tourist movement leads to some interesting problems which further emphasize the argument that the time to travel is now, when there is more difference in the world than we are likely to see even a few years hence.

"Why," our English cousins ask, "of all the hundreds of thousands who go to Europe each year, do only two visit them while three are visiting the French?"

These questions have bothered various bodies having to do with tourist and trade affairs, and even the Mother of Parliaments herself. So an answer had to be found. Some thought it was because of cheaper money in France, some guessed it was more abundant wine, and still others blamed "Big Bill" Thompson. The real reason, of course, is none of these, but simply that France is French and, therefore, different, whereas England is English and too much like home. There isn't the same feeling of adventure in visiting England. You understand the language; the food is very much the same; there isn't enough difference in the manners and customs. These facts may make for convenience, but too much convenience spoils the thrill of travel.

Fortunately for us, there are gains for all our losses. We have gained immeasurably in the ease and speed with which we travel. We can not only go faster, but much farther than ever before. While the more frequented places are becoming standardized, new places are being added to our itineraries to keep up the fine flavor of novelty. Fast steamers and airplanes leave us time to visit out-of-the-way places as well as principal cities. Thus we can still feel some of the tingle of the explorer's thrill.

The increase in motor car and bus traffic in Europe represents one of the greatest gains. The average traveler can now make an intimate visit over the countryside in a few weeks. He can include charming, unspoiled places which in earlier days would have taken months to reach. Each is freer than ever to follow his own devices. It is now quite a simple thing to take one's own car to Europe. It's just like driving on the ferry in New York and driving off at Southampton or Cherbourg or Hamburg or Naples. And crossing international boundaries is not what it used to be in the "good old days."

All who have traveled abroad have no doubt felt that adventurous excitement which comes with the first glimpse of land new to them — an excitement which grows as the land comes nearer and takes its individual form. We wonder how the old explorers felt when they approached a land that was really new. We almost wish we knew less about the land ahead, that we might indeed enjoy the surprises of discovery.

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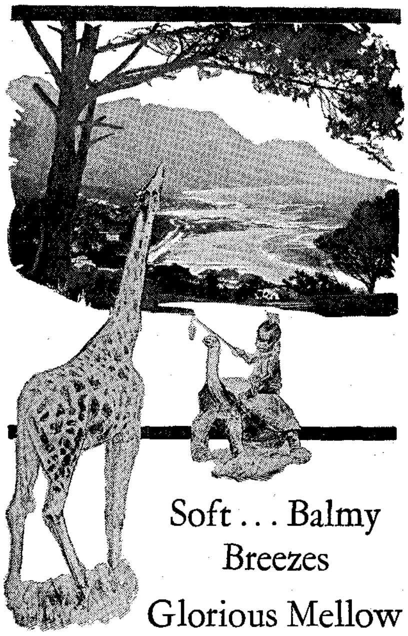

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its place a broader view — a gorgeous panorama such as even the highest peak cannot afford. In those days it will no longer be necessary to stand on Tiger Hill at Darjeeling and gaze in wistfulness at far old Everest shining in the sunrise glow. We shall step aboard a sightseeing plane and soar away to look down upon a spot where never yet, so far as we know, has man set foot, and where perhaps even birds have not flown. But certainly nobody is going to advise you to postpone your world tour until an airplane trip to Tibet may be included.

Travel is like the other good things of life — the more you have, the more you want. And in these new days of world-wide interests and new racial adjustments, it's hard to imagine that anybody could have more travel or a better acquaintance with other peoples and places than is good for him.

GOING WEST
IN THE FAR EAST

Forbidden lands seem to possess much of the same attraction that adheres to other forbidden things — which perhaps in a measure accounts for the recent popularity of Manchuria among people beyond its borders. The old land of the Manchus is now a land of various national rivalries, a land of international trade importance, and a delightful place to travel. For centuries forbidden even to the Chinese to whom it belonged, it now lies on the great Tokyo-Peking and Oriental-European highways, and is easily and comfortably accessible to tourists and traders from all parts of the world.

In Manchuria, as perhaps nowhere else, East and West meet and blend, and the mixture has meant something new under the sun. Oriental industry and thrift have combined with modern western machinery and scientific methods to bring about a really remarkable development. The wilderness beyond the Great Wall of China has become the garden spot of that unhappy republic, if such it may be called.

Manchuria is an essential part of the Oriental picture, and is worthy of even a greater share of travel than goes its way. Civil war conditions may properly dissuade the traveler from visiting certain inland parts of China to the southward, but Manchuria, fortunately, lies outside the fighting areas. Hearing of its continuous peacefulness and prosperity, hundreds of thousands of Chinese are each year migrating from other stricken provinces to this new land of promise.

Manchuria has a lot of surprises in store for its visitors. One of the most agreeable starts even before the traveler comes to its borders and, happily, lasts throughout the visit. This is the surprisingly pleasant way by which Manchuria is reached and traversed. I shall never forget what a delightful change it was from the trains of Japan's narrow-gauge system to the homelike comfort of a regular Pullman at Fusan, Korea. It was a glorious trip all the way from Tokyo, down past Fuji's matchless peak, through old Kyoto and along the Inland Sea. I had grown accustomed to Japanese trains, and in fairness it should be said that some of them are even more comfortable than one would expect from their comparatively toylike appearance. But that gorgeously scenic route would have been even more enjoyable with train service such as I found in Korea and Manchuria. The Japanese railways in a measure prepare the traveler for the greater comfort ahead by the excellent service provided on their ocean ferry steamers which ply between Shimonoseki and Fusan.

At Fusan I was farther away from home than I had ever been before, but settling down in that Pullman seat made it seem not so far. It was not the only touch of home I was to feel in that strange and ancient land.

Not without reason does Japan provide better travel facilities in her outlying possessions than her people enjoy at home. She had already realized some of the disadvantages of her narrow-gauge system, and she was too wise to repeat the mistake. For this wisdom, and the readiness to build better when the opportunity was afforded, every traveler in that part of the world gives thanks.

KOREA AND ITS PEOPLE

Augmenting the pleasure of getting back home to a regular Pullman was the unexpected attention and helpfulness of a Japanese Tourist Bureau porter who saw to it that I got on the right side of the train and who insisted on sending a wire ahead to the hotel in Seoul, although it was not the heavy travel season and this precaution was not really necessary. In fact, my whole experience in traveling out of Japan and back again was so pleasantly devoid of any disagreeable features that I have often wondered if the fault of those who complain may not be more their own than of those complained of.

The cosmopolitanism of the travel service in Korea and Manchuria is one of its pleasant characteristics. On the trains and in the hotels one meets people from practically every country of the world. Meals on the trains are served either in Japanese or Occidental style. The personal service is one of the chief delights of travel or residence in the Orient. It is service of the 24-hour-a-day sort, of which we hear so much in America.

The contrasts of the Orient are nowhere more noticeable and striking than in Korea and Manchuria. Steaming along on a splendid train, one looks out upon life which in some of its aspects is as primitive perhaps as any the world has to show. The forked stick of a plow takes one back thousands of years, but there it is, in the twentieth century. The white garments of the Koreans are in violent contrast to their crude mud huts, though it's true the contrast is not always so marked as one could wish. For the sake of the poor Koreans' souls, one somehow hopes that cleanliness may not be too close to godliness after all.

Your Korean is a fine upstanding fellow. He needs to get into more practically colored garb and put his head to better purposes than simply supporting his funny little hat. But that would mean also laying aside his long, long pipe, taking down the hideously carven posts which stand by the road to frighten the devils away, and changing a thousand other things. And then, where would old Korea be? We rejoice in evidences of progress abroad as well as at home, but we are often brought up with a sigh at the thought of what changes may come with progress. When *geisha* girls bob their hair and wear short skirts, as some are doing, where will we go for that "something different" which every traveler so much desires?

Fortunately, such calamities are not too menacing just yet. Japan is still pretty much her same charming, elusive self. And old Korea is still proud, defiant, white-wearing, long-smoking, devil-fearing Korea.

Seoul brings new surprises and delights in the traveler's experience. Here he finds in the Chosen Hotel comfort to match that of the train which brings him up from Fusan, or down from Mukden and Antung. And back in the hotel courtyard he finds the Korean Temple of Heaven holding its ground as best it may against the new order that would clear away pagodas and shrines to make room for factories and warehouses. The capital of the one-time "Hermit Kingdom" is a city with an interest all its own, with temples and towered gateways, and palaces old and new.

In a little hamlet near Seoul I had the interesting experience of inspecting the homestead of one of the better-class farmers. Memory of that crude, evil-smelling house, with its ox-stall alongside, would lead me to make some uncomplimentary remark were it not for the remembered eagerness of the owner to prove pleasant and hospitable.

COLORFUL MANCHURIA

Leaving Seoul by a midnight train, I found next morning we were nearing the Manchurian border and another series of travel adventures, for in these strange, far-away lands every incident takes on an added thrill. That night was one of the most comfortable I have ever spent on a train. The fact that my compartment was a little too warm — it was in the late winter — added to the homelike feeling rather than otherwise.

The great Yalu River forms the backside boundary of Korea — a stream that comes down from the timbered mountains of the interior bearing argosies of lumber rafts and boat-loads of fur. Up in those mountains excellent hunting is to be had,

EUROPE

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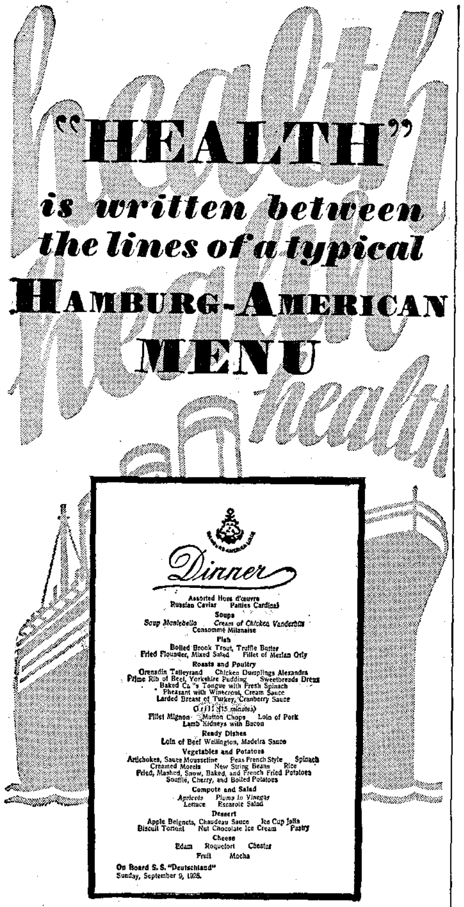

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Assorted Hors d'œuvre
Russian Caviar Patties Cardinal
Soups
Soup Montebello Cream of Chicken Vanderbilt
Consommé Milanaise
Fish
Boiled Brook Trout, Truffle Butter
Fried Flounder, Mixed Salad Fillet of Merlan Orly
Roasts and Poultry
Grenadin Talleyrand Chicken Dumplings Alexandra
Prime Rib of Beef, Yorkshire Pudding Sweetbreads Dreux
Baked Calf's Tongue with Fresh Spinach
Pheasant with Winecrout, Cream Sauce
Larded Breast of Turkey, Cranberry Sauce
Grill (15 minutes)
Fillet Mignon Mutton Chops Loin of Pork
Lamb Kidneys with Bacon
Ready Dishes
Loin of Beef Wellington, Madeira Sauce
Vegetables and Potatoes
Artichokes, Sauce Mousseline Peas French Style Spinach
Creamed Morels New String Beans Rice
Fried, Mashed, Snow, Baked, and French Fried Potatoes
Soufflé, Cherry, and Boiled Potatoes
Compote and Salad
Apricots Plums in Vinegar
Lettuce Escarole Salad
Dessert
Apple Beignets, Chaudeau Sauce Ice Cup Jaffa
Biscuit Tortoni Nut Chocolate Ice Cream Pastry
Cheese
Edam Roquefort Chester
Fruit Mocha

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for boars, tigers, and bears, and I shall never cease to regret that my trip was too hurried to go on a tiger hunt which friends in Seoul wanted to arrange.

Across the Yalu River from Korea lies Manchuria. The change from the bare peaks of the "Hermit Nation" to the fertile plains of Manchu land is gradual and delightful to the traveler. The train speeds along through beautiful mountains, beside rivers now flowing in great sweeping curves, now in foaming rapids. This region has an especial attraction for the Japanese, reminding them, as it does, of some of their own scenic gems. It also takes on added interest from the fact that here were fought several of the important battles of the Russo-Japanese War. High up on some of the peaks one makes out the ruins of ancient castles. Lower down among the pines nestles a Buddhist temple or a monastery, with picturesque stone buildings stretching across the rugged slope. Here flashes a silvery cascade among the dark evergreens. There a steel mill smokes and flares.

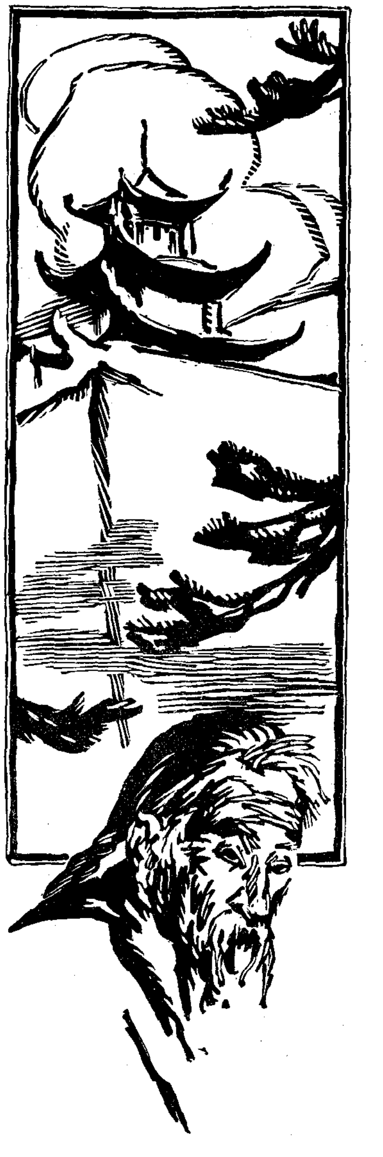
Gradually the valleys widen out, the mountains smooth down to rolling hills, and one comes into the plains region of South Manchuria, the first "real" farming land we have seen since leaving our own West. Here is the Great West of the Far East. Nothing but the shortcomings of human vision and the earth's curvature keep one from looking clear into Mongolia.

Mukden, ancient capital, modern metropolis of Manchuria, is reached. Here is one of the most striking, interesting, promising contrasts of old and new and East and West that one may meet in all his travels. You enter by the new city, built by the Japanese, with a great Western-style hotel at the station; broad, well paved, tree-lined streets, with substantial brick and stone office buildings several stories high. But here, around the station and on the streets, is that wondrous mixture of manners and means of life which makes the fascinating pageantry of Manchuria — rickshas, droskies, Peking carts, motor cars; Russians, Japanese, Chinese, and a surprising number of Occidentals.

My time in Mukden was short, and it was my good fortune to be met by an official of the Bank of Chosen (Korea) who took me in his motor car to see the old Chinese city and the great imperial mausoleums, which are a few miles away. The old city was my first real touch of China — the teeming streets; the ancient temples still wonderful despite their dirt and decay; the high, broad walls. Here was a foretaste of that indescribable array of allurement which I found later in Peking.

Dairen, the chief port of Manchuria, was, however, the point of greatest interest on this trip, for there better than anywhere else is apparent the remarkable transformation that is taking place. From a nondescript Chinese fishing village, this place has developed into one of the commercial centres of the whole Orient, second port of all China in volume of foreign trade, being exceeded only by Shanghai. By the Russians it was named Dalny, and by this name it is still better known to many of our people whose memory goes back vividly to stirring events of the Russo-Japanese war.

There has been something prophetic in the names by which the owners of this port have called it. Dalny means "far away," and far away it proved to be for the Russians — so far that its distance was one of the principal factors in wrecking their cherished dream of a great Far Eastern metropolis and stronghold. Dairen means "great connection," and such it now is under Japanese control — a world-important link in the lines of trade and travel.



Transpacific steamers make regular calls at Dairen, and some of the world cruise liners include it in their itineraries. Great quantities of soy beans and other Manchurian products are shipped out to all the countries of the world, and great quantities of manufactured goods and other imports come in from ports beyond the seven seas. Bean-oil mills and factories of various sorts are numerous; warehouses and switch yards cover great acreages of ground. There are beautiful parks and fine boulevards, splendid foreign-style residences and well-stocked museums. In practically every respect Dairen is one of the most modern cities of the Orient.

MODERN PLEASURE RESORTS

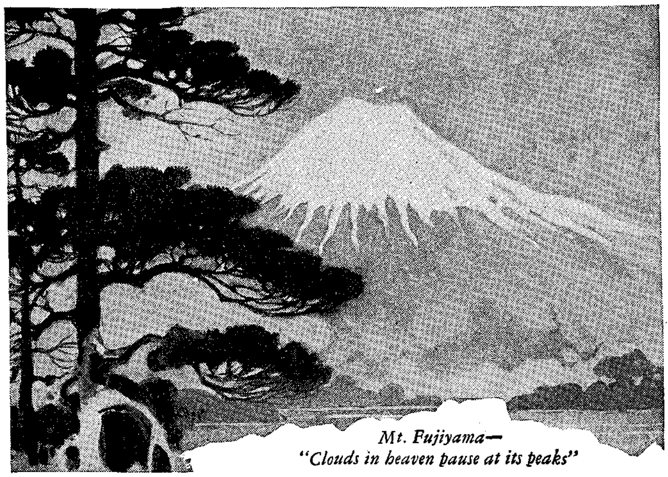
THE HOTEL there was another of my pleasant surprises. With elaborate suites, French chef, and Russian orchestra, it again made the thousands of miles from home seem unimpressive.

Near Dairen is Hoshigaura, or Star Beach, a pleasantly developed seaside resort, reached by motor or electric train. Somewhat further is famous old Port Arthur, called by the Japanese, "Ryojun" — best remembered as the great naval stronghold of the Russo-Japanese War. The excellent motor road, after passing Star Beach, traverses an interesting and beautiful bit of country, skirting the sea at many points. To students of Chinese affairs this drive affords special interest. It passes through an agricultural region, the soil of which is poorer than that found in most other parts of China, and yet the farms and villages, and the villagers themselves, are cleaner, more orderly, and show generally far more signs of prosperity than may be seen almost anywhere else in China.

It was my good fortune in Port Arthur to be the guest of the Secretary of the Provincial Government, who saw to it that I did about as much as was humanly possible in the way of sight-seeing during my few hours there. After a delightful luncheon we first visited the museum, which contains an extensive collection of Manchurian, Mongolian, and Tibetan exhibits from ancient periods, including a large number of mummies. There I had another familiar touch in finding on the visitors' book the name of a friend from my boyhood home. Then we paid a visit to the Memorial Monument, built of stones which had been used to sink the Japanese ships in blocking the harbor entrance during the Russian war. From the top, reached only by a stiff climb, one had a wonderful view of the city, surrounding forts ruined in the war, and the splendid harbor.

A hurried tour of the battle grounds came to a climax with our visit to 203-Meter Hill, scene of the fiercest fighting of the whole bloody struggle. As we stood upon the summit in the peacefulness of the late afternoon, it was impossible to realize that here thousands of Japanese and Russians had died in the midst of combat of the cruelest sort.

I still feel like apologizing to my host for giving him such a strenuous afternoon, but he passed it off pleasantly in a compliment to me and my countrymen, saying that in true American fashion we had accomplished as much in a few hours as his people would take days to do. Or was it a compliment, after all?



Mt. Fujiyama—
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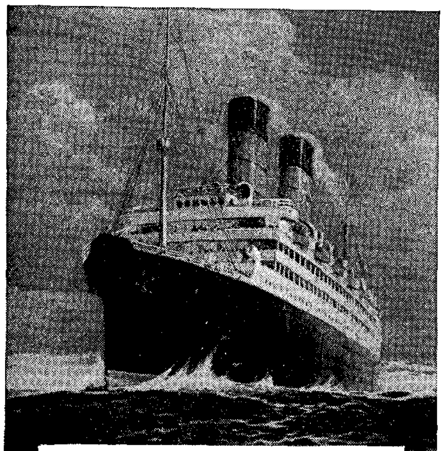

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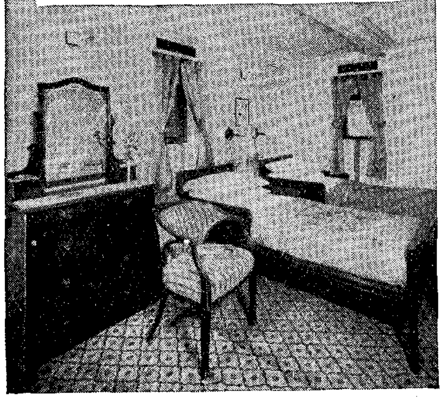
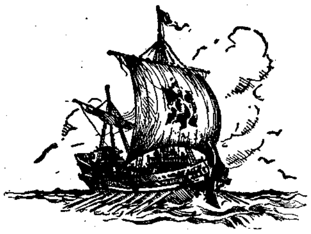


Travel News



A Digest of Travel Announcements

RAILROADS · STEAMSHIPS · RESORTS · TOURS

FAMOUS HOSTELRIES

IMPERIAL HOTEL, Tokio. The Imperial Hotel in the capital of Japan has many claims to prominence in the class of world-famous hotels. First of these probably is its strange and weird style of architecture. There can be no other building in the world like it. It cannot be adequately described. One of the first impressions the traveler feels is that the architect must have been raving mad when he conceived the plan. Or perhaps it might be attributed to the work of several dozen designs. In spite of this unusual claim to fame, the hotel was built to withstand earthquake shocks, and it did this exceedingly well during the terrific earthquake in September, 1923.

CAMBRIDGE, AN ADVENTURE

CAMBRIDGE, the mighty and modern, is still steeped in the greatness of yesterday. Picture King's College with its dream of lacelike vaulting. Venerable Peterhouse, founded in 1284. Emmanuel, mother of American universities, which sent seventy sons to Winthrop in America. Imagine the loveliness of the Tudor period and the Renaissance — at their best in Cambridge; the gentle sloping lawns; the world-renowned river Cam; great, old trees, all bathed in a golden sun. Then leisurely wander to enchanting Ely, the home of the Watchful Hereward; to wondrous Peterborough, to Sulgrave of the Washingtons; to Norwich, Lincoln, York, and Durham. Up and down the East Coast of England for a refreshing tonic, reads the invitation to American visitors in 1929.

DEATH VALLEY

WHAT IS THIS tale of mystery from the Golden State? What causes the popularity of Death Valley, at one time a spot to be avoided by all men? You cross the ancient Coso Mountains and silent, parched valleys of untold mysteries — and miseries, too, in those far-off pioneer days. Finally to the massive Panamints. Stretching north and south into the distant haze, lies this famous Death Valley, guarded on one side by the solemn Funeral Range. At one place the valley is three hundred feet below the level of the sea — the lowest spot on earth. The Mirages of the prospectors and pioneers of former years now are true. There *are* roads instead of trails — and good all the way. Hotels have sprung up and *you* view the dreary, drab desert in cosy comfort.

HARROGATE THE HEALTHFUL

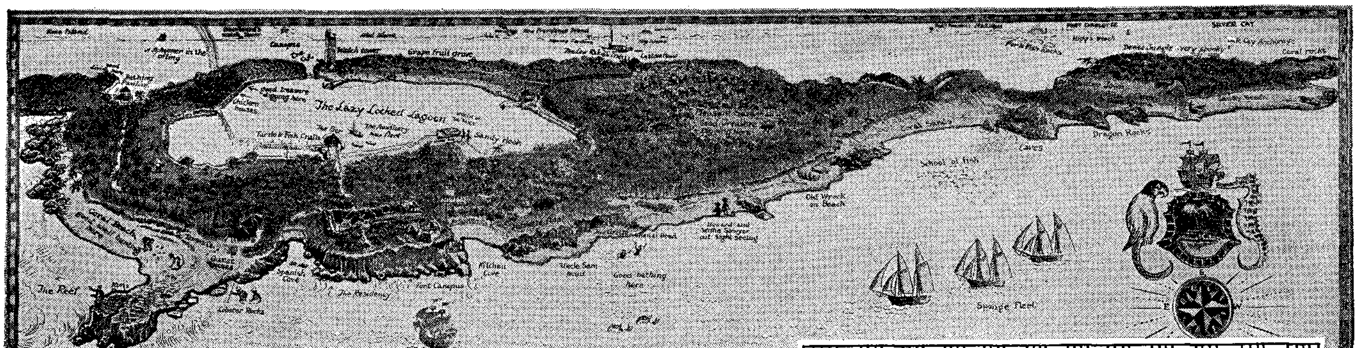
AS THE HORSES round the bend, they are joined by a steed which has been in the background and the race for home becomes more intense. As with horses and humans, so with resorts. Harrogate joins the throng which display happiness and a haven for the American visitor. Health, history, and happiness is her slogan. Health, says she, pointing to her curative waters — 88 constant springs and 100 scientific treatments. History? See the glories of this ancient town, surrounding battlefields and earthworks. Happiness? This she proves with her buzzing cafés, theatres, and fêtes. 50,000 people each year enjoy the air which blows in from the Yorkshire Moors, and we feel like joining them.

SEVILLE

WHAT DOES that lovely old name most readily call to mind? Surely La Giralda, the glorious spire which marks the embodiment of the best of architecture in Christianity and Islam, in Europe and Africa. The wondrous Alcazar, the university. Then swiftly our thoughts fly to Mozart, Rossini, and Puccini. Quickly we see Figaro, Basilio, Sussanah, Carmen, and Don Giovanni — a chorus of gayety, laughter, tears. Surely all the loveliness of Andalusia is centered in Seville! Many have been the great men who came from this province since Trajan and Hadrian entered the books of history. Seville plans an exhibition this year and those who come will surely be welcomed.

ORLEANS

CELEBRATING the 500th anniversary of its deliverance by Joan of Arc, the city of Orleans is soon to hold another series of fêtes, rivaling those held by Carcassonne last year on the occasion of its 2,000th birthday. It is intended to revive all the traditional military, civil, and religious fêtes. There will be a brilliant pageant portraying the history of France. Armored knights will joust in tournament, faithfully reproducing life in the days of chivalry.



A map from Mr. McCutcheon's own hand. It represents Treasure Island, Mr. McCutcheon's estate in the Bahamas.

by John T. McCutcheon

Famous cartoonist of the Chicago Tribune, who has recently won distinction also as the writer of two very unusual novels.

Give me a map!

My earliest home was in Lafayette, Indiana, which, as most people know, is on the Wabash River. When I was a very small boy, I used to think a lot of that river. It seemed almost as important to me as the Tippecanoe County Courthouse, Lafayette's grandest building.

As it must to all boys, however, the time came at last for me to study geography and make the acquaintance of maps. Imagine my surprise, one fine day, to discover that the Wabash wasn't really a part of Lafayette at all, but that Lafayette was just one of the many places which the Wabash River passed by in its travels!

And the Wabash flowed into the Ohio, the Ohio into the Mississippi, the Mississippi into the Gulf of Mexico, which opened into the Atlantic Ocean.

After that, whenever I threw a stick into the Wabash, I would speculate upon its eventual landing place. Often I opened my geography book and traced on a map the possible course of just such a stick.

Naturally, I followed it myself in imagination. And the things I saw, the adventures I had, the heroic exploits I performed on foreign shores, the strange lands I visited, the treasures I gathered to distribute unselfishly, upon my return, to the various members of my family!

It was fun then. It still is now. For I still love to look at maps and permit my fancy to wander all over them and the lands they represent.

The hours I have spent with maps are among the most profitable in my life. Not only have they given me a solid grounding in geography. They have truly broadened my outlook. They have helped to keep my imagination in trim.

Give me a good map! I can learn as much from it as from any book!

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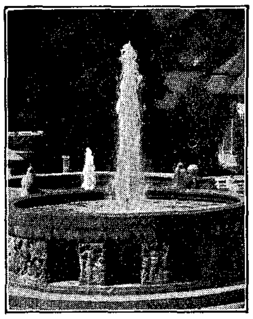

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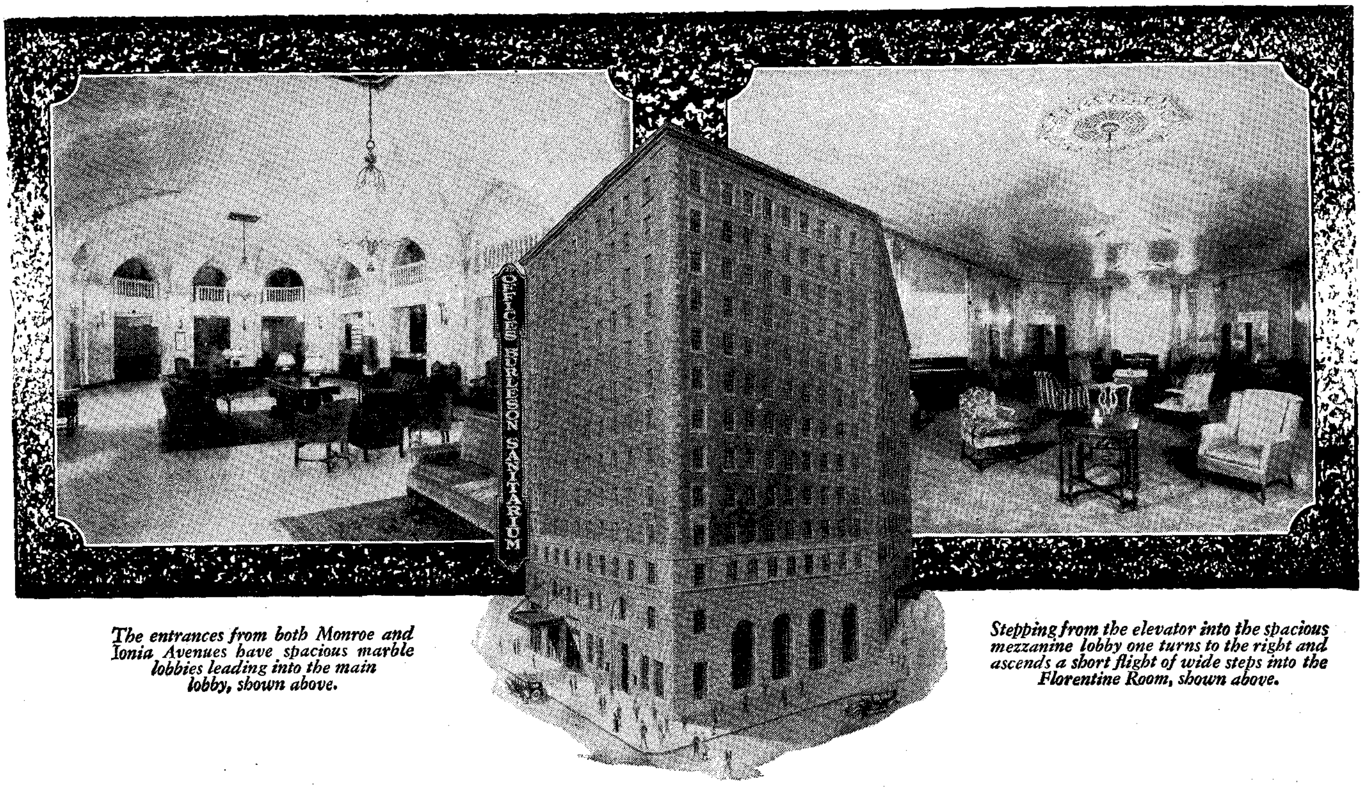

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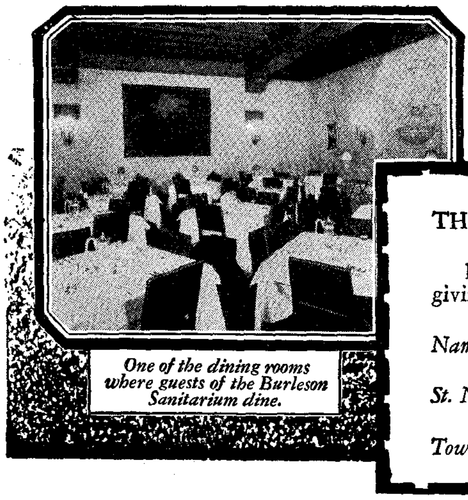

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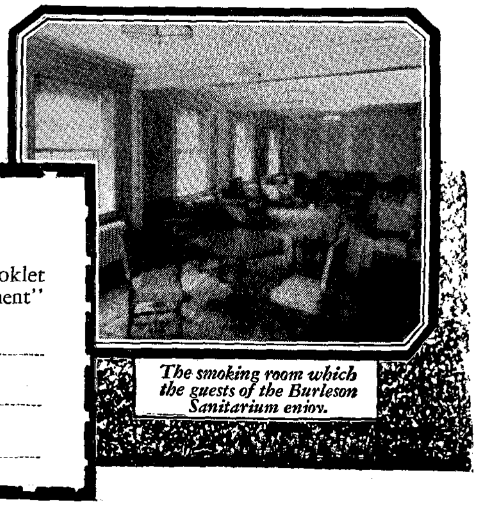
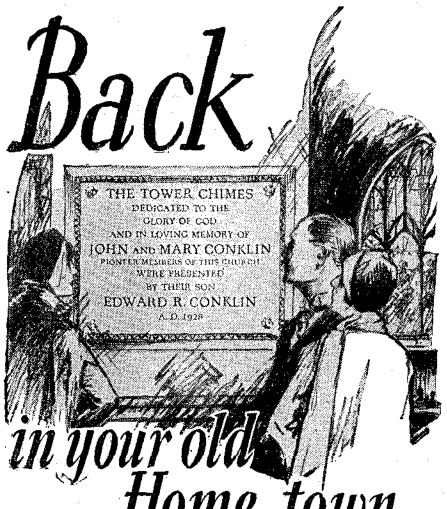


The smoking room which the guests of the Burleson Sanitarium enjoy.



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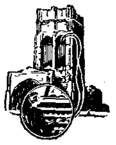

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Cease FIRING!

Forum Table Talk

by ROBERT BENCHLEY

THERE ARE signs that the direct frontal attack on Babbittry, maintained so pitilessly and monotonously by the writing forces for ten years, has reached its peak and is about to recede. This will be a relief to many people, including the Babbitts and the public. It has been a cruel assault, from which the Go-getter has emerged both bloody and bowed, as witness the fact that he has now taken to kidding himself in nervous apprehension. His only chance for an honorable peace is that unstrategic ones among the writers will continue the mauling to a point where reaction sets in and the Babbitt becomes a public hero. This point has almost been reached.

But before we blame the literati for harping too continuously on the Go-getter's little weaknesses, we must think back a couple of decades and remember what inspired this spirit of blind vindictiveness. It could not have come seething as it does from the writer's soul without some preliminary period of stewing. And, as a belligerent scrivener who recalls the day when the Business Man was in the saddle, lashing down us poor peasants as we stood in the market place begging for bread, I am almost in a mood to rally my comrades about for another and more sanguinary assault, this time perpetuating nameless horrors.

For there was a time, not so long ago as the crow-eater flies, when the man who wrote for his living was the butt for jokes around the very conference table which he now throws pop bottles at. There was a time when anyone who made his living by writing was an impractical sap, gifted along certain lines perhaps, but lines which led nowhere and contributed nothing to the State. If he was spoken to at all by the geniuses of business and organization, it was with fine scorn and in words of two syllables.

Perhaps the writer's first realization that he was a pariah and a drag on the wheels of Progress came when he was in school or college and a member of the literary staff of his college paper. Here it was the "Business End" which dominated. The Business End held the Writing End in jesting contempt, and made no effort to conceal it. "Where would the paper be," they asked (and with just enough justice to lend authority) — "where would the paper be if it were not for the ads?" And the Writing End cowered in its sanctum and scratched with its pens in an attempt to placate the Business End and perhaps get a kind word from them at the finish of the term.

I have no doubt that the venom of Sinclair Lewis, commander-in-chief of the anti-Babbitt forces, was brewed while in college. He probably heard some man on the Business End say, as every young scrivener of that period heard said of himself: "Oh yes, Lewis is a nice enough fellow — but he writes, you know." The feeling was that if a man wrote, certain sections of his brain were atrophied, and that it was *those* brain cells, in the normal man, which made for keenness, virility, and desirability as a citizen of the greatest country in the world.

From college the embryo writers of twenty years ago went out into a world where they were even more of a laughing stock than they had been under the academic elms. If they went into business, they were forced to take seriously all the talk they heard about "organization," "efficiency," "service," and "distribution," or they were fired. They listened to men who were obviously charlatans tell them that they were half-witted and incompetent if they scribbled on their conference pads some slight heresy against the hokum of Business. They were knocked about from one corner of the office to another by officials whose own jobs depended on their ability to conceal what they didn't know; and if, by any chance, they wrote something on the side which happened to be published, they were brought up on the soft, green carpet and told to stop fooling around or they would never "get anywhere in this organization." Without knowing anything about the facts in the case, I suspect that Sinclair Lewis' first gun in his memorable charge against the Go-getter (*Our Mr. Wrenn*) was the result of several nasty wounds received at the hands of the advertising moguls of the day.

And if the young writer of the first decade of the century went directly into literature, he might just as well have donned the cap and bells and gone out on the street corner for all the respect he had

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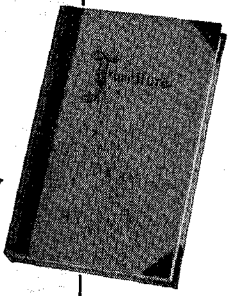

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in the offices and manufacturing plants of the country. Some of them even took pseudonyms to hide their disgrace. One, who later became one of the most successful short story writers of the day, wrote under the name of "Holworthy Hall," because he felt that to use his own name would be fatal to his chances in the advertising firm with which he was connected. Writing was a thing to be done on the sly, unless you wanted to be known as unreliable in the more serious branches of human activity.

But scarcely had the report of *Our Mr. Wrenn* echoed around a very small world when several hundred worms began to turn uneasily. Abortive blows were struck at the idols in the temple. They did no more than chip off a nose-tip or so, but they gave the poor ink-stained wretches courage. A barrage was on which was to gather momentum in the next few years until it became deafening. And behold, the enemy was yellow! At first, the Go-getter maintained a scornful silence; but not for long. And his first move was not in defiance; it was to duck. As the attack increased in intensity, rising to its full volume in Mr. Lewis' *Babbitt*, he closed his ears and ran to cover. Book after book kidding Business and Business Men was hurled at him; magazine articles were printed by hundreds over the weak protests of the once-domineering Business End; even the comic weeklies took up the assault, and the words "Babbitt," "Go-getter," and "Efficiency Expert" became a part of the satirical language of the nation. Even the Babbitts themselves, at their Rotary luncheons, tried to disassociate themselves from their tribe and kid other Babbitts, just as one of two drunken men tries to give the impression that he knows how drunk his companion is, and is there only to help him home. Never did a down-trodden rabble rise up in such might as the impractical scribes, and never has there been such a complete rout of the reigning princes.

But, as is always true in a revolution, the rebels have outdone themselves. They have not only driven the royal family out of the palace, but they are sacking and burning. They are running through the streets with flaming torches, trying to destroy everything that bears the hated coat-of-arms. In the first place, the reading public is getting a little sick of pseudo-satirical cracks at Big Business. In the second place, the writers are donning the purple robes of Big Business themselves and are turning into Babbitts. Unless a halt is called soon, a counter-revolution will be organized and the writers themselves shot against the wall. (I have several names which I will drop into the lion's mouth when the time comes.) The victory has been won. The writers should accept their laurels and go home. But it should never be forgotten that what they did they did under the direst provocation that an oppressed people ever had. Next time let the ruling classes think twice.

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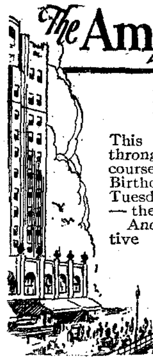

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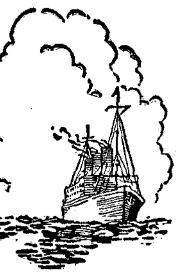

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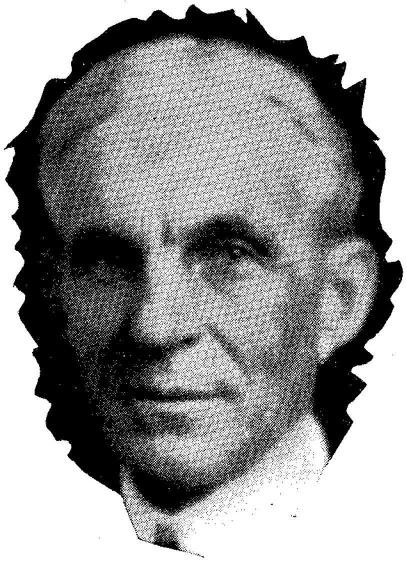
FORD and America's Industrial Revolution



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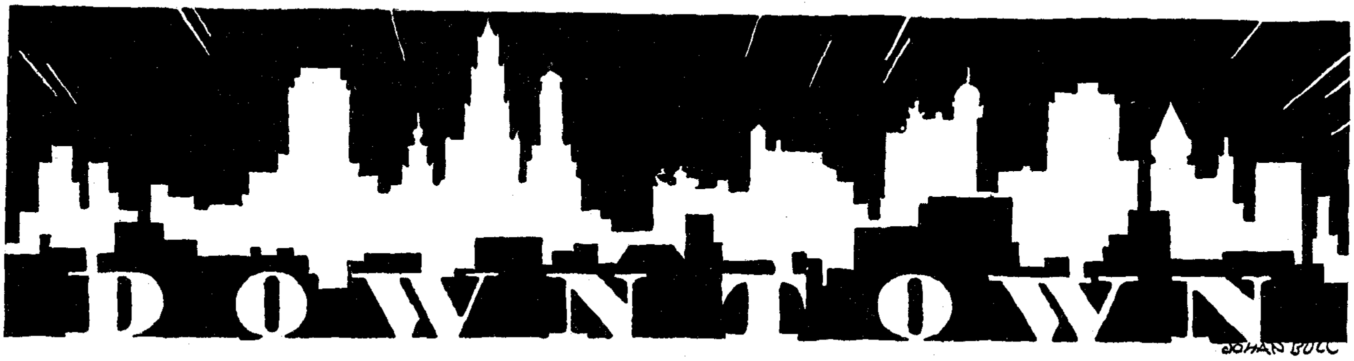


Stabilizing Business

by DONALD REA HANSON

Less than three weeks after Herbert Hoover was elected President of the United States last November he endorsed a plan for the stabilization of prosperity in this country which attracted immediate and profound interest in business circles. Although this has since come to be known as the Hoover Plan for Stabilization of Business, Mr. Hoover does not pretend to have originated it. Economists have recognized the possibility of stabilizing business for several decades. About a year ago Dr. William Trufant Foster and Waddill Catchings published a book entitled *The Road to Plenty*, in which a plan for leveling out the cycles in business was brought forth in the form of a novel, a very clever means of presenting a rather dry economic theory to the public in an attractive manner. This method of presentation was calculated to render the plan easy to digest and likely to arouse discussion. A number of newspapers published, in a slightly abbreviated form, the essentials of the story, and Dr. Foster has since devoted a great deal of time to the presentation of the business stabilization plan to the public in the form of addresses. It was the privilege of Governor Brewster of Maine, a former student of Dr. Foster's at Bowdoin College, to present this plan at the annual conference of Governors at New Orleans in November, and as he first secured the endorsement of Herbert Hoover, this immediately brought it before the public in a way that elevated it from a purely academic discussion to one of the foremost topics among far-sighted business men of the day.

As is now apparent, Dr. Foster and Mr. Catchings — the one a former college president and the other a banker of international repute — were not content to permit the subject of business stabilization to remain in the dusty archives of economic theory, but were decidedly insistent upon doing something about it. Both have disclaimed credit for certain phases of the plan, but both have contributed a valuable service in bringing to the attention of the public a practical means of straightening out the curves of the business cycle. They believe the plan would achieve enormous social advantages by decreasing unemployment in years of industrial depression, which have been altogether too common in this country's economic history. As Professor Thomas Nixon Carver of Harvard points out, "It is not important whether Foster and Catchings or somebody else originated the plan: the timeliness of the proposal is another indication of the almost uncanny wisdom of Mr. Hoover in knowing not only what to do but when to do it." Professor Carver reminds us that there were academicians in the time of Columbus who knew that the world was round, but it took a Columbus to act upon it, to apply it to business, to use it as a means of regaining trade with the Far East.

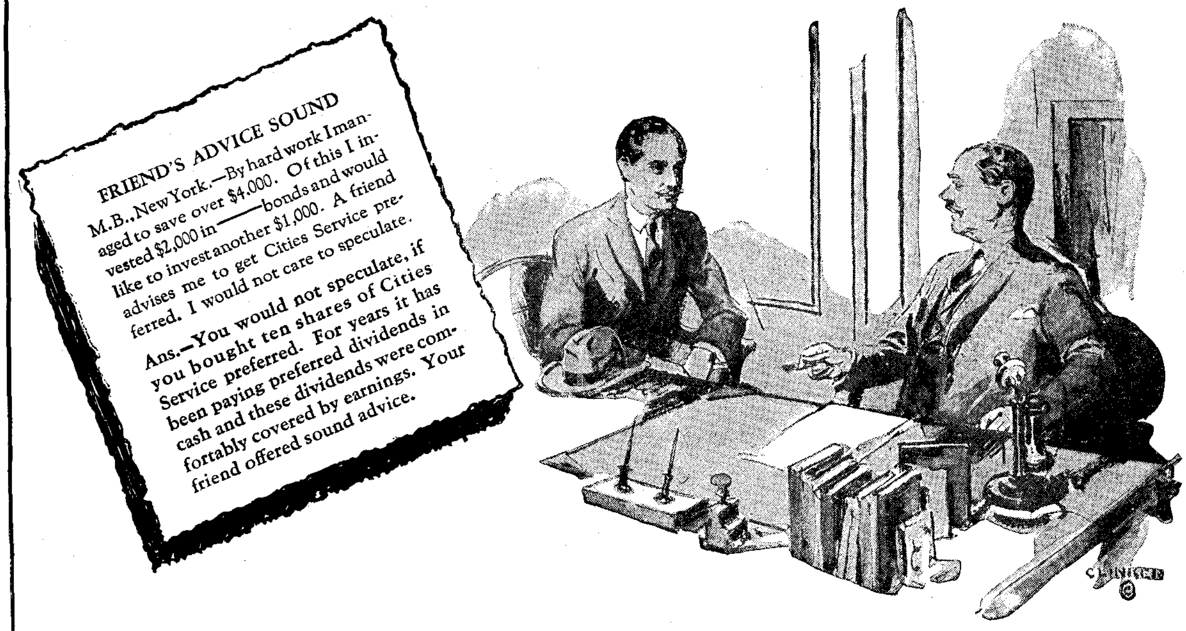
In *The Road to Plenty* the scene is laid in a smoking-room of a train bound west out of Boston, and the discussion is that of a typical smoking room in any long journey. Those participating include a lawyer, a professor, a business man, a bond salesman, a Congressman, and others, and the topic of conversation is unemployment. In the course of the development of the discussion, in which the business man takes a leading part, the plan is gradually presented. The arguments of those dissenting anticipate the objections to the plan which may be expected if an attempt is made to put it into effect. The authors answer them through the mouths of their characters. It concludes with an agreement on the part of all those concerned to work for the adoption of the plan, the Congressman volunteering to bring it before Congress, the professor to speak for it in public addresses, and so on.

GOVERNMENT CONTROL OF PRODUCTION

To summarize it as briefly as possible, the plan proposes to prevent general overproduction when business is good and to set aside a reserve which can be released when business is dull. The principal line of attack is upon the expenditures of the Government — chiefly those for construction purposes, such as buildings, inland waterways, national highways, and parks. Under the existing order such expenditures wait primarily upon appropriations: a given enterprise is carried out as soon as Congress appropriates the funds, without respect to prevailing business conditions. The plan would alter the existing scheme not by cutting down expenditures of the Government for public improvements, nor by increasing those expenditures — and accordingly taxes — but by placing in the hands of a specially appointed commission the decision as to when those expenditures shall be made.

The time element is the essence of the plan. The board, or commission, would determine when expenditures which have already been approved by Congress are to be made. This would permit the planning of a balanced programme of public works. Through a system of business indexes the board would be fully informed as to the actual state of business and would be in a position to anticipate depressions by releasing new public works, or to anticipate overproduction by deferring the least essential of those works.

Judging by the editorial comment which followed Mr. Hoover's endorse-



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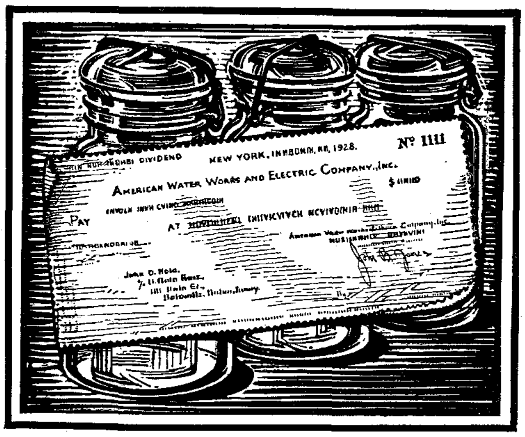
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ment of what was termed the $3,000,000,000 stabilization fund, it is evident that the press description of the plan was not altogether understood. One common error was in supposing that this involved the setting aside of $3,000,000,000 of Government funds to be invested in public works of various descriptions when depression stalked the land once more. Another impression was that this was but a new form of the old fashioned "make work" argument — a sort of charity affair for the benefit of the unemployed. That is not the purpose at all. The plan does not contemplate meddling with the traditional function and the constitutional right of the House of Representatives — namely, the appropriation of funds for Government purposes. If new post offices are needed, for instance, Congress will set aside the funds for the appropriation, but Congress will not be expected to authorize more post-offices or fewer post offices simply because a business stabilization plan has been adopted.

Unquestionably there are many items of Government expenditure which cannot be segregated for the benefit of the stabilization fund. Expenditures for materials used in the day to day business of the Government, such as coal for heating public buildings, paper and supplies needed in the mint, the post office department, or other departments of the Government, naturally would not fall within the scope of the plan. It might be disastrous to our national defense to defer expenditures for the navy, merely to await the passing of a boom in business, and it may be that there are thousands of new road-building projects which must not be shelved, owing to pressing need at the moment. To defer such public necessities as the Mississippi River flood control project or the Boulder Dam, might well be beyond the scope of the business stabilization plan; but it is obvious that a large portion of the appropriations of the Government are for purposes not so pressing but that they could be put off for a year or two if necessary.

STATES' COÖPERATION NEEDED

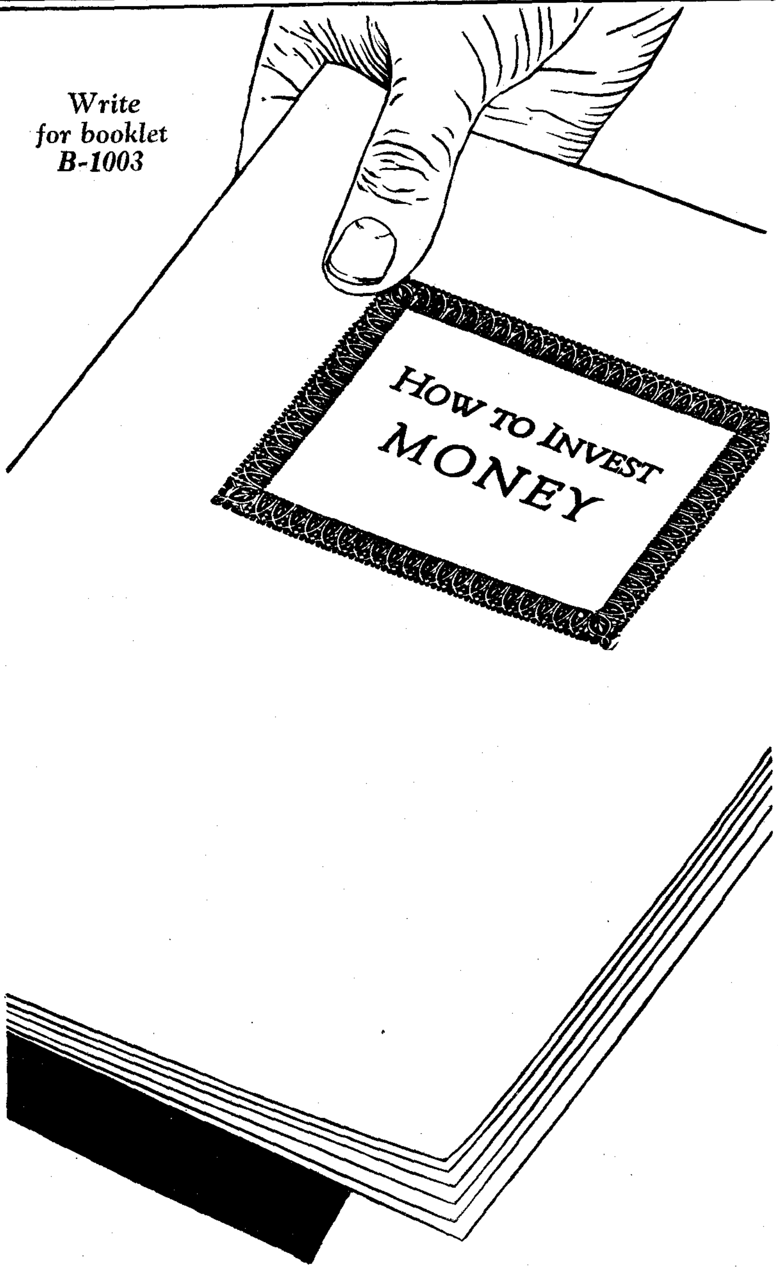
BUT TO CONSIDER the stabilization plan as aimed only at Federal Government expenditures is greatly to underestimate the far-reaching scope that is contemplated. Expenditures of the states for buildings and inland waterways and other various projects, plus expenditures of municipalities for schools, highways, and so on far exceed in the aggregate the total annual expenditures of the Federal Government, and if such expenditures could be regulated by a central board, with a view to leveling out business conditions, they could doubtless exert a powerfully constructive influence on the business situation as a whole.

Approaching the problem from the standpoint of business executives and investors, then, as distinct from the standpoint of employment, which was the fundamental consideration of those advocating its adoption, the theory contemplates a constructive example to be set by the Government, which would unquestionably be reflected in business sentiment. It is characteristic of American business that it rushes ahead at full speed in boom times and enlarges plant capacity in order to provide for what is mistakenly assumed to be a normal increase in the demand for a business product, only to find a depression following on its heels some months or years later, with idle plants on all sides. Were a Federal agency to set an example to business men by proceeding cautiously in boom periods, to defer unnecessary capital expenditures, the effect might logically be to induce the cooler and saner business executives to take similar action in their own interests, thereby damming up orders and contracts and work for release at some future date when business slows down. A collateral effect might be to prevent prices of materials rising too fast and too far in boom times, but also preventing the prices of materials from falling too low in the event of depression.

PLAN ALREADY IN OPERATION

ONE OF THE greatest railroad executives America ever produced, the late E. H. Harriman, used such methods as are contemplated in the business stabilization plan with conspicuous success, but not primarily with a view to stabilizing general business. His motives were purely those of good business. When he acquired control of the Union Pacific in 1897 the country was just emerging from a protracted period of depression, in the course of which employment conditions were probably the worst in history. One of Harriman's first official acts was to borrow $25,000,000 on the road's credit, which he used to reduce the cost of transportation by installing heavier freight cars, more powerful locomotives, heavier rails, straightening curves, and reducing the steepest grades. By borrowing the money and making the expenditures while general business was stagnant, he was able to purchase materials at low prices and to save enormous sums for the railroad and its stockholders. Time and again during his stormy career he was to be found making his boldest strokes for the benefit of the Illinois Central, the Union Pacific, or the Southern Pacific when business was dull, usually by borrowing large sums and developing great expansion plans. An examination of his biography does not reveal many instances, however, when such ambitious plans were originated during times of business booms.

Since 1921 business in this country has been relatively good. Such depressions as have occurred since that time have been largely confined to a few localities or a few industries in which disturbing factors have arisen. Most conspicuous among



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them are the coal mining industry during the labor troubles of the past three years, and the textile industry of New England, which has been suffering principally from a radical change in styles of women's wearing apparel and constantly increasing competition with the Southern mills and the textile manufactories of Great Britain. During this phase of prosperity overproduction in the automobile industry four years ago resulted in a minor slump the following year. Agriculture has offered frequent cause for complaint, but conditions at no time have been as desperate as they were in 1921.

In the course of the prosperity of the past year it has frequently been asserted that the business cycle, as it was formerly known, has become a thing of the past. Many adherents of this theory have come forward with the argument that the underlying causes of the fluctuations in business cycles are now better understood and that business men are taking precautions which will obviate their recurrence. One of the principal causes of disturbances in the business world some years ago — namely, the menace of credit shortages — now appears to have been eliminated by the establishment of the Federal Reserve System. Merchants and manufacturers have profited by the lesson of 1920, with respect to inventories, and the tendency of business in the past seven years has been to keep inventories down and to reduce the risk of loss incurred by fluctuating commodity prices. Many well ordered business organizations now carefully budget their year's production on the basis of a reasonable forecast of the trend for the immediate future, with a view to maintaining steady employment for their labor during the dull seasons and in order to accumulate stocks of merchandise in anticipation of meeting orders promptly when the rush season is on.

CYCLE STILL EXISTS

ON THE WHOLE, it appears that much has been accomplished in the direction of leveling off the peaks and valleys of the business chart. But to assume that stability has been achieved already is to minimize the importance of the human factor in business, to ignore the tendency of many individuals to be swayed by an excess of enthusiasm in prosperous times and "to bite off a little more than they can chew." Much the same attitude was visible in speculative circles last year. Stock prices were inflated to fearful heights, as viewed by the older school, but the buyers were never at a loss to explain them, either on the ground of enormous possibilities in new industries, or newer methods of distribution of merchandise, or on the ground that a new order of stock market values had been established. The situation was such as to lead Secretary Mellon to remark, in the latest annual report of the Treasury Department, that some people seemed to have the idea that stocks could

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only go up. But the reaction in December served as a chastening reminder that certain cyclical tendencies still exist.

The present seems as good a time to give consideration to the plan for the stabilization of business as any in years. Certain business organizations and many municipalities unquestionably have it in their power to throw a great deal of influence in the direction of stabilization, by withholding less needed construction projects during the current boom, in the hope of releasing the business later. The American Telephone & Telegraph Company for years has maintained a planning department which enables it to forecast its probable course of expansion, to anticipate the growth of cities in order to meet communication requirements, and to take into consideration the cyclical tendencies in business. In this respect the telephone company is following for its purposes a plan which Foster and Catchings suggest, with Mr. Hoover's endorsement, should be followed by the national Government. To dismiss the business stabilization plan, then, on the ground that it is impractical, would be to reject a scheme with broad social and economic advantages that is already being practised by some of the most far-sighted American business corporations.

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Investment Literature

We present to our readers the following list of booklets issued by reputable financial houses with the belief that they may be helpful in the solution of investment problems.

AN INDUSTRY THAT NEVER SHUTS DOWN. A review of recently published institutional advertisements of the American Water Works and Electric Company, Incorporated, 50 Broad Street, New York City. Copies will be sent upon request.

WHAT IS CLASS A STOCK? A new twelve-page booklet on the Class A Stock describing its priority features and giving an outline of the Associated Gas & Electric System, its established territories, diversity of industries served and consistent gain in revenue. Associated Gas & Electric Company, 61 Broadway, New York City.

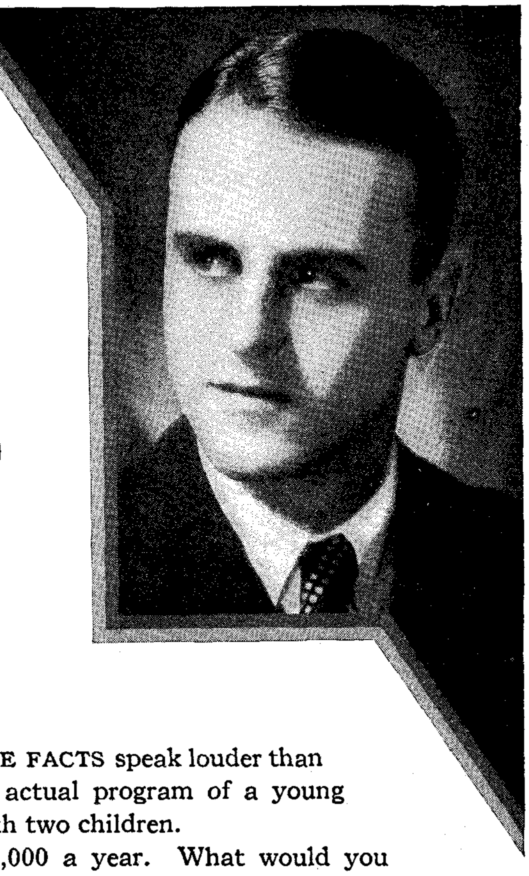
WISE PUBLIC BENEFACTIONS. A booklet prepared for public-spirited persons planning such benefactions and making clear the advantages of a standardized form for charitable trusts. Bank of New York and Trust Company, 52 Wall Street, New York.

WHY CHAIN STORE SECURITIES ARE EXCEPTIONAL INVESTMENTS. A booklet containing a thorough discussion of chain store systems, explaining why these securities possess such unusually attractive investment features. George H. Burr & Company, 57 William Street, New York City.

MONTHLY MARKET LETTER. A diversified list of recommended Securities, showing their market position and the earnings of the various companies. Letter forwarded upon request. Cassatt & Company, Commercial Trust Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

SERVICE ON FOREIGN SECURITIES. A circular describing a special service on foreign securities; daily cable quotations on 157 European stocks; weekly market letters; orders executed by cable; Europe to New York in 1½ minutes. Copy upon request. de Saint Phalle & Co., 11 Wall Street, New York City.

(*Continued on page LXXIX*)



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CONCRETE FACTS speak louder than words. Here is the actual program of a young man, 28, married, with two children.

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Mr. Jay E. House, in his column in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger,* writes:

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Investment Literature

(*Continued from page LXXVII*)

Personal Budget Book for 1929. Sixty pages of facts and forms to help you in keeping your personal accounts. Among the useful features are: Monthly budget forms, suggestions for building a budget, sample budgets, ad valorem tax record, insurance record, securities records, note mortgage record, income tax and record, automobile record, 1928–29–30 calendar and space for miscellaneous memoranda. Henry L. Doherty & Co., 60 Wall St., New York City.

The Care of Your Securities. A booklet describing the advantages and small cost of a Custody Service Account and outlining the numerous services offered security holders, such as review of investment holdings, collecting coupons, notification of maturities, etc. Guaranty Trust Company, 140 Broadway, New York.

Looking Ahead Financially. A humanly interesting presentation of the surprising accumulation which results from systematic investment and reinvestment, made graphic with tables and illustrations. Halsey, Stuart & Co., 201 So. La Salle Street, Chicago.

The John Hancock Home Budget. A guide in home budgeting, showing the proper apportionment of income to fit average needs: the amount to be allowed for rent, clothes, insurance and other savings. Budget sheet sent upon request by Inquiry Bureau, The John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co., 197 Clarendon Street, Boston, Mass. Please enclose 2c for postage.

Reasons Why. A booklet explaining why first mortgage real estate bonds secured by *insured and guaranteed first mortgages* should comprise a large proportion of any investment list. National Union Mortgage Company of Baltimore, Mackubin Goodrich & Co., Fiscal Agents, Baltimore, Maryland.

How Much Should I Save. This booklet presents a graphic answer to this question and offers two interesting plans for systematic savings, including charts and tables, showing accumulated interest on principal by years. Old Colony Corporation, 17 Court Street, Boston, Mass.

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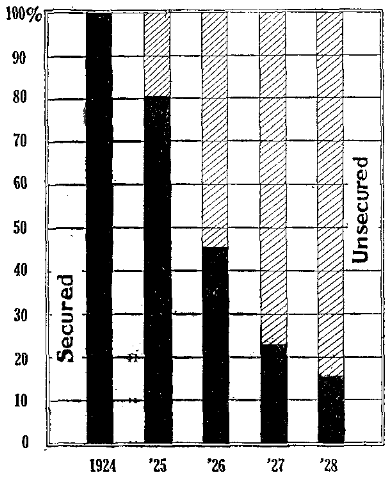

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TOASTS

To "toast" such a person as Gilbert Keith Chesterton, one would need reams of paper and a well-filled ink bottle. His achievements are equal to his stature and girth, and both of the latter are, to say the least, far above the average. An ardent Catholic, Mr. Chesterton has written on that subject for Forum pages and has also discussed international relations, not in the government-to-government manner, but rather in the more personal, man-to-man relationship. Those who know *The Man Who Was Thursday* and the stories about the priest-detective, Father Brown — who, by the way, is a prototype of Father John O'Connor, who received Mr. Chesterton into the Catholic Church — are constantly clamoring for more, since there is no cleverer character in modern detective fiction than this same mild-mannered little priest.

Although Kirby Page has been Editor of *The World Tomorrow* only since 1926, his whole previous life seems to have fitted him for such a comprehensive position. As a former secretary of the Y. M. C. A., as an associate of Sherwood Eddy in his evangelistic work with soldiers in the war zone and with students in the Far East, and as minister of the Ridgewood Church of Christ in New York City, Mr. Page gained those experiences which have enabled him to devote his more recent life to traveling, studying, writing, and speaking on social, economic, and international questions. Mr. Page has a worthy opponent in a discussion of armament and disarmament problems in Rear Admiral Bradley A. Fiske, a graduate of the United States Naval Academy, second in his class in the year 1874. After going through all the grades of his profession, Admiral Fiske was advanced to the position which is now known as Chief of Naval Operations. As navigator of the *Petrel*, he took part in the Battle of Manila Bay and was cited by Dewey for "heroic conduct." In addition to his regular duties, he made innumerable naval and military inventions and wrote six books on scientific and naval matters. Admiral Fiske's last act while in active service was to get a bill through Congress, against the opposition of Secretary Daniels, which established by law the office of Chief of Naval Operations.

Kirby Page

Admiral Fiske

Paul Eldridge, whose poems appear frequently in The Forum, is a Philadelphia poet and playwright.

The Forum considers it a distinct honor to be able to present the most recent story by Willa Cather. Having spent the greater part of the summer clearing brush from the tiny island in Canadian waters where she and a friend have a small cottage, Miss Cather is now back in New York for the winter. A bit of a recluse, she has a manner which makes the city dweller regret that he, too, has not had long days and nights on the prairie, if it gives the vision and the penetration which are this author's.

Willa Cather

Clarence True Wilson, recently unanimously reëlected General Secretary of the Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals of the Methodist Episcopal Church, confesses that, besides lecturing on these subjects, he likes mountain climbing, stump speaking, golf, and Guernsey cattle. Writing articles to correct what he considers palpable errors is a recreation for Mr. Wilson — hence his reply to Mr. Darrow!

"The thing I enjoy watching," says John T. Flynn, writer and specialist on business and economic subjects, "is the amazing phenomenon now taking form, in which a new civilization is being created by American business without any conscious design on its part but by reason of forces it has unwittingly set in motion."

Howard N. Cook, whose woodcuts of New York appear in this issue, is too frequent a contributor to Forum pages to need further introduction.

The same is true of Salvador de Madariaga. Every month since July, 1928, this Spanish philosopher-poet has contributed an article to The Forum, interpreting some new phase of international relations from the point of view of the world community.

William Allan Neilson, President of Smith College, writes: "I have no picturesque story to tell. I have always been a teacher, starting in a village school in Scotland before I was fourteen. After an interruption for preparatory school and the University of Edinburgh, I taught in Upper Canada College in Toronto. After graduate work at Columbia came my first college position at Bryn Mawr, thirty years ago. Prior to going to Smith College in 1917, I taught at Harvard, Columbia, and the University of Paris. Since coming to Smith, I have scattered my energies over the multifarious activities of a college president, devoting what mental powers were left to the consideration of the practical and theoretical problems of education." This life may not have been picturesque, but it has established Dr. Neilson as one of the most influential and best-known educators in America to-day.

When Ida A. R. Wylie was asked the story of her life, she announced that it had been such a long one that the beginnings were lost in the mists of antiquity! A look at the accompanying drawing belies her! She wrote us, "I have written ever since I could write, and untold years before I could spell. As I have earned a more or less honest living, I suppose somebody reads what I write. I rarely write articles, and if I do, it is usually when I am in a fighting mood and want to get some indignation off my chest. I have lived my forty-two years dodging about the globe; was born in Australia; lived in England, Belgium, and Germany, and traveled over a good part of Europe and America. My home is England, but I have so many delightful ties in this country that I am commuting across the Atlantic."

I. A. R. Wylie

Dr. Frank Howard Richardson has just sent us a frantic postscript to his article. He says, "One Victrola, one piano, one set of orchestra bells, one cornet, loaned the boys by a man who has previously posed as my friend, and a few voice parts have made of our usually happy living room a torture chamber to which I would not consign my worst enemy. Perhaps I went a little too far in my plea for musical freedom."

Through his recent survey of Harvey Firestone's interests in Liberia, Raymond Leslie Buell centered the attention of the State Department, the President of Liberia, Mr. Firestone, and the American Press upon himself. He was influential at the Pan-American Conference in Havana, where he represented the Foreign Policy Association.

André Gide, undoubtedly the best of contemporary French novelists, first became known in this country with the publication of *The Counterfeiters*.

A recent reviewer mentioned Mark Twain, Will Rogers, and Robert Benchley in the same breath. Certainly the humor of all three has a freshness and a sly sublety that causes the brain to function even as one chortles with laughter.